Encounter

edited by Melvin J Lasky & Frank Kermode

December 1966 4s

Vanity of Human Wishes **Robert Lowell**

The Sanctity of Life **P. B. Medawar**

27/26

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John K Fairbank
Frank Tuohy

India
Maurice Zinkin
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Japan
Robert Scalapino

Malaysia
Tom Harrisson
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Viet Nam
D J Duncanson
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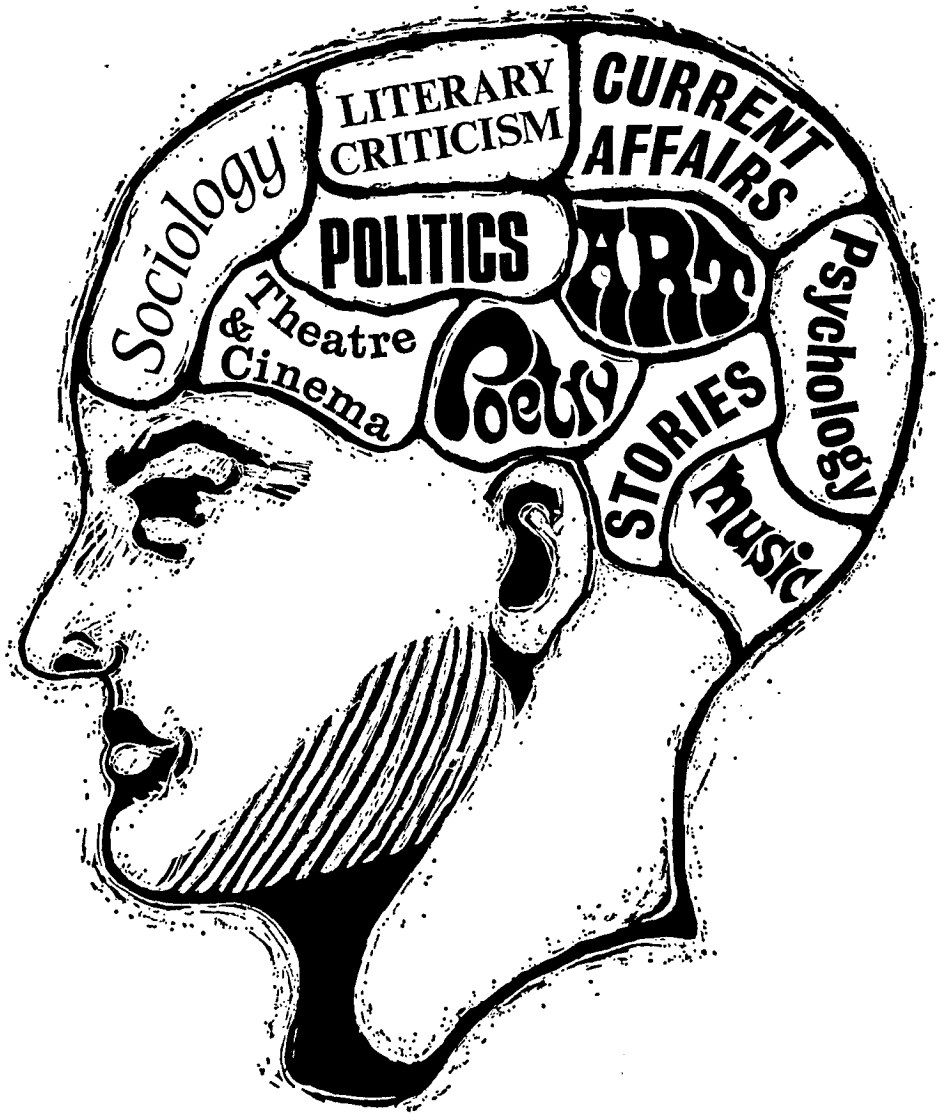

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CORRESPONDING EDITOR (U.S.A.): STEPHEN SPENDER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: *John Mander, John Gross, Anthony Hartley, Goronwy Rees.*
ASSISTANT EDITOR: *Margot Walmsley.* EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: *Bryan Healing.*
BUSINESS MANAGER: *Derek S. Dyerson.* ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER: *John Hall.*

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THE NEW ASIA—A SPECIAL NUMBER

FOREWORD	5	*J. M.*
FROM A CHINA DIARY	7	*Frank Tuohy*
THE CHINESE WORLD ORDER	14	*John K. Fairbank*
JAPAN IN SEARCH OF A ROLE	21	*Robert A. Scalapino*
FOUR LETTERS		
SINGAPORE	28	*D. J. Enright*
DELHI	31	*Girilal Jain*
HONG KONG	34	*Stanley Karnow*
BORNEO	36	*Tom Harrisson*
MEN & IDEAS		
INDIA & CHINA: TWO SUNS IN THE SKY	40	*Francis Watson*
POETRY		
THE ATTACK ON SIALKOT	49	*Zulfikar Ghose*
ARTHUR WALEY	50	*Ivan Morris*
NOTES & TOPICS		
SINOLOGISTS GALORE	58	*Richard Harris*
AN ASIAN BALANCE OF POWER?	62	*Alastair Buchan*
WILL ASIA EVER PROSPER?	72	*Maurice Zinkin*
THE VIET CONG	79	*D. J. Duncanson*
PRESS		
STORIES FROM VIET NAM	86	*Gavin Young*
THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES	91	*Robert Lowell (Illustrated by Sidney Nolan)*
SCIENCE & THE SANCTITY OF LIFE	96	*P. B. Medawar*
BOOKS & WRITERS		
ANTHONY POWELL	106	*K. W. Gransden*
LETTERS	109	

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A Special Number

The New Asia

A Foreword

THE TITLE we have given to this latest ENCOUNTER Special Issue (earlier numbers, readers will remember, were devoted to Britain, Germany, and Latin America) may seem to some readers over-confident, or at the least premature. With the appalling struggle in Viet Nam still to reach its climax, the outcome of recent traumatic events in China and Indonesia still uncertain, the fires of hostility between Pakistan and India still smouldering—does it make sense to speak of a "New Asia"? The sceptic might suggest that it is the Old Asia that is manifest here; that Asia, like Europe, has always been full of trouble; that the Old Asia, like the old Adam, is always with us. Dynasties have fallen before, when the Mandate of Heaven was withdrawn, and new, thrusting dynasties arisen in their place. (What else is happening in China now?) The feud between Hindu and Moslem never died: it has reappeared, in the new age of nationalism, in a more ferocious variant. Even Viet Nam is not new: the White Man has seldom been absent from Asia's struggles since the age of Vasco da Gama. That poverty, drought, and hunger determine the lives of most people may be news to the West: it is no news to Asia. Beneath Mao's imperial ambitions, student anarchy in India, or those *incertitudes japonaises*, we can discern attitudes belonging to an older Asia. And the tragedy of the situation is plain: for the coming of Independence has led to a recrudescence of ancient conflicts, not to their resolution. That this has happened elsewhere in the post-colonial world does not make it any less dispiriting that New Asia should so often be Old Asia writ large.

How far can we speak of "Asia" at all? Francis Watson, in an article in this issue, demonstrates how little India and China have known of one another historically. Each was a "sun" to itself; and there cannot be two suns in the sky. "Asia" is a Western concept, and such sense of unity as she has known has been imposed upon her by the West. Indeed, in a double sense: for colonialism, by bringing Asia into world politics, injected world politics into Asia, and nourished those Asian nationalisms that culminated in the triumphant anti-colonialism of the 1955 Bandung conference. Perhaps nothing in recent history is more astonishing than the collapse within a decade of those hopes and aspirations. Not that the ex-colonial West has any cause to rejoice; if those ideals have not been sustained, it is an outcome as unfortunate for the West as for Asia herself. No doubt it would be better if Asia could solve her desperate problems of poverty, hunger and disease alone: but she plainly cannot. It is the same in the field of security. Much is heard today of an "Asian balance" (Alastair Buchan gives a sober, and not unoptimistic analysis of the prospects for it in the present issue). Nothing, surely, could be more in the West's interest: the alternative is altogether too alarming and too expensive.

YET IT REMAINS, let us admit, a desirable rather than a likely outcome. As Tom Harrisson points out, it is basic to the Asia of 1966 that the White Man, banished at Bandung, should have reappeared on the scene. To the Chinese, this may be proof of the White Man's ineradicable will to impose his domination on the non-White world. To the so-called "Hawks," the Chinese of the West, the reappearance of the White Man will seem justified by the ineradicable will-to-domination of Asiatic Communism. Yet the truth, after all, is that the White Man—American, British or Australian —likes to be in Asia as little as Peking's Communists like him to be there. It is because there is as yet no viable Asian balance, because Bandung's castles were built on sand, that Western power has been drawn back into the Asian arena. The appalling carnage and destruction, the fearful human suffering of the war in Viet Nam, has led many in the West (including such regular ENCOUNTER contributors as Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. and our diplomatic commentator, Richard Lowenthal) to advocate alternative policies varying from de-escalation to

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disengagement and withdrawal. The debate continues: it is a debate that will go on until the guns—or men's consciences—are silenced.

What is not in dispute is that this reintroduction of Western power has had consequences far beyond what most observers would have predicted even a year ago. There is probably no Asian country the course of whose policy has not been seriously affected. The likelihood of a Communist military take-over in Viet Nam appears now to have been precluded. But the long-term effects will be felt far beyond Viet Nam. In Japan and India—the two powers without whose co-operation any "Asian balance" is unthinkable—a reappraisal of what Chinese Communist predominance in Asia might mean for them has begun. In some of the smaller countries the effects have been still more dramatic. Once almost universally accepted, the thesis of an inevitable Chinese hegemony in Asia now seems increasingly implausible. Asia's island nations—Indonesia, the Philippines, Australia, Japan itself—know that, militarily, they have little to fear at present, and that they can look forward to taking over something of America's (and Britain's) burdens in the 1970s. The smaller, land-bound nations —Thailand, Burma, Laos, Korea—cannot feel the same security: but they too watch, and wait, as the struggle in Viet Nam rages. It has been shown that an alternative to Chinese hegemony exists, and they can count on the support of friendly nations in Asia and the West.

THE NEW ASIA is well aware of it; but there is the fear that the new alignments coming into being may not leave Asia free to determine her own future, that the weaker powers may be crushed between the opposing juggernauts. What is called for—evidently the Americans are beginning to be aware of it—is something with which the old Western imperialists were not confronted. If the Americans must be seen to be strong, they must also learn to be responsive to the fundamental needs and wishes of Asia in a way that Britain and France never were. America is both universal provider and universal scapegoat. Apparently all-powerful, the Americans must often find themselves embarrassingly impotent. Where a corrupt pro-American régime is in power, they will get the blame: yet those who are critical of their tolerance of such régimes are quick to charge interference in other nations' affairs. For, despite what those critics imply, America is not omnipotent. Should the Americans take it upon themselves to feed Asia's starving millions, to impose or depose local satraps according to Jeffersonian principles, to underwrite for all time Asia's security? Modern Americans, if they are aware of the deficiencies of their own society, will hardly see this as their "Manifest Destiny." Nor could any self-respecting Asian people wish them to do so.

TO SUGGEST THAT some new synthesis was in the making would no doubt be too sanguine. But the elements of a new Asia are there. "Asia" is no myth: it is as much a geo-political reality as Europe. Asia, for the first time, *exists*: Karachi and Tokyo, Tashkent and Manila, belong to the same field of force. If Independence has brought new elements of disintegration, there are important, centripetal forces at work too. None of the existing political patterns—SEATO, ASA, ANZUS, or those new alignments that may arise out of the recent gatherings at Seoul (ASPAC) or Manila—is likely to prove definitive. But politics is not all. In other fields the outlook is not so pessimistic as some would have it. As Maurice Zinkin argues, there is no inherent reason why Asia should not in time master—as Japan has done—the problems that face any developing society. Certainly, there is little enough evidence that totalitarian China has done better than her unregimented neighbours. The problems are practical: a wider knowledge of birth control, a firmer hand with corruption, emphasis on profitability rather than prestige—and a small portion of luck—could enrich immeasurably the lives of the Asian masses, both materially and culturally.

In the political field, it is encouraging that the United States no longer seeks to tie the non-Communist powers of Asia into some Dulles-type Grand Alliance, that she too has set herself (if only out of self-interest) the ultimate goal of "Asia for the Asians." Will Asia respond? It looks as if she may. Japan is likely to take a leading role in the future in helping South-east Asia to develop its rich resources. She recognises the importance to herself of friendly, prosperous, and stable neighbours in the Pacific. Delhi, too, appears to be raising her sights: it matters to her, as it mattered to earlier governments on the sub-continent, that friendly, stable powers should control the Straits of Malacca and the Himalayan passes (and she may—who knows?—one day pursue the logic of this in the direction of Rawalpindi). In all this, it is as apparent to Japan and India and the rest of democratic Asia, as it is to the West, that political stability and social progress are essential—and that the two are interdependent. It is an as yet unarticulated *rapprochement*—to articulate it at this point might do more harm than good—but it gives some rational grounds for hope that, beyond the horror and misery of the Viet Nam war, the outlines of a new, progressive, and prosperous Asia may be taking shape.

J.M.

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Frank Tuohy

From a China Diary

Canton

AFTER spending nearly two years in Japan, I can't help bowing formally when introduced to oriental persons. The Chinese look rather shocked at this feudal behaviour. They have adopted the western handshake—you never see the Communist clenched fist salute, even on posters. Some of them haven't got the handshake quite right yet. Arms get crossed, or left hand goes into right. The women grip heartily. Yesterday, on the agricultural commune, the cadres had hands which were damp, boneless, well-manicured: if, as used to be told about the Spanish Civil War, gnarled hands identify the workers, these functionaries would quickly be betrayed.

These western handshakes prompt the question: what are the Chinese going to be like? Marxism is the strongest Western influence ever to come here. Because of it, China will become a far more thoroughly westernised society than Japan. Or will it? Already we feel in Canton that the people we meet are more accessible than many Japanese. "Chairman Mao has said we must discuss our problems frankly," we say; it is an invaluable pass-phrase. They *want* us to ask questions, and listen intently. But they never ask us any questions in return. They know already.

Today after lunch (we were in a garden restaurant, screened off, as always, from the other customers) our interpreter returned to us early in order to continue a discussion of self-criticism and group-criticism by colleagues and inferiors. She is a small, plump woman, with a transparent worried face. To hear her describe these sessions, ideas are not so much aired as irrigated. Nothing must stick, everything is flushed clean again and again. But perhaps such moral enemas are directed less against ideas—which can have little force by now—than against the infinite number of social *tropismes* which have accumulated into the traditional way of looking at the world.

Next day, we drive out between rows of flowering trees to a Normal College for Teacher Training. A leafy campus, with orioles singing. After the obligatory talk, with Mr. Pan, the Director, and his colleagues, while we sit in large antimacassared armchairs and drink tea from china jars, there is the obligatory tour. I ask to see the library. The foreign books are obvious relics of some missionary college; none of them has been withdrawn since 1948. In the language department, we meet teachers of English. What English books do you read? Heavy silence. What English writers have you heard of? "James Aldridge," someone suggests. Another, as though ridding something sticky from his fingertips, "C. P. Snow." Whenever anyone speaks in English, he quickly translates what he has said for the monoglots in the group.

When the bell goes, students come crowding round us. Boys and girls wear threadbare denim overalls; they smell like orphanage children or prisoners. Unlike those of their teachers, their plain faces are unafraid, open, completely innocent. They remind me of Japanese students, in that they all seem to vibrate with a thrumming craving for life, a clamant eagerness not to be rejected. But unlike the Japanese they ask and answer simple questions with great confidence. They have been taught by the best Direct Method techniques and their accents are stringently un-American, consciously BBC British. They laugh a good deal.

Mr. Pan and his assistants watch us from a distance. They have been breeding a new mutation of man: bright-eyed, sexless and without sin, highly-motivated, aching to work. Both in Chinese and English, they have taught them a carefully selected vocabulary, and it fulfils all their needs. But the sensation of all these thrust-

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ing souls is oddly moving: I feel like an intending adoptive father, or a visitor to a kennel of foxhound puppies, all craving to be identified, yet all the same. These young people seem drunk with hope. They don't belong to the harsh, minatory world of Marxism, but somewhere back with Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft. Man is perfectible; the World's Great Age begins anew.

Afterwards Nicholas Hagger, my travelling companion, and I find we have shared the same impression. Like peripatetic intellectuals ever since the October Revolution, we have been sniffing the hope-drug: it makes us a bit euphoric.

Hangchow

HANGCHOW is a cold, winter city, with old one-storey houses. We stay in a huge Stalinoid hotel beside the lake, and watch the light snow falling among the lines of willow trees. There is a lakeside restaurant, where we have a large and excellent lunch, again behind closed doors, so that no one can see what we are getting.

In the middle school we visited this morning, all the boys wore padded jackets and threadbare trousers, often patched. The classroom windows were open, but there appeared to be no coughs or colds, and no absentees. They were doing English from a text book. One of the extracts was about Oliver Twist. It began: "In England, poor children have a choice between dying quickly outside the workhouses, or more slowly inside."

Two days ago, on the commune near Canton, children were barefoot but they too looked healthy—no sign of worms or scabs, no bandaged toes: a great improvement on Hong Kong. Though there seems to be a department for acupuncture, dried snake, *etc.*, in each clinic, Western medicine is in full control. The doctors are all girls with plaits, bright faces, hearty handshakes, no glint of sex.

Today at the Tea Brigade Headquarters, which turned out to be a pretty village by a stream, some five-year-old girls did a dance for us and then of their own accord followed us down the street. Their padded clothes made them almost circular, their round faces were the bright petunia-colour you see on skiers in Japan. Much caressed and handled, they seem never to cry or lose their tempers, and to have no fear of foreigners (in this place they probably see a good many).

We leave Hangchow at night, through a special station entrance for foreigners, full of flowering plants in porcelain pots, and on to a double-decker train (more antimacassars, more potted plants) which contains only two other passengers, an elderly Overseas Chinese couple. As usual the radio plays tuneless Western-type music, but at nine o'clock every night there is something I can recognise: The Internationale.

Our guide in Hangchow, a studious young man, appeared to wince away from the clichés: unlike other people, he never spoke of the "Liberation," but only "Before" and "After."

Shanghai

PINNED UP in school classrooms you see pictorial instructions for militia training, and also strip cartoons illustrating the improbable lives of two of Chairman Mao's saints, the soldiers Wang Chieh and Lei Feng. In a crêche at an industrial settlement outside Shanghai they had vulgar Mabel Lucie Attwell-style cut-outs on the walls, under the portraits of Chairman Mao and Liu Shao Chi. I asked why one never saw anything the children had done themselves. Didn't Chinese children learn to draw?

The guide bristled up at once. "That is not true. Tomorrow I will take you to the children's District Palace. There you will see."

I wasn't expecting much; the lack of any opportunities for free expression among children, together with the traditional high respect for the teacher, may account for the element of truth in the Western assertion that the Japanese and the Chinese in recent times have lacked originality and can only copy. (Child art is very fashionable in Japan today, and the name of Herbert Read is as well known as—and often indistinguishable from—that of Bernard Leach.

This Children's District Palace is one of sixteen in Shanghai, a large European house, to which children can go every day after school and also on Sundays. In the garden stands a curious series of contraptions, like an assault course, with barbed wire, concrete walls, tunnels and ladders. Each obstacle represents one stage in the Long March of 1935, and the child who goes round the whole course is supposed to share in the endurance and revolutionary spirit of Papa Mao.

Inside the house itself stands a large dummy horse: the child on top of it is told to imagine that he is riding to Peking to see Papa Mao. (It must be the only rocking-horse I have seen with a fixed destination.) The ground-floor

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rooms have slot machines, worked by counters, where children can *Shoot the American, Explode the Kuomintang Warship* and look into a peep-show of U.S. planes falling to pieces.

Upstairs, activities are going on in every room—or, perhaps more accurately, they spring to life the moment one opens the door. Children dance what is called a Sinkiang folk-dance; its title is *Embroidering the Portrait of Chairman Mao*. Other groups perform *We must Defend our Country in Accordance with Chairman Mao's Teachings, The People's Commune is like a Golden Bridge*, and my favourite, which I am to hear again in Nanking, *When I become Grown-up, I am determined to be a Peasant.*

THE PAINTING CLASSES I have asked to see are finally run to ground. The children are copying from clippings pinned to the desks in front of them. Here—and later in Nanking and Peking—a strong preference is shown for such subjects as: girl guerillas shooting down planes with rifles; paper tigers being throttled by Viet Cong; three Americans—a bishop, a professor, and a doctor (armed with a dripping hypodermic syringe)—standing arm-in-arm over a pile of corpses; GIs with the features of President Johnson being bayonetted up the rear.

A strong preference is shown, but can it be the children's preference? In the Lake Park at Nanking, there is an exhibition of traditional style paintings, less aggressive than these but with Wang Chieh and Lei Feng and the ferocious girl guerillas in nearly all of them. In front of one of the pictures I notice a small crowd standing: this picture shows a pair of cuddly kittens with bows round their necks.

After our visit to the Children's Palace, the guide seemed offended by our lack of enthusiasm. On the way back to the hotel, we passed the Grand Stand of the former Shanghai Race Course and the district which, as she managed to indicate through the shocked puritanism of the People's Republic, had been the brothel area. We were meant to contrast Old China, with its child prostitutes, and China Today. The contrast is certainly there, but perhaps it is not quite as great as she thinks.

In Nanking, some of the children at a Youth Festival turned out to be professionals who went from place to place for such performances. They had rouged cheeks and one or two had acquired a sort of stale simper, like low-class *geishas*. Finally, in Peking we saw some contortionists young enough to have been born and trained since the Revolution: their Baden-Powellish Pioneer uniforms didn't make the effect any less perverse. Perhaps the habit of using people, however young they may be, is a difficult one to get rid of.

IN his book *Peking and Moscow,* Klaus Mehnert says that "the method of learning in China is the constant repetition of set sentences . . . [it] is based on the assumption that in this way the lesson eventually becomes a part of the student himself." Under such treatment, ideas are transformed into creeds; books become sacred texts to be stared at until illumination arrives. As far as I can see, this treatment is today reserved for the works of Chairman Mao. I asked one guide, "How often do you study the works?"

"Three evenings and two afternoons a week. They help me to deal with foreigners."

Here in Shanghai, we have been going to the cinema. Since the traditional opera was closed down last year, there is nothing else to do in the evenings. The first film we saw was called *Sisters in a Valley*. The heroine, an aggressive young woman with a clumping walk, gives up a career as a school-teacher (a significant move) to become a fruit-grafter. After the failure of an amateurish experiment with an apple tree, she consults Mao Tse-tung *On Practice*. To throbbing music, she reads aloud the text: "If a man wants to succeed, he must bring his ideas into correspondence with the laws of the objective external world." The realisation dawns on her: she should have taken the weather into account. Next day, with the help of her work-team, she mutilates the apple tree in her own backyard. (Her mother, imbued with false ideas from the past, has been trying to protect it from her.) The tree stands, every branch lopped and bleeding, while the team go off to over-fulfil their norm.

Tunnel Warfare, which we saw last night, was equally unrealistic. A propaganda film for the militia, it deals with the Sino-Japanese war, taking the "men, not weapons" line which is supposed to account for the successes of the Viet Cong. At the film's climax, the hero unwraps a package he has been bequeathed by his dying father: it contains the Chairman's pamphlet *On Protracted War*. He reads aloud to his comrades-in-arms: "By wiping out the enemy's effective forces, we can preserve our strength; and the aim of preserving our strength is to wipe out the enemy's forces."

We had a discussion on the use of the Chairman's works.

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"How do you consult them?"

"We read a text over and then suddenly we see that it helps us."

"How do you suddenly see it?"

She looked a bit sheepish: "It's a spiritual thing."

Refusing to give examples from her own experience, she quoted a medical example concerning asepsis in an operating theatre (to us, purely a matter of common sense); I had already read about this in the ubiquitous *Peking Review*. This woman had never seen Chairman Mao and had no idea where he lived. "He helps us through his writings." She looked scared and the whole conversation was unsatisfactory.

Nanking

BEYOND the city wall of Nanking, an avenue of heraldic stone beasts and three gold-roofed gateways lead up to a featureless brush-covered hill. Somewhere inside this artificial mound, the first Ming Emperor is buried in one of twenty-four coffins, as secret as a statistic. Or perhaps, we are told, he is not here at all, and the whole thing was a hoax.

The park in the spring sunshine is crowded with young people; boy and girl soldiers, in drab overalls, gambol shyly like fallow deer. In the peach-orchards the blossom shines against the yellow-ochre earth. Here and in Hangchow you can see that China, uncluttered by capitalist *dreck*, is still a country of extraordinary beauty, though people get irritated when you mention this.

On the steps of Sun Yat-sen's mausoleum, we run into a group of English-speaking students. They are from Nanking University, which we visited yesterday.

"We waited in our dormitories all morning, but you never came."

It is the first direct evidence we have that our visits are arranged in the smallest detail—from the "discussion" with the questions and answers noted down by a silent, unexplained character in a corner, to the English classes, all elementary, all practical. At Nanking, the periodicals room was open and empty. It had a remarkable selection of foreign magazines. A copy of ENCOUNTER happened to have my name on the cover. Since I have "TEACHER" in my passport, I slid it quickly under an adjacent *Preuves*. Both were in mint condition, unread.

I had asked to meet the Rector, Kuang Ya-Ming, who was reported to be in favour of "lessening the students' burden" and to have asked that they should develop "with their own initiative and in a lively manner"—a protest against manual labour and political education. The professors were non-committal about this, and the Rector was unavailable (he has since been sacked). A woman teacher made an attempt to defend the "voluntary labour" in the fields. "The students write better themes afterwards," she said.

When, out of earshot of the guide, I asked the students at the Sun Yat-sen mausoleum about physical labour, they fell silent and looked infinitely sad. It was something we were not supposed to know about and they had no answers ready.

Peking

WE arrive here at the end of a drought-stricken winter. Whenever a wind blows, the air becomes thick with peppery red dust. The usual visits having been arranged for us, we drive to Peking University very early in the morning: this is the only time, we are told, that we will be able to see classes going on.

On the broad Chang-an avenue we pass a few buses, some Russian-manufactured trucks, a great many farm-carts drawn by oxen, donkeys and rough-maned Mongolian ponies. At the edge of the city gangs of school-children are planting trees. A much-vaunted activity at this time of year, it begins to appear a bit pointless, like Louis Blanc's National Workshops. Our car, an aged Warszawa, bumps under a roofed gateway and over an ornamental stream.

The administration buildings of the university are reinforced concrete facsimiles of temples; beyond a little lake there is a water-tower disguised as a pagoda. Winding paths lead between clumps of trees, where magpies are chattering. The prospect is charming: this was the campus of Yenching, the American Missionary University. It is a monument to countless dollars collected in Protestant churches, to innumerable busy women whose

days were spent
In ignorant good will.

It reminds me of China encountered in my childhood from those best-sellers of the 'thirties my mother used to read: Pearl Buck, the Nobel Prize Winner, *The Silent Traveller* and *The Importance of Living*, and *Peking Picnic* with its awful genteel heroine. . . .

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A YOUNG TEACHER is giving an English lesson from a text about commune life written by a resident American Communist—one of those elusive Westerners whose self-righteous voices we have heard croaking from tape-recorders in other language departments. These students have learned Russian at school; this is their first year of English, which is considered more useful.

Afterwards, we ask to attend an advanced class.

"They are not here."

"Where are they?"

"They have been in the countryside since last August."

"When will they be back?"

"Soon."

Although it is a week-day morning, the remainder of the lecture-rooms in this building are empty, the corridors are deserted, the lavatories silent. Outside, placed exactly where we can see them, a small squad are doing physical exercises. Once past them, we meet no one but functionaries in the gymnasium, the laboratories, the canteen. The library is as usual locked, but I flick through a card index of pre-1948 American books.

"Could we meet some students?"

It can be arranged, if we return again this afternoon. We ask again where the third-, fourth- and fifth-year students are. "It is Socialist Education."

The University seems even emptier in the afternoon. The few people in sight are European students—Peking is the only university where they are allowed to study. We meet the Secretary of the Administration, who introduces us to six young Chinese, one of whom turns out to be a fifth-year student who speaks excellent English.

"Why aren't you in Sinkiang?"

"Because I have a medical certificate."

We sit in a dormitory room with bunks and a table and two chairs: it is occupied by four girls, we are told, two of whom are with us now. But behind my chair a lace curtain covers some shelves, on which I can see a tin of Klim and one of Quaker Oats. Perhaps in fact it is a room for foreign students.

Our interpreter is a nervous young man, who gets easily confused when conversations go too fast. When the Secretary of the Administration makes a little speech, it is the fifth-year student who translates it: "We have two tasks. One is to wipe out Imperialism, and some subjects which spread reactionary views have been cancelled, for example history, philosophy, and literature, both Chinese and foreign. Attention must be focused on the present, and we must re-deal with these subjects to get a Marxist view of them. The other task is to remould ideology and wipe out the bad influence of the past."

After this, we talk in two groups. We are able to establish that the senior students have been separated and sent to different villages, they have no books and no teachers have accompanied them. They are "supervised" by the peasants.

The turn of this conversation evidently causes disquiet. The Chinese can scarcely afford to be inquisitive themselves, and so they do not expect us to ask awkward questions. When we leave and are waiting downstairs for the car to pick us up, the Secretary of the Administration, the interpreter and the students go into conference together. Occasionally one of them looks at us and looks away again.

We drive back to Peking. At one point the interpreter turns round and says:

"*If winter is coming, then spring is not far away*[1]—that's from Shelley, isn't it?"

"Yes, Mr. Tsou."

"I have read Shelley and Byron and Keats."

"What else, Mr. Tsou?"

"I can't remember." He has heard us express surprise that no one has read any foreign books. Evidently he did not understand when the Secretary said that foreign literature had been "cancelled."

LATE THAT EVENING we questioned him again about the University. Was there a purge going on? Of course not. Where were all the students then?

"All of them were on the campus. You were mistaken."

"But those students told us they had been sent away."

"You misunderstood. They do not speak English well."

"But how could you hear both our conversations?"

"I could hear."

"We are disappointed. Chairman Mao says we must discuss our problems frankly."

This worked. Mr. Tsou came next morning and said he had arranged a meeting for us with the Vice-President of the University, Mr. Wang She-Chen, on Saturday.

[1] In the spring of 1957 (during the Hundred Flowers period) on the walls of Peking University hung a poster: *"It is still winter, but spring will come."*

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The Vice-President keeps us waiting. When at length he appears, he is a stocky man of about sixty, with a bad smoker's cough, wearing a dark grey tunic. His features and his insistent bark remind me of those petulant little dogs which have long ago been purged from their native city.

After preliminary, and on our side perhaps over-hasty, politenesses, we ask: "Where are the third-, fourth- and fifth-year students, and what are they doing?"

He gives a sharp, inward hiss. Nobody has prepared him for this. A reverberating silence follows before he starts up:

"It is laid down in the directives of our socialist education policy that our students must take part in physical work, so they are often coming and going. According to the regulations students have to take part in physical labour for one-and-a-half months a year, which makes seven-and-a-half months in a five-year course. Sometimes they concentrate the periods of time. For, according to Chairman Mao's thinking, our education must serve the policy of the proletariat, be combined with productive labour, and train cultured labourers with social consciousness. . . . Our ideal is the intellectual labourer. We want to eliminate the three differences, the difference between mental and manual labour, the difference between industry and agriculture, and the difference between town and country."

I have heard the last part, with its numerological incantation, so frequently that I begin to fidget during the translation.

"Are the students teaching the peasants or vice versa?"

"Each teaches the other. For example, the peasants teach the students how to grow plants."

A delightful picture. "Didn't these students already do one-and-a-half months in each of their first and second years?"

"They did."

We point out that, since they have been away since last August, they will have already exceeded the total of one-and-a-half months a year for the five years of the university course.

"It's rather complicated: in some departments they take part in physical labour for longer periods than in other departments."

"But *all* the senior students have gone. Have their courses been interrupted since last August?"

"In a sense they have been interrupted."

"Have they taken texts with them?"

"Yes."

"Do they learn from teachers when they are in the country?"

"Yes, the peasants and the intellectuals get together." Later on, he tells us that one hour a day or one day a week is set aside for book-learning. All this, as well as being confusing, contradicts what the students have told us.

For two years or more, the Philosophy and History departments have been permanently removed to the country. We now ask if this has anything to do with the criticisms levelled against Yang Hsien-Chen the philosopher and Wu Han the historian.

"The Philosophy and History departments have gone to the country for Work Study."

The Secretary of the Administration had told us that these subjects would be "cancelled." Perhaps "run down" would be more precise, as presumably there will be no more matriculations. This is what happened to foreign language departments during the Stalinist era in Poland.

Returning to the senior students, we suggest that, if they are in need of "socialist education" they might be a bad influence on the peasants.

"Ninety-five per cent are reliable."

Without commenting on the value of this statistic, we object: "But this move is compulsory."

"No, voluntary. The students are eager to go to the countryside."

"Why do you need a medical certificate then?"

"They do not need one to be exempt."

"But we have been told they do."

There is a long, growling silence. "A few days ago I lectured my students and I said: 'Students must take part in physical work but those whose health is poor can be exempted'. . . ."

So much for "voluntary."

Before leaving, we ask the Vice-President: "Where are the senior students?"

Under extreme pressure, he answers: "In Hopei province."

"Are there any on the campus?"

"No."

"Where is the Philosophy department?"

"In Szechwan province."

"Where is the History department?"

"In Hopei province, about thirty miles from Peking."

At other Chinese universities we have learned about physical labour, but nowhere has it been shrouded in mystery and imprecision as at

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Peking, nor has it led to empty buildings and a deserted campus. The fact that the guide lied to us, and the Vice-President and the students differ so completely in their accounts, makes it obvious that these measures are disciplinary and probably punitive. The growing hysteria about Chairman Mao's thinking must be least acceptable to the intelligent ones among the post-revolutionary generation.

We say good-bye to Vice-President Wang outside the pretty little house, once the residence of the last American head of Yenching University. While we talk, a platoon of militia, boys and girls, comes swinging past us. They disappear among the trees near the lake.

On the ornamental bridge near the main gate, we wait for our car. A sympathetic elderly professor draws me aside, out of hearing of the others. A dramatic moment, I think. But he only wishes to enquire after Professor William Empson.

Postscript: Tokyo

SOON AFTER I left China, the "Cultural Revolution" was declared. I don't remember those words ever being used to me, though all the clichés in all the political pronouncements that have followed it remain exactly the same as before. Whatever its position in the power struggle, for the mass of people the Cultural Revolution must be merely a new phase of mania in a long-continuing syndrome.

> We wish to eradicate the old Chinese culture. We intend to establish a new kind of Chinese national culture and this equally cannot be separated from the new kind of Chinese government and the new kind of Chinese economy. (Mao Tse-tung, *Selected Works*, vol. 3, p. 107.)

On my journey I found that a mention of the then unpublicised Four Cleansings campaign (the movement to purge politics, economics, ideology, and organisation) would produce a violent reaction of blushes and trembling. My questions about the nature of this campaign were always avoided. On September 15th, the *People's Daily* wrote:

> Workers, public officials, and leaders of factories should not leave their work and go to do revolutionary works as the students do. The workers and farmers should use their revolutionary zeal created by the Cultural Revolution and the Four Cleansings movement.

[2] Red guards are drawn only from the two lowest pre-revolutionary social classes, workers and poor peasants.

This may be a warning to students to stop interfering, but the "Cultural Revolution" is obviously in their hands.

The Teachers' Training College I visited has been named as the headquarters of the Red Guards in Canton. Classes at the universities proper were suspended in May and no new students are to be admitted till next year. The foreign students at Peking University have been told to leave, and there has been a purge of university officials, including, presumably, Mr. Wang.

What was going on at Peking University? As an institution, it is believed to be detested by the Chairman (who once worked there as librarian) and it was a centre of revolt in the "Hundred Flowers" period. Presumably the students who had been transported to the country were being screened for training as Red Guards, and the unreliable elements left behind. When I asked at Futan University (Shanghai), I was told that only 40% of the students were of worker-peasant origin; the remainder were from bourgeois background. They laughed politely when I told them that Oxford and Cambridge had a better record. At Peking, they merely said: "About the same as at Shanghai."[2]

Official disapproval of the past is everywhere in China: in Peking, the same museum space is devoted to the whole of Chinese history and art as to the short but triumphant history of the Party. And now the Red Guards are hunting down the Four Olds: Old culture, Old thinking, Old customs, and Old habits.

Meanwhile, the Tiger Division of South Koreans has founded "Respect Old People" societies in the villages it has captured from the Viet Cong. In Japan this year, September 15th became officially "Respect Old People's Day."

The Red Guard movement has obviously had its influence on the rest of the East. When I returned here, no Japanese was much interested in my trip. Sharing an ancient culture with the Chinese, perhaps they knew better than I. (Like, presumably, the Japanese gentleman whom I saw carrying a bag of golf-clubs through the frontier to Canton; or the Kyoto professor who this year visited the Philosophy Department at Peking University, without having to go to Szechwan).

Recent Japanese visitors however bring back a different story. There is a feeling around—at least in *Marxisant* university circles—that Communism may be a bad thing after all, even though the Americans keep saying it is.

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John K. Fairbank

China's World Order

The Tradition of Chinese Foreign Relations

IMPERIAL CHINA developed in her foreign relations over many centuries a great and distinctive tradition. History cannot be repeated, but neither can its influence be avoided. The continuity or discontinuity of present with past is a matter of degree, to be appraised by investigation, not a matter of principle to be settled by abstract argument *a priori*. I hope no one will conclude from this essay either that the great Chinese tradition in foreign relations determines Peking's course today or that it has no influence on it. The truth lies elusively in between.

The Chinese tradition in foreign relations can best be appraised on two levels, that of the normative ideal, primarily as recorded on the Chinese side, and that of the actual interplay of interests, as far as we can deduce them from both Chinese and non-Chinese records and behaviour. Let us begin with the ideal model of China's tribute relations. This normative pattern of ideas and practices, a Chinese view of world order, developed gradually over several millennia.

Sinocentrism

THE SOCIETIES of East Asia—China, Korea, Viet Nam, Japan, and the small island kingdom of Liu-ch'iu (Ryukyu)—all stemmed from ancient China and developed within the "Chinese culture area," the area most influenced by the civilisation of ancient China, for example, by the Chinese ideographic writing system, the Confucian classical teachings about family and social order, the official examination system, and the imperial Chinese monarchy and bureaucracy. Age, size, and wealth all made China the natural centre of this East Asian world. Geography kept the whole region separate from West and South Asia and made it the most distinctive of all the great culture areas. In European parlance, it became the "Far East." But in Chinese terms this "Far Eastern" world was sinocentric—*T'ien-hsia*, "all under Heaven," presided over by *T'ien-tzu*, the Son of Heaven. It consisted mainly of China, *Chung-kuo*, "the Middle Kingdom," "the Central Country."

The relations of the Chinese with surrounding areas, and with non-Chinese peoples generally, were coloured by this concept of Sinocentrism and an assumption of Chinese superiority. The Chinese tended to think of their foreign relations as giving expression externally to the same principles of social order manifested internally within the Chinese state and society. China's foreign relations were accordingly hierarchic and rather non-egalitarian, like Chinese society itself. In the course of time, there grew up a network of Sino-foreign relations that roughly corresponded in East Asia to the international order that grew up in Europe, although, as we shall see, "international" and even "inter-state" do not seem appropriate terms for it. We can call it the Chinese World Order.

The graded and concentric hierarchy of China's foreign relations included other countries in three main zones. First, the Sinic Zone consisting of the closest and culturally-similar tributaries, Korea and Viet Nam, parts of which had anciently been ruled within the Chinese Empire, and also the Liu-ch'iu (Ryukyu) Islands and in certain brief periods, Japan. Secondly, the Inner Asian Zone, made up of

JOHN K. FAIRBANK *is Director of the East Asian Research Centre at Harvard. Among his books are* China's Response to the West *(1954) and* The United States and China *(1958).*

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tributary tribes and states of the nomadic or semi-nomadic peoples of Northern Manchuria, Mongolia, Eastern or Chinese Turkestan and Tibet, who were not only ethnically and culturally non-Chinese but were also outside or on the very fringe of the Chinese culture area, even though sometimes pressing imminently upon the Great Wall frontier. Third, the Outer Zone, consisting of the "outer barbarians" generally, at a further distance over land or sea, including eventually European and other countries that were supposed to send tribute when trading.

All these non-Chinese states and peoples were expected in theory to be properly tributary to the Son of Heaven in the Central Country, but the theory frequently was not observed in fact. Indeed, the chief problem of China's foreign relations was how to square theory with fact, the ideological claim with the actual practice. Thus Russian or British envoys who refused to kotow were considered to be rebels and were so labelled in Chinese, because they were trying consciously or unconsciously to demolish the established scheme of things. China's external order was so closely related to her internal order that one could not long survive without the other; when the barbarians were not submissive abroad, rebels might more easily arise within. In fact, most dynasties collapsed under the twin blows of domestic rebellion and foreign aggression or "inside disorder and outside calamity" (*nei-luan wai-huan*). Every régime was therefore under pressure to make the facts of its foreign relations fit the theory and so confirm its claim to rule over China.

THE BASIC FAULT underlying the Chinese World Order was the fact that it was not co-terminous with the Chinese culture area. The non-Chinese states of that area, forming the Sinic Zone, were umbilically tied to China by cultural bonds such as the Chinese written language and Confucianism; but the Inner Asian Zone was composed of peoples of distinctly non-Chinese culture. Manchus, Mongols, Uighur Turks, Tibetans and others had to be included, even though their societies and cultures were basically very different from those of China. For example, their writing systems were alphabetic, their economies largely pastoral-nomadic, and their political organisations mainly tribal. Yet they could never be excluded from the Chinese World Order because mounted bowmen from the Inner Asian grasslands, in the long equine era of warfare before the use of fire-arms, provided the dominant military force in the East Asian scene. This meant that the Chinese culture-based theory of the Son of Heaven's supremacy had to come to terms with the geographic fact of nomadic Inner Asian fighting power. In strategic terms the "Chinese Empire" had to be actually the great continental "Empire of East Asia," stretching from the Pamirs to Pusan, which all the great Chinese dynasties strove to control. In this empire the non-Chinese tribesmen of Inner Asia came more and more to supply the striking force that constituted the decisive military component of government. China's cultural and economic superiority over the Inner Asian peoples could often be used as means to control them, but sometimes it was not enough. Increasingly, for two thousand years, from the Han to the Ch'ing periods, the non-Chinese warriors of Inner Asia played a role in war and politics within the empire—witness the "barbarian" inroads that culminated in the Mongol (1279–1368) and Manchu (1644–1911) dynasties of conquest.

Once in power at Peking, such non-Chinese dynasties made many innovations, yet on balance they utilised the Chinese tradition in governing China and to a large extent in conducting their foreign relations. One well-marked feature of this tradition was its preservation of the theory of Sinocentrism by the constant use of sinocentric terminology. This was evident in all aspects of the tribute system, which indeed by Ming and Ch'ing times was partly preserved by means of terminology—outside countries, if they were to have contact with China at all, were expected and when possible obliged to do it as tributaries. Thus their trade must be regarded as a boon granted their ruler by the emperor and must be accompanied by the formalities of presenting tribute through missions to Peking. Economic relations could be formally permitted only within this political framework. In the last resort, even if the foreigner did not actually comply with the forms of tribute, the terminology of tribute would be applied to him in the Chinese record nevertheless. The case of Lord Macartney in 1793, who only bent the knee before the Ch'ien-lung Emperor but was recorded as prostrating himself in the kotow, was not unique.

ALL THIS MEANS THAT Nationalist and Communist China have inherited a set of institu-

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tionalised attitudes and historical precedents not easily conformable to the European tradition of international relations among equally sovereign nation-states. Modern China's difficulty of adjustment to the international order of nation-states in the 19th and 20th centuries has come partly from the great tradition of the Chinese World Order. This tradition is of more than historical interest and bears upon Chinese political thinking today.

Study of this subject could, of course, take account of the relations with all countries known to China during two thousand years, on political, military, cultural and other levels, and from both the Chinese and non-Chinese points of view. But this broad terrain can be covered here only by an essay which therefore sets up first a bald framework of assumptions and then considers what conclusions can be drawn from it.

Origin of the Chinese World Order

IN MODERN PARLANCE, we can speak of the structure and functioning of an international order composed of China and states in contact with China, which flourished until the Western powers intruded into East Asia in the mid-19th century and thereafter survived vestigially down to 1911. In modern parlance alone, however, we can never comprehend this international order. To understand it in our own modern terms in English, we must first find out how it was understood by Chinese and other East Asian peoples in their own languages at the time. Once we seek to understand its structure and functioning on this basis, we enter a different world. We find, for example, that the traditional Chinese World Order can hardly be called "International" because the participants in it did not use concepts corresponding to the Western ideas of "nation" or "sovereignty" or the "equality of states" each having equal sovereignty. We shall do better to begin with a genetic approach—how did the Chinese World Order originate and develop?

1. The Chinese World originated as an agrarian-based culture island. It spread outward from North China like an oil stain, by the gradual absorption of surrounding territories, mainly southward. It remained the centre of the known world, only vaguely aware of the other ancient centres to the west. Eventually the steppe nomads appeared on the grasslands of Mongolia and created a different but poorer society on the fringe of the Chinese World, stronger sometimes in warfare but never in the arts of civilisation.

2. The Chinese World (*T'ien-hsia*) never lost its sense of all-embracing unity and cultural entity. Even the "Warring States" of 403–221 B.C., walled centres that functioned politically as multiple units of equal status, retained the theory of their subordination to the Chou Dynasty ruler; and in 221 B.C. they were actually unified in the Ch'in Empire. Chinese ethnocentrism and unity were reaffirmed. Outward movement continued to push the frontier southward and to maintain Chinese outposts in Korea, North Viet Nam, and Central Asia.

3. From the first, the Chinese World was hierarchic and anti-egalitarian. Its people were organised in status levels according to sex, kinship, and social functions. Men were superior to women, elders to juniors, and the literate few to the illiterate mass. However, caste was avoided. In theory and to some degree in practice, the outstanding individual's mobility into the élite was made possible through his virtuous conduct as a "superior man" and through his achievement in examinations or otherwise. The Confucian philosophy that sanctioned this hierarchic order became an orthodoxy. It was supported and perpetuated by the literate élite through doctrines of superordination-subordination summed up in the Three Bonds (*san-kang*) governing the relations of benevolence and obedience, respectively, between father and son, husband and wife, and prince and minister.

4. At the apex of the Chinese World was the Son of Heaven, who eventually became omnicompetent, functioning as military leader, administrator, judge, high priest, philosophical sage, arbiter of taste, and patron of art and letters, all in one. In performing his multiple roles, he was more than human. The ancient Shang kings had been buried with hundreds of sacrificed retainers; Sons of Heaven remained superior to ordinary mortals because of their unique function in maintaining order among mankind and maintaining harmony between human society and the rest of the cosmos.

5. This hierarchic order under the Son of Heaven included among its structural elements an unusually large ideological component. In other words, the system was sustained by a heavy stress on ideological orthodoxy, especially on the idea that adherence to the correct teachings would be manifested in virtuous conduct and would enhance one's authority and

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influence. Right conduct according to the proper norms was believed to move others by its example. According to this mystique, proper ceremonial forms influenced the beholder and confirmed in his mind the authority of a ruler, official, or superior man. Thus right principles exhibited through proper conduct, including ceremonies, gave one prestige among others and power over them.

6. Education and indoctrination in the Classics instilled the right standards in men, promoted harmony between rulers and ruled, and so sustained the social order. But inferior persons were not susceptible of being influenced by right principles. For them, regulations, rewards and punishment by criminal law were the available and necessary means of control. The canny administrator (or "Legalist") knew how to combine these two sets of tools of government.

7. Leadership both in the propagation of the classical doctrines manifested in ceremonies and in the alternative application of rewards and punishments according to regulations was taken by the Son of Heaven. Society, including government, centred in his person as its apex. His personality was the concrete object of loyalty and awe, rather than any impersonal and abstract concept of "state," "people," or "nation." His rule was personal.

8. The emperor in ruling used two types of administrative structure. The more ancient type was based on personal relations between emperor and subject. (The less ancient type was bureaucratic. The two structures existed side by side.) Throughout the imperial era down to 1911 there still persisted, parallel to the far-flung bureaucratic structure of China's domestic administration, the older power structure of the emperor's personal relationships, both within the dynastic family and with certain other notables outside of it. This was what, in broad terms, created the aristocracy under each dynasty. In many respects this can be called a "feudal" system: using European terms as very rough and often misleading equivalents, we can say that the emperor "invested" (*feng*) a number of hereditary "vassals" (*fan*) who in turn presented him with "tribute" (*kung*). First of all there were "clan feudatories" (*tsung-fan*) within the dynastic family who were invested with title and authority or at least gifts. This group included princes of the imperial house and even imperial concubines. Next came "inner feudatories" or "internal vassals" (*nei-fan*) who were similarly invested. The most famous examples were the three Chinese collaborators in the Manchu conquest of 1644 who in 1672–1683 staged the great rebellion of the Three Feudatories (*san-fan*). Last came the "outer feudatories" or "external vassals" (*wai-fan*) who were rulers of states or other entities outside the borders of China proper. All these vassals had hereditary status, although in some cases it declined one degree each generation until it vanished. "Tribute," which had originally meant tax payments, generally came to consist of ceremonial presents, typically of local products.

9. The second type of administrative structure, the bureaucratic one, was spread over China proper under the unifying Ch'in and Early Han Dynasties after 221 B.C. Bureaucratic government using professionally qualified administrators who were given definite territorial jurisdictions, paid by fixed salaries, controlled by written correspondence, and replaced at prearranged periods, was developed mainly by the so-called "Legalists," who became most famous for their use of impersonal regulations but were actually the inventors of bureaucracy in general. They helped divide the empire into commanderies and districts and began the long tradition of Chinese administrative statecraft.

10. We are now able to see that the rule of the central and unique Son of Heaven could be maintained over so broad and diverse a terrain and so vast a population precisely because it was so superficial. The emperor remained supreme as a symbol of unity because his officials did not attempt to rule directly in the villages. Instead, the indoctrinated local élite dominated the villages while remaining loyal to the emperor as the keystone of the social order. When the examination system was working properly, its training in Confucianism gave this local élite or "gentry class," who were mainly examination-degree-holders, an inner-directed commitment to orthodox beliefs and a faith in the social order of which they formed the privileged upper stratum.

11. This ideological commitment was expected not only of the ruling élite within the Chinese World but also of the rulers of states outside China, in so far as they had any contact with it. It became established in the Chinese view that the mystical influence of the all-wise example and virtue of the Son of Heaven not only reached throughout China proper but continued outward beyond the borders of China to

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all mankind and gave them order and peace, albeit with gradually decreasing efficacy, as parts of a concentric hierarchy. But since rulers outside China were beyond the reach of the bureaucratic structure of territorial administration, they became attached to the emperor directly as part of the surviving structure of personal or "feudal" administration described above.

12. Typically, the tendency as Chinese rule expanded was for "exterior vassals" of one period (*e.g.*, the Chou) to become "interior vassals" of a later period (*e.g.*, the Ch'in and Han). This was the case with the ruler of the Nan-yueh kingdom in part of the Kwangtung-Kwangsi region which in time became incorporated in the empire. Similarly, the Mongols were first "exterior vassals" of the Ming and then close allies and subjects of the Ch'ing, though still called "*wai-fan*." In this way non-Chinese rulers could come into closer contact with the Son of Heaven as the influence of the Chinese World spread abroad. In theory, they were irresistibly drawn into this relationship, they "came and were transformed" by the superior blessings of (Chinese) civilisation.

13. Moreover, as cavalry from the Inner Asian grasslands gradually became the final arbiter of battle, it became an established practice that non-Chinese rulers could actually become emperors of China, Sons of Heaven at the apex of the structure. These non-Chinese were not only admitted to the power structure of the Chinese World, they could even reach the point of taking over the imperial function, seizing control of it from the top down without essentially altering it. At first, some had ruled parts of China (like the Khitan Liao Dynasty after 907 and the Jürched Chin Dynasty after 1122). Eventually some ruled all China, like the Mongols after 1279 and the Manchus after 1644. This capacity of the Chinese World to admit and adjust to non-Chinese rulers was an acquired characteristic, painfully acquired in fact over some 1,500 years, but in the end a point of strength and stability. It can hardly be described in the European vocabulary of nationalism and popular sovereignty.

14. In comparison, Europe saw the development of a number of nation-states theoretically equal in sovereignty and mutually independent within the culture area of Christendom. The European order, with its precise division of territories and its own concepts of legitimacy, came to depend upon a balance of power among the nation states. The Chinese World Order, in contrast, was unified and centralised in theory by the universal pre-eminence of the Son of Heaven. It was not organised by a division of territories among sovereigns of equal status but rather by the subordination of all local authorities to the central and awe-inspiring power of the emperor. This organising principle of superordination-subordination was symbolised in the ritual observances exemplified par excellence by the kotow.

15. Non-Chinese rulers participated in the Chinese World Order by observing the appropriate forms and ceremonies in their contact with the Son of Heaven. Taken together, these practices constituted the "tribute system." Under its regulations in the Ch'ing period,

(*a*) Non-Chinese rulers were given a patent of appointment and an official seal for use in correspondence.
(*b*) They were given a noble rank in the Ch'ing hierarchy.
(*c*) They dated their communications by the Ch'ing calendar, *i.e.*, by the Ta Ch'ing dynastic reign-title.
(*d*) They presented tribute memorials of various sorts on appropriate statutory occasions.
(*e*) They also presented a symbolic tribute (*kung*) of local products.
(*f*) They or their envoys were escorted to court by the imperial post.
(*g*) They performed the appropriate ceremonies of the Ch'ing court, notably the kotow.
(*h*) They received imperial gifts in return.
(*i*) They were granted certain privileges of trade at the frontier and at the capital.

The Chinese imperial government's relations with other countries must be viewed as merely the outer fringe of its administration of China proper, different in degree more than in kind. Everyone in contact with the Chinese World Order had a place in it. The relations between China and individual countries illustrate the variety and diversity that grew up within this all-encompassing system.

Variety Within the System

EAST ASIA from north to south and east to west contained more contrasts of latitude and terrain than Western Europe. The Chinese idea of their central superiority had to be asserted from the snowy mountains of the Amur to the tropics of South-east Asia. The same system of foreign relations was applied to nomad tribes in the western desert and sea-trading principalities in the south-eastern ocean. A closer examination, using the records

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of non-Chinese peoples as well as of the Chinese, reveals great diversity in practice.

Towards the border states in the Sinic Zone, pre-eminently Korea and Annam (North Viet Nam), it became a basic rule that the monarchs in China preferred tribute relations to direct rule. Chinese interventions seldom lasted. The late Ming military campaigns of the 1590s in Korea against the Japanese invaders there proved exhausting to Peking and contributed to the Ming collapse a few decades later. The Ch'ing régime of the Manchus invaded Korea to secure its tributary subjection even before it invaded China, but after the Ch'ing conquest of Peking in 1644, Korea was left to govern its domestic affairs without Chinese or Manchu intervention.

Similarly when the Ming dynasty intervened and took over North Viet Nam in the early 15th century, it succeeded in maintaining its direct control hardly more than twenty years, *ca.* 1506–1528. The Chinese forces were withdrawn under guerrilla harassment. There was again a brief intervention in 1789, but with these exceptions Peking remained content to have Viet Nam tributary, subservient in form but not governed in fact.

In the anomalous case of Liu-ch'iu (Ryukyu) the island kingdom we now know chiefly for the big island of Okinawa, China struck another balance between form and substance. The Liu-ch'iu kingdom was actually conquered by the *daimyo* of Satsuma in 1609, but it continued to be a flourishing *entrepôt* for trade between China and Japan in the early modern era when direct contact was severely restricted. This Japanese domination of the islands was kept elaborately secret from China, while Peking sent half a dozen big investiture missions to install rulers of Liu-ch'iu as vassals of China with all due pomp and ceremony. Liu-ch'iu as part of the Chinese culture area had a genuine interest in this contact with the mainland, and both Chinese and Japanese profited from the Liu-ch'iu trade. Satsuma maintained police control there and Peking spread its cultural benevolence through the philosophy, literature, arts and ceremonies brought by the Confucian scholar class. Apparently both sides were satisfied.

With the war-like Inner Asian nomads, the major alternatives for China were either to coerce them or to buy them off. In either case the terminology of tribute relations could be applied, although a fierce Mongol chieftain with thousands of horsemen making his annual journey to Peking might demand a high price for his submission. The Manchu dynasty early allied with the Mongols, who helped in the conquest and rule of China. To maintain their domination of Mongolia, the Ch'ing rulers early cultivated the head of the Lamaist Church of which the Mongols were devotees. This was the Dalai Lama. The relationship between the emperor at Peking and the Dalai Lama at Lhasa began as that between a patron and a priest, not an overlord and a vassal. But during the 18th century the Ch'ing three times intervened in Lhasa to maintain their influence. These interventions added an element of direct subjection and the earlier style of patron-priest relationship became less important.

With the Islamic oasis states of Central Asia, the Peking court had little chance to use military coercion and could not always use commercial bribery, though both were attempted. In the mid-18th century, Ch'ing armies overran Eastern or Chinese Turkestan as far as the Pamirs. When their power weakened in the 19th century, the Ch'ing manipulated their trade relations, and eventually in the 1870s were able to reassert Chinese domination.

The tribute relationship, of course, was most tenuous in the Outer Zone of states trading by sea. Neither the Dutch nor the British could be coerced in their homelands overseas. The Dutch presentation of tribute in the 17th and 18th centuries was motivated by the commercial aims of the Dutch East India Company. Yet the British refused to follow this example and their trade at Canton still continued.

THE MOST REMARKABLE CASE of Sino-Foreign adjustment was probably that between the Ch'ing dynasty and Russia. The early Russian invasion of the Amur watershed in the middle of the 17th century threatened the Manchu homeland. The Manchu emperor mobilised his forces and stopped the Russians with the Treaty of Nerchinsk in 1689, a treaty drawn up by Jesuit missionaries in egalitarian terms. When the Russians sent their missions seeking trade in Peking, the kotow was demanded and as often refused. The impasse was broken when after 1727 the Sino-Russian trade was removed to the far frontier in Outer Mongolia. There the two countries could trade without settling the official problem of Chinese superiority. This Sino-Russian trade near Khiakhta, though closely controlled on either side, was part of

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the new commercial growth that also was building up at Canton on the opposite frontier of the empire.

Non-Lessons from the Record

WHEN HISTORIANS point to elements of continuity between past and present, they are frequently misinterpreted and sometimes, no doubt, self-confused. Nothing can occur today in China without some echo of the past. And yet, on balance, the Chinese revolution has created a great gulf of discontinuity.

The mixture of new and old is complex beyond analysis. Chairman Mao in his reviewing stand on top of the T'ien-an Men in Peking may be standing only a few hundred yards to the south of where the Ch'ing emperors used to sit to review their booty and captives on top the Wu-men at the front gate of the Imperial Palace. Then as now representatives of foreign countries were featured. Yet Chairman Mao enunciates doctrines of science, progress, man's conquest of nature, Chinese nationalism, and equality between the sexes which leave him almost no intellectual ground in common with the emperors of old.

Nevertheless in the midst of the discontinuity created by the new aims of the revolutionists, one must admit the subtle continuity of both external environment and cultural heritage. China's climate and rainfall remain the same, problems of flood and drought are constantly at hand. And to deal with these continuing problems of environment, the Chinese people are using an inherited language, literature, and way of life that go far back and cannot quickly be remade. The real struggle between old and new is evident in Chairman Mao's current attack on the past, to destroy the "old culture, old customs, old ideas."

We must conclude that the Chinese tradition of superiority in international relations has left this great country maladjusted to the modern outside world. Yet what country the size of China would not feel superior? With a population of more than seven hundred million, if the Chinese had not felt superior in the past, they would have to invent the idea now. On the whole, we should not expect single ideas or concepts to persist today as a heritage from the tribute system in so many words. Instead we should look for the persistence of a Chinese style or repertoire in foreign relations. With this approach, much may be discerned.

The tribute system was a useful device for a giant country that was self-sufficient in its own economic expanse. Tribute relations could be primarily defensive, leaving it up to the foreigner to present his tribute if he wanted his trade or contact. In cases where Chinese power was not dominant abroad, efforts could be made to save face and buy tribute by commercial or other means, paying materially for a political gain. However, when both force and purchase failed, the Chinese tradition had a kit-bag of diplomatic manoeuvres—how to put foreign envoys at their unease, how to lay the ground rules (such as the use of the Chinese written language) so that the foreigner was half tied up even before he struggled. The most skill was applied to the analysis of the foreigner's situation and motivation. The correct appraisal of foreign intentions was half the game. When neither force nor greed would work, it was sometimes possible to influence the barbarian by giving him honours and a condescending intimacy. One could also look for his enemies and make them one's friends. Finally, there were the cases that now appear under research, when China forwent tribute and accepted equal or sometimes even subordinate relations *faute de mieux*.

All this suggests that Peking's foreign relations today can show great flexibility but will always find ways to stress the idea of China's superiority. It is one "old custom" all revolutionists will accept.

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Robert A. Scalapino

In Search of a Role

Japan and the Uncertainties of Power

IF AN INDIGENOUS balance of power is to be created in Asia, Japan will be required to play a significant role. That is gradually being realised among articulate Japanese, and a debate with far-reaching implications is beginning to unfold. Old questions are being posed in new ways—in Japanese newspapers and magazines, over radio and television, on the floor of the Diet and in its committee rooms. How should the national security of Japan be protected? How should Japanese interests in Asia be defined, and what role should Japan play to defend those interests? What constitutes a realistic appraisal of China, Russia, and the United States, and the relation of each to Japan?

The eyes of the world are focused at present upon the traumatic events taking place in China. This is not unnatural. The course of these events will unquestionably affect, if indeed it does not determine, such basic issues as that of peace or a general war. However, other revolutions occurring in Asia must not be overlooked. One of the most pregnant in its implications for the future is now unfolding in Japan—a revolution born out of the extraordinary socio-economic changes of the past two decades, a revolution which until recently was carried forward mainly by the arms and legs of a dynamic society, but which has now reached its brain.

In Japan today, old clichés, old myths, and old ideologies are being seriously challenged by the surge of time and events. The outcome of the struggle is still in doubt, but the element of change that has already occurred should not be minimised. A new vocabulary, for example, has appeared. Terms like "national interest" and "security needs" are being used with diminishing fear on the part of the user that he will be labelled a "militarist" or a "reactionary." This simple development is symbolic of the fact that Japan is only beginning to realise in fact the freedoms which she achieved on paper in 1947. Until recently, Japanese intellectuals, journalists, and politicians imposed upon themselves a censorship which if unconscious was nonetheless extraordinarily severe. A wide range of concepts lay outside the arena of permissible discussion. Certain ideas and the vocabulary that accompanied them constituted "dangerous thought." Those venturing into this forbidden territory were threatened with ostracism and personal abuse.

ROBERT A. SCALAPINO *is Professor of Political Science at the University of California (Berkeley). His books include* Parties and Politics in Contemporary Japan *(1962).*

THE OLD ERA is by no means completely dead. In the most fundamental sense, the battle has scarcely been joined. To appreciate the alternatives of the future, therefore, one must make a brief assessment of the past. The single most important fact about Japanese foreign policy since 1945 is that it has enjoyed maximal gains with minimal risks. This is not to say that all Japanese—or even all government officials—have been fully satisfied with the gains; nor is it to assert that everyone in Japan believes that the risks have been negligible. In truth, however, no nation in the world approaching Japan's stature and strength has scored so many economic and political advances at such a low cost. Many factors have contributed to this situation, but the essential element has been the United States-Japan alliance.

FOR TWENTY YEARS, Japanese security has been underwritten by the United States in a period when American power has been pre-

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ponderant in Asia (and indeed, throughout the world). Freed from all except the most minimal obligations in connection with her own security and that of others, Japan has been able to concentrate upon economic growth. The results have been phenomenal. Both Japan and Germany have proven that if a society is culturally and technically attuned to modernity, ruined plants can be rebuilt quickly—and be greatly improved in the process. Once again, however, the American alliance was of vital significance, directly and indirectly. The American-sponsored revolution in Japan opened certain channels for change that had previously been clogged. The economic and technological interaction between the United States and Japan has represented a dynamic element of major importance to both societies for nearly two decades. And if World War II "did not pay" for Japan, subsequent wars in Asia—both Korea and Viet Nam —have paid handsomely.

However, the alliance between Japan and the United States has had other repercussions—psychological and political. Japan comes to the concept of alliance with difficulty, particularly an alliance involving some degree of intimacy. The intensely hierarchical nature of Japanese society has made both the theory and practice of *equal* relations difficult to grasp. The tendency has been strong to conceive of all such relations in *superior-inferior* or *inferior-superior* terms. No more basic problem has confronted Japanese international relations in modern times. For example, her attempts to interact with Asian nationalism in the era before 1945 foundered on this rock—and relations with China and Korea have always been upset by this difficulty.

Because of the circumstances under which it was born and developed, the alliance with the U.S. tended to provoke within Japan relatively intense feelings of inadequacy and inferiority. One of the earliest, simplest, and most satisfying themes put succinctly was:

> Japan is a poor country. We are weak and without sufficient skills. We need your help. Indeed, if we are to survive, certain advantages must be given us, even if we cannot reciprocate.

Later, refinements had to be built into this thesis to make it viable.

> Yes, our economic growth rate is satisfactory, but it cannot be sustained. A major economic crisis lies ahead.

Or,

> You must recognise that democracy in Japan is very fragile. Our leaders are lacking in ability, our political parties are venal and weak, and our people lacking in experience with democratic procedures. Thus, we cannot play a larger political or military role without risking failure and the collapse of democracy.

Japanese views of Communist China often complemented the inferiority complex so manifest in these self-evaluations. Attitudes toward the Peking régime, while varying considerably, tended to convey a highly optimistic estimate of developments. Understandably, the remarkable puritanism and discipline of the New China elicited wonder and admiration; so did the apparent public commitment to the broad programme of the state. The unity and skill of Chinese Communist leaders were frequently contrasted with the sad situation at home. Communist statistics on economic growth and reports on popular support went largely unchallenged. Thus, the collapse of "the Great Leap," the seriousness of the Sino-Soviet dispute, and the current political upheaval were anticipated by few if any Japanese observers, although even in this era, a quiet pride had been taken in knowing China well.

Evaluations of the U.S.A. during this period were far more deeply coloured by political-ideological perspectives, of course. The official "Left" predicted an imminent American depression with confidence—and growing impatience. The "collapse of U.S. capitalism," and hence of the American-supported world, was an article of faith for Communists and many Left-Socialists that could only be abandoned by heretics. But curiously, by focusing upon this issue, the Left almost completely missed the real clouds that lay on the American horizon, and thereby, in their own way, contributed to the general confidence in the United States. Moderates and conservatives, for their part, not only accepted the viability of the American economy, but in general, adjusted themselves to "the American era." Indeed, it occurred to almost no "objective" observer to question American omnipotence, even when doubts over American omniscience developed.

FEW OF THESE ATTITUDES towards Japan, China, and the U.S.A. were ever without some foundation. At the moment, however, all of the old attitudes I have outlined here are susceptible to serious challenge, and some are totally untenable. It is precisely this situation, indeed, that lies behind the unfolding revolution in Japanese thought—and policy.

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HOWEVER PAINFUL, Japan is being forced at present to face up to the fact that it is one of the four or five wealthiest and most powerful nations in the world. In sheer economic terms, Japan can be ranked "Number Five" today, behind the U.S.A., the Soviet Union, Great Britain, and West Germany. Economic projections strongly suggest that within the next decade, the relative Japanese rating will rise (it is by no means inconceivable that Japan will rank Number Three before 1980). But is this not to ignore the fact that with all of its economic capacity, Japan is a weak nation in military terms? It is possible to assert that Japan currently should be accounted Number Seven among all nations in over-all military power despite the fact that less than 10 per cent of the national budget is allocated for military expenditures at present. The 170,000-man Japanese military force is one of the most modern in the world. Its equipment is first-class, and Japanese industry is capable of reproducing most of that equipment in much larger quantities. Nor does the Japanese potential stop here. If the decision were made, Japan could develop her own nuclear weapons within two years.

Hence, certain questions can no longer be avoided. What *is* being done with this power? What *should* be done with it? Before turning to Japanese views on these matters, let me explore other changes of attitude that circumstances have enforced, starting with China.

The fundamental direction of change in the Japanese attitude towards China has been from certainty to uncertainty. This applies to economic considerations, where it is no longer accepted as a matter of course that miracles have been, or will be performed. It applies to evaluations of internal politics, where criticisms of leadership, doubts concerning the degree of mass support, and shock over the sweeping purges of top intellectuals now enforce a very complicated image of the present and future. And it applies in the realm of foreign relations, where the expected qualities of xenophobia and arrogance have been combined unexpectedly with an amazing lack of patience and subtlety resulting in colossal failures.

Combined with this rise in uncertainty about China has come a growth in apprehension, powerfully reinforced by the Chinese nuclear tests and the more recent manifestations of violent irrationality in politics at home and abroad. The *threat* of China is now a permissible concept even if it is far from universally accepted as a fact. And as public opinion polls indicate, that threat is acknowledged at the mass level as well as among the élite.

ATTITUDES TOWARDS THE United States have also undergone some change, on a smaller scale. Once again, it is accurate to define the essence of that change as the movement from certainty to uncertainty. The new uncertainty relates primarily not to economic or even domestic political matters, but to the international political-military intentions and capacities of the Americans. It is true, of course, that the Japanese public has tended to oppose U.S. policy in Viet Nam (especially the bombing of the North). This is not in itself the basis of the new doubts; there have been no drastic changes in over-all "respect for the United States," measured in public opinion polls. The doubts rather come from a dual, and contradictory, concern. On the one hand, the fears—long present—that American policies in Asia might involve Japan in a major war, have risen. On the other hand, and more important currently, a new question has emerged—can the United States win in Viet Nam, or not winning, reach a settlement that provides for a political equilibrium? And interrelated with this, will the United States remain in Asia, or withdraw? The defeat or withdrawal of the United States from Asia is now also a permissible concept even if it, too, is far from being universally accepted as a likelihood.

NEW THOUGHT in Japan has begun to unfold against this pattern of changing attitudes and conditions. It is essential to add one final factor, however, before exploring trends further. The shifts I have noted have had an impact upon many different segments of Japanese society, but politically, Japan remains a sharply divided nation. Between the ruling Liberal Democrats and the opposition Socialists, a deep chasm still exists, despite the existence of some intermediate elements (including elements within the two major parties) who would like to bridge it. In striking contrast to all other major powers of the world, Japan enjoys no substantial consensus in the field of foreign policy. This lack of consensus has now become one of the topics of widespread concern and discussion. Symbolic of the new era, conservatives and socialists have begun to explore the possibilities of some "common ground," with

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"centrist" forces inside the two major parties and from the ranks of the Buddhist *Komeito* and Democratic Socialist Party playing an active role.

Official Socialist foreign policy has long rested upon four main pillars: pacifism, non-alignment, collective security, and Asianism. In many respects, this policy is reminiscent of the early Nehru, and actually, Nehru was a significant influence upon the post-war Japanese Socialists in their formative years. The specific policies which have long been central elements in Socialist foreign policy are these: the restoration and maintenance of complete disarmament; the establishment of "equal" relations with all nations (hence the immediate development of normal and friendly relations with the Soviet Union and the People's Republic of China); guarantees for Japanese security *via* a multilateral pact among the U.S., the U.S.S.R., China, and Japan (a pact which would also create a de-nuclearised Pacific zone); in addition, the encouragement of bilateral non-aggression pacts and the entrusting of basic security arrangements in the Pacific to the United Nations; finally, an emphasis upon Japan's special ties with Asia *via* close co-operation with Pan-Asian and Afro-Asian organisations that operate upon the principle of "solidarity," uniting ideologically separated elements.

This policy has not been without its appeal, but it is now coming under unprecedented attack, even from within the Socialist Party itself. Conditions in Asia and in the world have moved away from "Nehruism" in its traditional forms, as the Indians themselves would now be the first to testify. Developments pertaining to China, the nature of Sino-Soviet and Sino-American relations, the current status of the U.N., and the fate of recent Afro-Asian solidarity attempts are but a few of the facts of life which have rendered Socialist foreign policy hopelessly unrealistic. It is no longer a source of strength for the party, but of weakness and division. A strong element of anti-Americanism always underlay the policy (although it was never accorded official recognition). This was perhaps natural in a situation where the American alliance was perforce with the government in power, and that government—perpetually conservative—had the most limited communication with its opponents. The absence of consensus in Japan has encouraged "external" alliances as weapons against internal foes. In any case, the Socialist appeal to Japanese nationalism *via* the demand for "complete independence" coupled with sympathies for a "united Afro-Asian world" and a "united Socialist camp" was not an unpromising political position. When disunity struck *both* the Afro-Asian world and the Socialist camp, however, it also struck the Japan Socialist Party. Internal struggles between so-called "pro-Peking" and "pro-Moscow" elements have been plaguing the party, with the familiar debates over such concepts as support for "national liberation movements" or "peaceful coexistence."

WHAT OF THE Liberal Democratic Party? Its conservative foreign policy rests primarily upon a principle that Japan has applied twice before in the twentieth century in the course of her rise as a modern nation: an alliance out of Asia which forwards Japanese policy in Asia. Japanese foreign policy today is based upon alignment with the U.S.A., and within that framework, the quest has consistently been for maximal gains and minimal risks, for major privileges and minor responsibilities.

Under the banners of "greater autonomy," Japan has sought to push as far as possible in the direction of "normalised" relations with the Communist bloc when economic or political gains were indicated. She has endeavoured to build an independent base and an independent image in Asia (particularly in South-east Asia), meanwhile taking full advantage of the opportunities which the American presence there makes possible. And she has fought hard for both economic and political equality with the "advanced" Western world. At the same time, Japan has moved slowly and reluctantly towards assuming any political (not to mention military) commitments for the security of Asia. Nor have her economic policies in the foreign field been characterised by a strong sense of international responsibility. Economic and technical assistance advanced by the Japanese government up to date has represented only about one-half of one per cent of Japan's GNP.

That this foreign policy has been successful cannot be denied. Its very success, however, has created conditions that demand either new approaches or significant additions to old ones. Certain limits have been reached under the *status quo*, and a new freedom to discuss hitherto "dangerous thoughts" has been

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achieved. It is in this context that Japan now considers the future. What then, is this nation to do with the substantial power that it now enjoys?

FOUR BROAD COURSES of action or possible emphases present themselves. While they can be introduced separately, their complementary elements must be kept constantly in mind.

1. Some forces in the Japanese scene continue to advocate *Pan-Asianism*. Such a policy tends to be built around the following proposals. First, *rapprochement* with Communist China should be established either on the basis of "alternative routes to socialism" (a thesis of the Left) or mutual respect for states having different socio-political systems (a theme to which the Chinese Communists have paid homage). Such a *rapprochement* could allow Japan to become a major force in the Chinese industrial revolution, thereby underwriting the Japanese economy for the indefinite future. With this base, Japanese leverage throughout South-east Asia would be enhanced. Japan would be in a position to urge Asian solutions to Asian problems, and to prevent a global war by reducing, if not eliminating, the role of external forces. At the same time, she herself could play a leading role in mediating disputes such as that between India and China.

The emotional appeal of this policy is substantial. It permits Japan to serve simultaneously as liberator of Asia from the West and as a link for Asia to the West—to be a continent and a modernising *avant-garde*. It is easy to see how such a policy can appeal to some elements of the Right as well as important segments of the Left. The old Asianists still exist. For them "racial and cultural affinity are more important political determinants than ideology or political system . . . Japan has the essential qualifications for leadership in Asia which the West lacks . . . neither the U.S. nor any other Western society will ever understand Asia, or be capable of establishing any meaningful long-range ties there . . . the one route through which Japan can take her rightful position on the world stage. . . ."

Some Pan-Asianists sound remarkably like those who guided Japanese foreign policy after 1930. Others share the old visions of Nehru. Not a few echo the words of Sukarno. From a variety of sources and with a variety of specific proposals, the Pan-Asian concept is being re-explored.

2. Another broad thesis is that of *Non-alignment*. But to the old Socialist position have been added some alternatives. One is the idea that simultaneously with the move from alliance to non-alignment, Japan should develop an independent military force sufficient for deterrent purposes. This, of course, is Japanese "Gaullism," although few have yet been so bold as to suggest the development of nuclear weapons. The premises underlying Japanese Gaullism are similar to those connected with the original source: "Japan can only develop an independent image by abandoning the alliance with the U.S.A. . . . American guarantees of protection are both dangerous and uncertain with respect to the future . . . an independent Japan, possessed of adequate military strength, could play a new role in Asia and in the world. . . ."

3. A third basic position now finding expression in various quarters is the concept of moving from the American alliance to a position of *Equilibrium* between U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. The arguments here are: "there is no real possibility of Sino-Japanese *rapprochement*, nor any likelihood of an end to the Sino-Soviet cleavage . . . thus Japan can better her relations with only *one* of the big Communist powers . . . peace in Asia and in the world hinges upon U.S.-Russian co-operation, and a state in the position of Japan can benefit from developing an equilibrium position between these two super-powers . . . Indian foreign policy indicates that this is a realistic approach . . . it is also one that would enable Japan to come closer to the non-aligned states of Asia. . . ."

4. Finally, there is support for the *Alliance*. American-Japanese co-operation will permit, indeed encourage, the broader use of Japanese economic and political power, especially in Asia. The arguments: "only three realistic alternatives exist at present—the American nuclear umbrella, the Soviet nuclear umbrella, or to develop an independent military force. . . . The first is the only choice compatible with Japanese national interests . . . Japan can count upon American pledges of support in the event of an attack . . . meanwhile, Japan will not be deterred from following an independent foreign policy, one involving a larger measure of leadership in Asia, because this does not clash in any basic sense with American national interests. . . ."

WHICH ELEMENTS from these various courses of action are most likely to be

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woven into Japanese foreign policy in the years that lie ahead?

Let me begin with the probable. There can be no question that Japan will play a larger role in Asia in the years that lie ahead. That role will encompass some aspects of Pan-Asianism, but it will fundamentally underwrite a balance of power in Asia. Competition, not co-operation, with China will mark the central character of Japanese-Chinese relations, and colour in turn all of Japan's Asian policies. To balance the Chinese threat, Japan will increasingly develop a positive policy in Asia on every front—economic, political, and military. The Japanese government will play a larger role in the field of economic and technical assistance, both in North-east and in South-east Asia. Japanese political action of the type witnessed at Algiers (in connection with the abortive Afro-Asian Conference) and at Seoul (in connection with the Nine-Nation Conference) will also be expanded. At the same time, Japan will continue to develop a military force which, ultimately, will have major deterrent capacities.

The development of this policy will not preclude Japan from seeking the type of "normalisation" of relations with China that could involve both extensive cultural and economic relations. Such a policy will be advanced as a part of a balance-of-power concept, however, not one of "solidarity." It will be argued that if China is prepared to accept Japanese involvement in the Chinese revolution, that involvement can serve as a factor for moderation. Japan, however, is not likely to meet the current Chinese price for normalisation, and she will continue to have the gravest problems with Chinese interference in domestic politics—both against the conservatives and within the spectrum of the left.

As Japan moves towards a higher level of military capacity, and as technical developments in warfare and weaponry continue to advance at a rapid rate, the issue of American bases in Japan will fade away. The U.S. will develop its basic defence network in the central Pacific and *via* mobile bases. Residual rights in connection with the defence of Japan will be retained, but Japan will increasingly take over her own initial defence, and in addition, she will acquire, over time, some responsibilities in connection with the defence of non-Communist Asia under the rubric of collective agreements.

The broad alliance with the U.S.A. will be maintained for the indefinite future, but within that alliance, Japan will seek a new relation with the Soviet Union, one akin to—but not precisely identical with—the current Indian relation. If the Soviet Union is now prepared to secure her position in the northern Pacific, she can establish a stabilising—even developmental—relation with Japan. This will strengthen her position in the long and dangerous test of strength with China along the 4,000 mile frontier which these two major states share in Central Asia. A new and more positive relation with the Soviet Union will *not* be a full-fledged alliance, and to achieve it, Japan will not be forced to abandon her American alliance. Such a move, however, will increase the image of national independence and provide additional leverage in dealings with the U.S. At the same time, Japan will be forced to accommodate herself to rising, not declining, American pressures for Japan to accept some of the responsibilities and risks of major power status in addition to its benefits. American resentment against the imbalance of privileges and responsibilities that has characterised Japanese policy up to date is growing. It soon will find open voice unless the situation changes.

Japanese relations with most South-east Asian states will be of crucial importance, both economically and politically. Once an equilibrium has been established in this area, Japan will provide much of the dynamic towards development, both in terms of private and government investment. In similar terms, Japanese interaction with South Korea and Taiwan will increase in intimacy and meaning to all parties.

Obviously it is hazardous to assert dogmatically that these developments will unfold, yet the thrust is in this direction, and logic lies heavily on this side. Japan today is a part of the "advanced," powerful world, and she will be devising a foreign policy that is suited to that status. This does not mean that Japan is a part of "the Western world." It merely signifies that Japan has attained a level of power which can neither be ignored nor abandoned, and which must find an outlet in leadership. That leadership must naturally locate its first expression in Asia. The events of the past two years indicate graphically that this has already begun to take place in both politics and economics. The Japanese thrust is fundamentally competitive with Chinese aspirations, and it will be so viewed by Peking. Thus, Japan must think in terms of balance of power. Such terms are

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most easily envisaged if, once again, an alliance external to Asia can be developed and maintained. The logical alliance continues to be with the United States. But even greater security can be attained if Japan can strike some degree of equilibrium with the Soviet Union, counting upon the growing enhancement of Russian-American relations. Japan will be taking advantage of the remarkable advances in military technology—and the conversion potentialities in certain systems—to become one of the four or five key military powers in the world. This power will be measured primarily in quality, not quantity, and will continue to derive some of its significance from the ultimate American guarantees with which it will continue to be connected.

I might also venture the prediction that if this "probable policy" is in fact achieved, a greater measure of consensus can be developed within the Japanese scene for it. The old Asianists will soon be gone, and the old-style Marxists might well follow them into oblivion. A new centrist consensus will be possible within the next decade if the broad outlines of these policies are established.

How probable is probability? Let me assume for a moment that four critical variables were altered over the next few years. First, that the United States were forced to withdraw its presence from South-east Asia, or elected to do so, without adequate security measures for the region. Further, that Chinese policy acquired a degree of sophistication previously lacking, and proffered over a very considerable period of time "a soft line" towards Japan, emphasising the closest economic and cultural ties, and based upon a minimum of political frictions. Assume also that relations between the Soviet Union and China significantly improve, and those between the Russians and the Americans worsen. Finally, that the Socialists came to power soon, before the current process of reappraisal, barely commenced, had added a substantial quotient of realism and reduced the strong ideological component that presently marks the Socialist approach to foreign policy.

Under these circumstances, Japan might seek her security and progress through a policy of non-alignment, one sprinkled generously with elements of "Pan-Asianism" and "Gaullism," but which sought the additional protection of a broadly gauged collective security system.

The current trends are against such a development, primarily because they are against the emergence of the conditions outlined above which would underwrite it. No careful observer, however, would rule this alternative totally out of consideration. Meanwhile, we can be certain of one thing: Japan is entering a new era, one marked by a rising element of self-confidence and nationalism. Old taboos are being broken. New concepts are flooding into the marketplace of ideas, just as they have previously flooded into economic channels. Discussion and debate are undergoing a revolutionary change. All of this betokens the extremely important fact that whatever the future may hold, today Japan—not China—is the major power of Asia, and one of the handful of major powers that will determine the future of the world.

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FOUR LETTERS

Letter from Singapore

A Bent for Sacrifices

MY PRESENT EMBARRASSMENT arises, not out of a natural reluctance to risk expulsion from a country to which I am attached, but from a conscious insufficiency of knowledge, political and economic and human. The sheer variousness of life in Singapore makes it easier to write about a hundred million Japanese than about two million Singaporeans. A senior Civil Servant once told me I had no right to express any opinion concerning Singapore since I had never lived in a *kampong*. Unhappily, none of those who speak Malay and the Chinese dialects and the local Indian languages, who have lived both in *kampongs* and in urban Chinatown, who have signed papers in air-conditioned offices near Raffles Place and also tapped rubber—not one of them was available to write on the subject. Yet Singapore probably constitutes a test-case for the survival of the small, independent, multi-racial, multi-religious state —if this seems of limited *political* interest to the rest of the world, never mind, it is of large human interest—and it would be sad if it went unnoticed in this special number. So, *ignoblesse oblige*.

To begin with, a few necessary (though not exactly harmless) facts. Singapore is a republic of a little under two million inhabitants, of whom about 75% are Chinese by race, while Malays make up 14% and Indians 8·3%. It is governed by the People's Action Party, led by Lee Kuan Yew. In September 1963 Singapore entered the federation of Malaysia as a founder member: Malaysia's population was then 46% "indigenous people" and 42% Chinese. In August 1965 Singapore withdrew, or was ejected, after two years of verbal skirmishing between the State Government and the Federal Government, and two major race riots in Singapore. Although Singapore and Malaysia are humanly continuous in that practically every inhabitant of one territory has family or close friends in the other, it seems better that they should stay fairly friendly neighbours than nagging relatives. How much of the trouble is due to political differences between the PAP and the Alliance Government (in which UMNO, United Malay National Organisation, is the most powerful partner), I do not know. Obviously the difference in racial composition, especially as exploited in day-to-day politicking, has a good deal to do with it. And also the PAP's over-readiness to score points off their opposite numbers in the Alliance, together with the over-readiness of the Alliance to take dire offence (though the Prime Minister, Tengku Abdul Rahman, is something of an exception) and to swing their fists wildly in retaliation.

Granted there *is* a communal situation. The Malays abhor pork, the Chinese love it . . . and so forth. Granted there are fanatics who are prepared to shed innocent blood in a holy cause. Even so, considering the comparative prosperity of both Singapore and Malaysia, and the essential peaceableness and tolerance of the people, this continuous state of emergency seems not altogether the nobly pathetic, or tragic, or necessary thing it is made out to be. The pressures exerted by both governments appear to be out of proportion to the actual, human state of affairs. For peace, perfect peace, doesn't exist on earth, as we know, and there is still no substitute for a policeman.

THE POINT IN BUILDING UP a "Singaporean consciousness"—or a "Malaysian" one—is obvious: it is meant to supersede the Chinese mentality, the Malay mentality, the Indian mentality, the Eurasian mentality. It is to weld the races (and the religions?) together. Unfortunately race and religion have been going on for a long time; and a Singaporean consciousness, since it can't well be anything else, will presumably be a *mélange de tout* in which everything will have to be adulterated. Adulteration seems to me an excellent thing: purity of race is ludicrous and nasty. But a Singaporean consciousness cannot be legislated for. The only speedy way of achieving it would be through an ambitious sort of general lobotomy. Only time can "merge" the races—going to school together, working together, marrying together, living together (not, we hope, dying together)—though the PAP once seemed to think that, since there wasn't time for time, some other way would have to be and could be found. The epitaph for such undertakings was pronounced by Singapore schoolchildren (more than half the population is under 21 years of age, incidentally, and a third

D. J. ENRIGHT, *poet, novelist, and critic, teaches at the University of Singapore. His books include a study of Japan,* The World of Dew *(1955) and* Conspirators and Poets *(1966).*

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under 10). For months prior to the establishment of Malaysia they were rehearsed in a catchy little jingle:

Let's get together, sing a happy song,
Malaysia for ever, ten million strong....

The children liked the tune, and so after Singapore's secession from the federation they merely changed the words slightly:

Malaysia for ever, ten minutes long.

We are readier to distrust and to hate than to trust and to love; it is less arduous to work up a sort of "nationalism" by inducing people to hate other people. The well-disposed outsider may not be eager to see the inhabitants of Singapore transformed into a "nation" when they already represent something more advanced than a nation. But such an attitude, in a foreigner, is likely to be interpreted as neo-colonialist condescension, or as fuddy-duddy liberalism and sentimental internationalism—things, it seems, which the modern world cannot afford, or just doesn't want any more.

If the races can be gently persuaded to be a little less what they are, if the Chineseness of the Chinese can be softened, the Malayness of the Malays... then so much the better. But of course if the persuasion shows, it is likely to have the opposite effect, a deliberate promulgation of "racial culture," of those attitudes which are the *most different* from the attitudes of the other races. The anglicised Chinese seems to me one of the nobler works of God, remote from the "Babu" or the "Uncle Tom." I don't think I have met a Chinese who rendered himself abject or ridiculous by attempting to be an English gentleman—though I have come across an occasional pathetically would-be-American Japanese. The weight of Chineseness in a Chinese, the stability it gives him, the (generally) not offensive assurance, this is such that he can well lend himself to a degree of anglicisation without damaging himself. Indeed he will seem to be doing Englishness a little favour.

SINGAPOREANS are pronounced individualists, with a strong sense of family which sometimes comes second to the sense of self. This has made them good businessmen, however small their businesses, and thus contributed largely to the island's prosperity. An island is one thing, a state or nation another, and when it comes to nation-building individualism loses much of its desirability; larger principles are then looked for. Japan had, and has, its complex and comprehensive network of recognised proprieties and obligations, a network which has produced soldiers and neurotics and a mass of orderly citizens in between. There are moments when one yearns nostalgically for those Japanese students, in their ugly and ill-fitting uniforms, tubercular and under-fed, their noses agonising in some fearfully profound book. The Japanese are a nation all right. A people obsessed with *bunka*, with culture, art, with artificial rules and regulations, as if striving to turn themselves into dwarf pines or human flower-arrangements. Not everyone will find it in his heart to wish that Singaporeans were like the Japanese. They have a rare gift, the gift of enjoying life, or at the worst of sidling round its sorrows.

A story ascribed to William Empson is pertinent here. The Professor found that both Japanese and Chinese students approved of Housman's lines concerning the young man who felt that, because "woman bore me," he must rise and follow the drums and bugles to his death. The Japanese approved on the grounds that their mothers would be proud of them if they died for emperor and nation, the Chinese on the grounds that once you reached the stage at which women bored you, then you might as well go and get yourself killed. It should be noted, however, that Singapore students of literature commonly wax impatient with Antony's dotage. But it is not so much that their thoughts are particularly Roman as that they feel Antony could well have contrived with a little common sense to win an empire *and* have Cleopatra or some equally attractive lady-friend at the same time.

THAT THERE IS NO OVERT opposition to the PAP is a state of affairs which Mr. Lee deplores—and deplores more sincerely than most Western-bloc diplomats, who naturally like to think they are dealing with an Asian "strong man." The local Chinese weather the storm by bowing to the wind: the reed outlasts the oak. "Why stick your neck out?" they would ask. "What are you kicking about? Isn't your rice bowl full?" And true, the PAP's record in material progress is an impressive one. But Mr. Lee, I would say, is not content with cupboard love, he wants the ideological love of his people. He wants them to be "politically aware"—but they remember what has happened to those who were politically aware, and notably the bright young men who broke away from the PAP in 1961 to form the Barisan Sosialis (Socialist Front). They were detained, and some are still in detention. Mr. Lee's sadness is the sadness of Saturn, the man who must destroy his own progeny. Those whom he could have loved he has felt it necessary to chasten—and when he chastens, he chastens once and for all—while the others he is well able to rule, and there can be little satisfaction in that for a man as adventurous as Mr. Lee.

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Some time ago Mr. Lee attempted to create an opposition by encouraging Government back-benchers to ask awkward questions: the result was not very memorable. Recently, in an interview with foreign correspondents, Mr. Lee again expressed his wish for "a good lively opposition," without which Singapore could hardly remain a democracy. He declared that if he were not in the Cabinet he could find several faults to complain about. For instance, "Why does the state not go into more of the new enterprises, why 49% in Jurong shipyards instead of 51%, and so on?" Mr. Lee continued, "I have the answers to these things. But somebody should pick them up, no? . . ." For a moment he became his own opposition. But earlier in the interview he had stated that the only alternative to the PAP was a pro-Communist or a Communist government. And people are going to attach much more weight to that statement—deducing from it that anyone who objects publicly to PAP policy (even perhaps, unless he is Lee Kuan Yew, regarding that 49%) is likely to be branded as one who desires a pro-Communist or a Communist government, since there can be no other alternative. The PAP's attitude—or so many people see it—is that he who is not with them on one point is against them on all.

As I WRITE, a delegation from the University of Singapore Students' Union is preparing to meet the Prime Minister to discuss academic freedom and university autonomy. They believe that these ancient concepts are slowly fading from the local scene. But clearly they cannot demand academic freedom and university autonomy in the abstract—Mr. Lee would wipe the floor with them. What *precisely* can they protest against? The "suitability certificate" (screening) without which no student may embark on a tertiary education, the case of a student losing his government bursary because he was seen bearing a banner with the strange device, "Autonomy!", the case of a student intimidated by the Special Branch into acting as their spy on the campus, the action of the police in banning a number of harmless (though in some cases witty) Rag Day floats—an action from which the Government promptly (though privately) dissociated themselves. . .? These, I suppose, are rather trivial matters. What the student delegation needs is a good, plain, wholesome test-case. No one will provide them with it.

Similarly, local writers believe, rightly or wrongly, that they will get into very hot water if they publish anything which can be construed as politically objectionable to someone or other. (And in the highly politicised atmosphere of Singapore and Malaysia, this means that practically any writing is risky—except the masturbatory sort of versifying and determinedly ivory-tower musings which Mr. Lee would be the first to despise.)

Have there in fact been any cases of victimisation? No doubt a few Civil Servant writers have been warned by nervous superiors that if they want to prosper in their careers they had better watch their pens . . . but this happens at bureaucratic not at Cabinet level. Trivial enough. . . . (And one wonders where, at present, anything discernibly dangerous *could* be published!) But the important thing is that, rightly or wrongly, writers *are* scared. Again, there lacks a test-case. No one wants to be a martyr. To risk one's career for the sake of a poem which might not even be a very good poem? It sometimes seems as if the greater part of Singapore's martyr-material resides in Lee Kuan Yew himself.

The PAP has displayed a considerable gift for obliterating its opponents under hurtful brand-names. It was of course easy to brand pro-autonomy elements in the University of Singapore with "ivory-tower mentality," "Oxbridgism," and "expatriate neo-colonialism"—the latter implying that expatriates were out to serve their own ends under the cloak of academic freedom. It was easy, even though an observer would have noted that quite a few expatriates were ready to hand over the University to the Government lock, stock and barrel once they had contrived a formula to save their own faces; and noticed too (as did the Prime Minister) that some of the more extreme "Serve the State" party, while advancing philosophical arguments against the expatriate teacher (he may understand his subject, but he can't understand his pupils), were also motivated by personal ambition of a less noble sort. The University was founded by the British, and obviously there was bound to be trouble when Singapore became independent, and there had to be changes thereafter. No one can quarrel with the principle that university policy-making should pass increasingly into the hands of local citizens on the staff. What might worry one is—*which* local citizens? Not all PAP second-line leaders have Mr. Lee's intelligence or devotion or that visionary quality which can sometimes carry him above and beyond party policy.

University autonomy and academic freedom are lost causes for which one fights—for which academics should fight—so that they may not be utterly lost. Otherwise, as government policy changes or as governments change, a university will stagger from agonising reappraisal to reappraisal, with no permanent principles to

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give it balance, creating new legislation and creating new means of waiving it, and increasingly hampered and enervated in the day-to-day teaching which is its chief justification. In fact, since the enforced resignation of the then Vice-Chancellor of the University of Singapore in late 1963, there has been little direct and no large-scale intervention on the part of the Government. Perhaps there has been no need. A degree of academic freedom survives (and survives where it is most needed, in the classroom), as it were by accident, or by force of habit; and if only the students are left to plead openly for it, then perhaps this is as it should be. The relationship between the Government and the University demonstrates again, it may be, that near-tragic conflict in the character of the Prime Minister. Mr. Lee finds it hard to brook objection and opposition, but he finds it impossible to respect sycophants and opportunists. He has something of Coriolanus' pride; happily he also has what Coriolanus was disastrously lacking in—agility and a keen wit.

THERE IS NO ACCEPTABLE ALTERNATIVE to Lee Kuan Yew, except a milder Lee Kuan Yew. Mr. Lee, I would say, has no desire to be a strong man in the line of the late (and, as soon as late, unlamented) Marshal Sarit of Thailand —as one might gather, if not from his declared wish for a lively opposition, at least from his reiterated warnings that the end of colonialism doesn't imply the onset of the millennium, that a free country is precisely one which pulls its own chestnuts out of the fire. He is a visionary in a community which largely, for historical reasons, still values prudence above pride and (part of Hermann Hesse's description of the bourgeoisie) prefers convenience to liberty. In one's teaching, one observes with some distress the calmly affluent assumptions of a fair section of the young. Overseas scholarships are not coveted rarities but expected perquisites, and the less enjoyed for that. Students complain that the secret of critical success (withheld from them so long by colonialist staff?)—How to Tell a Bad Poem from a Good—is still being withheld. Instead they are afflicted with hour after hour of horrid, effort-demanding Practical Criticism.... Students whose English has suffered from the withdrawal of British teachers from the secondary schools (and from a certain politically-motivated haziness about the future position of the English language in the State) complain that the University's English Department is failing in its duty to liberate them from the weight of 600 years of English literature and so untwist their vocal chords that they may sing with the voices of angels, free and equal creative geniuses. Instead it is merely teaching them to read....

I have mentioned a few common, and in some cases of course universal, examples of intellectual discontent; and discontent, a concomitant of ambition, is held to be a student privilege. Cavafy wrote wryly and wisely, concerning reformers in a Greek colony back in 200 B.C.:

...the handicap and the hardship
are that these Reformers make
a big story out of everything...
they inquire and investigate,
and immediately they think of radical reforms,
with the request that they be executed without delay.
They also have a bent for sacrifices....

Even so, one cannot but feel sympathy with Mr. Lee's clarion calls for greater effort and sacrifice: there would seem to be room for both among certain sections of the populace.

Yet a government which desires to encourage a sturdy independence in its people must be prepared to tolerate and take note of that quality when it shows itself in places and at times inconvenient to the government. "Societies like ours have no fat to spare. They are either lean and healthy, or they die." So said Mr. Lee in July last. "What is required is a rugged, resolute, highly trained, highly disciplined community." Well, to use a distasteful expression, Singapore has plenty of good human material. What one would like to know is this—*how* disciplined is "highly disciplined"?

D. J. Enright

Letter from Delhi

Disillusionment

HOW TO SUM UP the mood of so large and varied a country as India? Perhaps by saying that India, at the moment, is profoundly disillusioned. There is disenchantment with the much advertised achievements of fifteen years, cynicism about the leadership, and scepticism about the future. The mood may pass but, for the present, everything has conspired to foster it. Inflation which has already forced up prices by 50% in just three years (and shows no sign of subsiding) and the threat of famine (barely kept in check with the help of generous supplies from the United States) have shaken the people's faith in planning. The Government has gone through the ritual of presenting the outline of the fourth

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Five-Year Plan but not many economists take this exercise seriously. There is then the sense of hurt national pride. In spite of repeated official statements to the contrary it is popularly believed that devaluation has been forced on the Government against its will by the World Bank and the United States. This is the worst but not the only instance of external pressure in recent months. The charges of favouritism (and worse) against Ministers, the violent demonstrations, the mass abstentions of Government employees in various States, the disarray in the ruling party, and the lack of a well-defined sense of purpose and direction in New Delhi—all reflect and accentuate the mood of despondency.

One healthy thing has emerged—a realisation among large sections of the Indian intelligentsia that they must first attend to urgent domestic problems before they can hope to achieve "world influence." But this preoccupation with internal troubles cannot by itself explain the apathy India has shown towards, for instance, the tragedy in Viet Nam or the dramatic changes in Indonesia. India's attitude towards Viet Nam deserves attention, for it can provide a clue to her general response to developments in the outside world. Mrs. Indira Gandhi, like her predecessor, Mr. Lal Bahadur Shastri, may have gone through the motions of "initiating moves to end the fighting in Viet Nam." But it has all lacked conviction. (*1*) In view of the country's critical dependence on the United States for food and economic assistance, the Government has understandably been keen to avoid causing offence to President Johnson. (*2*) The suspicion and fear of Chinese designs in South-east Asia and the sub-Himalayan belt are so deep and widespread as to cause genuine popular concern over the possible consequences of a U.S. withdrawal from Viet Nam. Even those who concede that Dr. Ho Chi-minh and other North Vietnamese leaders are not Chinese puppets but genuine nationalists are not fully reassured that they will not make "common cause with the Chinese to conquer the whole region for communism." (Russia's possible role in the containment of China in South-east Asia is too complicated an affair to make much impression on the Indian mind.)

The Indian Government's reticence on Viet Nam can thus be explained in terms of our needs, fears, doubts. Behind it lies disillusionment with the world and the desire to opt out of an active role in international affairs (except, of course, if they impinge on India's own national interests). While she seeks bilateral arrangements, her interest in larger concepts like "Afro-Asian co-operation," "Solidarity of Non-Aligned States" and even the Commonwealth has been greatly weakened. This has cut the ground from under the foreign policy posture as shaped by Pandit Nehru—just as inflation and the threat of famine have undermined his concepts of planning and economic growth. Of course, the issues have not been fully grasped and precisely formulated. But the realisation has sunk in that the country has reached the end of the road it took under Jawaharlal Nehru's leadership two decades ago. India is groping for an alternative path but in bafflement continues to turn to the past. This is reflected in a variety of ways and provides in fact the clue to the understanding of the Indian political scene today.

GIRILAL JAIN (*born 1922, educated in Delhi*) *is an assistant editor of* The Times of India. *He is the author of three books: on Mao, on Nepal, and on "Panch Shila." He lived for a year in Pakistan and two years in London as a foreign correspondent.*

THE DISILLUSIONMENT with the outside world began with the Chinese aggression in October 1962. On the face of it, it was absurd for the Government and people of India to behave as if the Chinese had treacherously sprung a surprise on them. On the contrary, Peking had given no cause for surprise. It had been openly hostile since the flight of the Dalai Lama to India in March 1959. Yet India saw the invasion as an act of betrayal. The shock was all the greater because fellow Afro-Asian and non-aligned countries failed to extend even moral support to India which, she was unshakably convinced, was her due. In a desperate effort to defend his policy, Nehru claimed that "a majority of Afro-Asian countries" had sided with India. But it was not taken seriously. What mattered for the people was that Dr. Nkrumah had written to Prime Minister Macmillan, opposing military aid for India—and Dr. Sukarno had visibly edged closer to Peking. Indian public opinion has not forgiven either and has been glad to see the one overthrown and the other shorn of his once unlimited powers. President Nasser was helpful but too discreet. We then began to see that divisions in the world were far more complex than we had thought earlier.

If the Chinese invasion weakened the pull of Afro-Asianism, Pan-Asianism and the Non-Aligned world, the war with Pakistan damaged the cause of the Commonwealth in India. I would like to make two observations. First, in spite of all that has been said and written in India about the role of the Commonwealth as "a bridge" between different races on the one hand and rich industrialised nations and poor developing countries on the other, the associa-

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tion has in reality meant little more than "relations with Britain." Secondly, the Indian attitude towards Britain has since independence in 1947 been ambivalent. The regard for the United Kingdom has been genuine on many accounts which I need not list here. But this has not eliminated the deep distrust of "perfidious Albion" who not only partitioned the country for its own selfish ends but has since sided with Pakistan. The adequacy or inadequacy of this view is not material. What is relevant is that the deeply held Indian conviction about Britain's partisanship and perfidious character finally became so dominant during the war with Pakistan that it blotted out the other sentiment. Mr. Wilson's ill-advised statements may partially explain the violence of the Indian reaction at that time but not the quality of the change in outlook that has undoubtedly taken place. India has rejected the British hold on her mind and emotions and is not likely to accept it again.

THIS PROCESS has been going on for years. The change from Nehru to Shastri was not so dramatic as was generally believed at that time. The thin British or Western veneer had begun to give way in the face of the reassertion of India's own distinctness even during the Nehru era. Observers failed to notice it because they took the easier path of explaining Nehru's policies in terms of diverse Western influences on him and his ability to carry the Indian people with him in terms of his own charismatic personality. They did not even pause to see the Indian tradition breaking through the crust of Western influences. I am not suggesting that this is a conscious process. In fact it is confused and will remain so for years not only because English remains the medium of education and administration and more or less the only means of access to Western technology and science, but also because the urge to "catch up with the West" remains fairly strong. But a discerning observer should be able to notice that the Indian emphasis has shifted from the study of English literature, philosophy, politics, to that of economics, science and technology. The importance of this change from ideas to techniques cannot be over-emphasised.

In deep psychological terms, therefore, I think it no longer matters for India whether Britain joins the European Economic Community, or the Commonwealth breaks up on the Rhodesia issue. This does not mean that India is terribly excited over Rhodesia. She is not. Neither "anti-colonialism" nor the "anti-White struggle" stirs the Indian psyche. In terms of foreign relations, the threat from China and Pakistan is the Indian people's principal concern. This has so influenced policy that New Delhi is no longer trying to be "in the vanguard of the anti-colonial struggle."

There can be no question that India's psychological response to other countries is determined principally by their usefulness as sources of economic assistance and support for the containment of China and Pakistan. Many argue, in India and abroad, that she should try to settle her disputes with either Peking or Rawalpindi. This is to miss not only the difficulties in the path of fruitful negotiations but also the elemental nature of the Indian distrust of these neighbours. Indians sincerely convinced of their secularism are offended if they are told that their conflict with Pakistan is rooted in the history of Hindu-Muslim relations. But this is the unpleasant truth. It means that India will remain distrustful of Pakistani intentions as long as her military superiority is not clearly established and she is not able to integrate the Muslim minority into her cultural mainstream. Nations which have no experience of dealing with such complex problems should not be rash in passing harsh judgments against India. The fear of China is the fear of the unknown which has been buttressed by the view that the two are "natural rivals" in South-east Asia by virtue of their history and ideology. What does this rivalry really mean? No Indian cares to specify. It is just taken for granted, and it currently finds expression in the demand for the Indian Bomb.

The ambivalence of U.S. and Soviet response to India's fears about Pakistan explains the ambivalence of India's own attitude towards them. The fact of Russian economic assistance to Pakistan and the suspicion that Moscow may at some point sell arms (directly or indirectly) to Rawalpindi have sufficed to call Soviet friendship into question in India though official spokesmen continue to claim that Russia will not provide arms to Pakistan. If anything the distrust of American policy is deeper because of the history of the U.S.-Pakistan alliance, support to Pakistan over Kashmir, etc.

MY FINAL QUESTION is: has India attained adulthood, or are we retreating into our shell in conformity with our historical tradition? The second alternative may not be open to us in the sense that the world has become too small to leave us alone and we need foreign assistance to tackle even internal problems. But the desire to be left alone is unmistakable, and so is the struggle to grow out of the stage of innocence.

Girilal Jain

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Letter from Hong Kong

China-Watching

HONG KONG'S main intellectual industry is the effort to unravel the mysteries of Communist China, an exercise variously called "Pekinology," "Sinology," or simply "China-watching." It is, more precisely, a way of life that dominates and tantalises its practitioners, the assortment of diplomats, scholars, journalists, military analysts, and intelligence agents who seem unable to spend three minutes together without edging conversation around to, say, Hsiao Hua's possible links to Lo Jui-ching, or the likely effect of the *szu ching* campaign on cadre morale in Shantung province, or the significance of the seating arrangement at a banquet for a Nepalese delegation visiting Peking. Such esoteric banter insinuates itself into Hong Kong beach picnics, poker games, and dinner parties, perhaps giving an outsider entering this community the impression of having fallen among the Talmudic hair-splitters of medieval Vilna.

The analogy to Talmudic study is not so far-fetched. Observing China from Hong Kong—and from universities and chanceries elsewhere in the world—is primarily an abstract, academic discipline. Most of the younger Western experts have never crossed the Lo Wu bridge separating this small British colony from that universe they familiarly call "the Mainland"; those who have dated their experience back fifteen or twenty years. But even foreigners who manage to get over the border usually come away with little more than a blur of impressions. The tourists are led by guides to model factories, kindergartens and Potemkin villages. The Afro-Asian writers, "progressive" scientists and other sympathisers regularly fêted in Peking are too often blinkered by prejudice. The diplomats and correspondents resident in the Chinese capital, Asian and East European Communists among them, are restricted to a ghetto in which they feed on each other's rumours—rumours that tend to tell more about the monger than about China.

This is not to suggest, however, that China today is the enigma it was a century or, perhaps, even a generation ago. Despite a dearth of data, the available knowledge about contemporary China is extraordinary. Never before have there been as many men like John Fairbank, Doak Barnett and C. P. Fitzgerald to ponder, in their diverse ways, the broad scope of China's present behaviour in relation to Chinese history. Never before have there been such specialists—Franz Schurmann, Li Choh-ming, Alexander Eckstein, Benjamin Schwartz, and others—perceptively appraising the details of China's economy, ideology, and political organisation. Journals like the *China Quarterly*, Father Ladany's *China News Analysis* and various university monographs are mines of information. And there is, too, the legion of researchers who can, on the basis of fragmentary reports, almost exactly estimate sorghum production in Fukien province or describe the state of Shanghai textile plants or, like station-masters, announce the train times to Tsining, Paotow, and points west.

MUCH OF THE DETAIL is originally gathered by the intelligence services and eventually declassified for public use. It is generally known, for example, that pilotless reconnaissance aircraft fly at high altitudes over China, electronically collecting clues that permit Dean Rusk to predict Chinese nuclear tests. Probably the most revealing documents ever to emerge from China, the secret "work bulletins" of the Chinese Army's "General Political Department," were acquired from Tibetan rebels by the Central Intelligence Agency, and recently published by Stanford University.

A good deal of detail also comes from interviews with the thousands of refugees who flee from China every year into Portuguese Macao and Hong Kong. These refugees must be, and generally are, treated with reserve by serious China-watchers. Most of them are natives of nearby Kwangtung province who know nothing of conditions beyond their home region; many are tempted to embellish their narratives, either to emphasise their own importance or to tell the interviewer what he wants to hear. Until not long ago, in fact, an enterprising Macao businessman did a fairly profitable trade in "renting" refugees, properly briefed, to unsuspecting journalists. In contrast, cautious and sceptical Sinologists have been able to glean quite valuable accounts of life in China from refugees, for the obvious reason that, in Macao or Hong Kong, the escapee is free to talk. A Chinese inside China would rarely express an honest opinion to his closest friend.

As sources of information, however, intelligence reports and refugee interviews are subsidiary to the millions of printed words that flow through and out of China. These constitute the Pekinologist's principal lode. Thus every China-watcher keeps up with the *People's Daily, Red Flag, Liberation Army Daily, China*

STANLEY KARNOW *is the correspondent for the* Washington Post *in South-east Asia. He lives in Hong Kong.*

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Youth and, if obtainable, the provincial journals as well as Chinese magazines aimed at Women, Sportsmen, Physicians, Foreign Merchants, *et al*. On a random day, the New China News Agency teleprinter may clack out about thirty or forty yards of dispatches. A high percentage of this "news" seems like dreary propaganda: messages of praise to Chairman Mao Tse-tung from obscure Peruvian trade unionists, analyses of an impending depression in the United States, and heroic tales of the Anshan steel-worker or Hunan well-digger who, armed with Mao's thought, exceeded his production target. What makes it all meaningful is its accurate reflection of Peking's view of China and the world. It may be fair game and good fun to mock the recent inspirational account of the Shanghai watermelon peddler whose sales boomed after he conformed to Mao's teachings. It is a firm fact, however, that Mao and his colleagues believe that revolutionary war tactics can be applied to hawking watermelons, producing fertiliser, playing basket-ball, and fighting a revolutionary war. Political truth is, after all, what it is thought to be.

The articles and dispatches from China tell much more about Peking's policies. Once their dispute with the Russians picked up momentum, for example, the Chinese displayed no reticence in airing their grievances against Khrushchev and his successors. Nor have the Chinese Communist party leaders hesitated to publicise the vast purge—officially called the "socialist cultural revolution"—that has been convulsing China's officialdom. It takes a certain amount of patience, though no special skill, to pluck out of the Chinese press complaints against Fidel Castro, profound disappointment with Indonesia, and the perennial admonishments of "some comrades" who lag behind in digging irrigation ditches or persist in contending that atomic war is horrible. In short, Peking is candid, by and large, because it must communicate, both to its own people and to the world. The China-watcher has found that there is a good measure of validity in the Chinese claim that "we say what we mean and mean what we say."

How THE CHINESE SAY what they mean and *vice versa* is, of course, important. Among themselves, Mao, Liu Shao-chi, Chou En-lai and the other comrades undoubtedly do not converse in ideological jargon any more than members of the Vatican hierarchy speak to each other in Latin chants. Yet the jargon, when it appears in oratory or print, is a translation of Communist reality. Sitting with a group of French visitors at his Hangchow retreat in September 1964, for example, Mao rather amiably criticised China's universities, pointing out that they focused too heavily on "book-learning." Less than two years later, at least seven university presidents were dismissed amid a virulent campaign against "bourgeois royalist" educators, and thousands of students were sent to farms and factories to "learn from the peasants and workers."

Similarly, anyone following the Peking leaders' pronouncements on the Viet Nam war last summer would have zigzagged between belligerence and prudence, from statements committing the Chinese to supreme sacrifices for their "Vietnamese brothers" to homilies advising Hanoi and the Viet Cong to rely on themselves. China-watchers trying to chart Peking's future course were puzzled—but no more so than a European ambassador who talked with Chen Yi, the Foreign Minister, and came away persuaded that the Chinese simply had not decided how to proceed on the Viet Nam issue. A visitor to the White House about the same time might have walked out with the same impression of Lyndon Johnson's intentions. Here lies a difference, however: the diplomat or correspondent who reported that LBJ was perplexed or uncertain would have not lacked credibility; on the contrary, accounts of the President's soul-searching won praise for their insight. On the other hand, the Sinologist who assessed the Chinese leaders as confused or hesitant would have quite likely been regarded as inexpert.

ONE OF THE MAJOR PITFALLS in China-watching, even from inside China, is the failure to regard the Chinese leaders as human beings whose conduct may be motivated by sentimentality, ambition, or greed, or who may merely make mistakes. This shortcoming stems partly from the remoteness of Mao and his subordinates. It also mirrors the unusual cohesion of the Chinese Communist movement, which, in its forty-five years, has not thrown up a Trotsky (or even a Kravchenko) to reveal the deeper workings, thoughts, and rivalries inside the Forbidden City.

There are no Chinese equivalents of *Darkness at Noon*. There are no *Penkovskiy Papers*, and probably not even a Penkovskiy. The only prominent Party defector, Chang Kuo-tao (a former Central Committee member who broke with Mao in the 1930s) lives here in Hong Kong, where he has produced useful historical notes on Chinese Communism. There are casualties of Chinese purges, to be sure: Marshal Peng Teh-huai (the former Defence Minister dismissed in 1959) is a major case among others. Possibly their essential Chinese chauvinism discourages them from defecting. Whatever the

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reason, Mao treats his distinguished victims with a consideration that makes Stalin, by comparison, appear even more of a brute than he was. Marshal Peng is said to be living comfortably in a suburban villa near Peking.

The understandable tendency to downgrade the human side of China's rulers frequently leads Sinologists to attribute logic to events in Peking. This leaning towards rational interpretation was fairly pronounced last spring, as news of power struggles and purges filtered out of China. Striving to determine who-was-doing-what-to-whom, the specialists initially sought to line up the *dramatis personae* according to their supposed policy positions. This approach has not satisfactorily explained, however, why a leading sectarian like Peng Chen should have been eliminated by an equally dogmatic group that featured Teng Hsiao-ping, the Communist Party Secretary-General. Nor has it been able to fit in among the rising ideologues men like Li Fu-chun and Po I-po, economic planners reputed to be pragmatic in their views. And no amount of logic can account for the fall of such a figure as Chou Yang, one of the most orthodox Party-liners.

Most Sinologists would not advocate a full retreat to *petite histoire* as a method of diagnosing China. It is quite probable, though, that the ideological dynamic in Peking is underlaid by a substratum of personal ties and regional affinities. This is an area that is only beginning to emerge in studies by Harvard's Donald Klein, a specialist in Chinese biography, and Conrad Brandt of Oxford, who has been digging down into the backgrounds of the French-educated revolutionaries like Premier Chou En-lai, Chen Yi, Teng Hsiao-ping and others. Perhaps, some day, a Chinese Koestler will make his way down from Peking into Hong Kong to disclose a human dimension now largely unexplored. Until then, much of China-watching will remain, like astronomy, the observation of light from stars that have long since died.

Stanley Karnow

Letter from Borneo

The Liked Ones

I have just heard Dr. S. A. Wurm of Australian National University addressing delegates to the Pacific Science Congress in Tokyo. Subject "A National Language for New Guinea." Wurm's proposition:

> Pidgin (English) developed on the sugar-cane fields of North Queensland in the 1870s when the natives were brought to Australia to work —about one quarter of its vocabulary is native. The remainder consists largely of words derived from English, with native phonology.

Wurm's solution for the last of Asia's emergent nationalisms:

> Pidgin therefore appears to be the ideal choice for the National Language, but it is strongly objected to by many. However, *most of the critics are whites*. . . .

This solution may appear almost exquisitely 1966 grotesque. Yet Wurm reflects one of the strangest (and potentially most important) yam-and-rice-root trends in the whole region; a kind of Cargo Cult of the heart, born of mainly twentieth-century experience, nourished by the great new anxieties of smallish new countries set in a giant international turmoil working out so differently from the post-World War II hope.

I put it briefly by saying that Hiroshima re-established white ascendancy as a whole, but mushroomed the American role in the Far East into one of dominant aggression, unluckily. Twenty-one years ago this month, as a fringe-man in that vast process, I stopped being an enemy to and of those who are now my hosts. I never remember seeming so well liked as this past week. . . . My war left me high and hot in the middle of Borneo. There I have stuck, but making numerous sorties out into the Pacific, to the borders of China through Laos, and all over. Most of that time I have not been with other whites. Once I didn't speak English for ten months, let alone Pidgin. On this necessarily subjective yet reasonably observant basis, let me try to examine why—as I allege—the white man's status (particularly the West European's) is moving back in his favour after two lean decades of anti-colonialism, etc.

First, one's direct experience. It has since 1945 seldom been too unpleasant to wander about in Thailand, Pakistan, Brunei, Cambodia, Kalimantan, palely pigmented. Today it is nearly always a pleasure, provided: (*1*) you gently show you have some idea what you are doing; (*2*) you aren't in a hurry; (*3*) your questions (if you must ask) are not too silly—or shrewd; (*4*) you identify yourself, more or less, as non-aggressive and don't get mistaken for one of the martial races of these parts at this time.

Mistakes under (*4*) can be serious. The white is welcomed as a symbol, largely, of the old peace as well as the new wealth. The best thing to be, in most places, is still "Australian English" (though that image fades with Holt in Viet Nam). The best bet all round is English

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English, with French second. But as very few Asians indeed are natural racialists (that begins from the top), you can get by anywhere as anything if you show yourself a gentleman (or lady): thus the success, in some surprising contexts, of the U.S. Peace Corps, a title of genius.

By the book the sometime colonial masters or black-birders have outstayed their welcome. The Brookes were feudal squires in Sarawak. The Keswicks remain psycho-economic lords in Hong Kong. Yet Brooke and Keswick, as I have seen, will be fêted anywhere, from eastern palace to padi-hut. Any non-impossible Caucasian can walk up to a Dayak long-house and stay a couple of nights for free, amply rice fed, with luck soused in rice-beer also, as the cicadas screech up over the rain forest's yard-arm. The poorest farmer on the Mekong (upper!) is likely to share his mat, some fresh fruit and surprised laughter with the far stranger staggering by under that heat. The lower Mekong is, of course, less attractive; there the main threat is liable to come from excited western aircraft. (The most dangerous sector of the Far East is down-town Manila, where the lone pedestrian is inclined to get shot from behind with a tin-tipped arrow between the shoulder-blades. Nothing racial or personal about this: they just remove wallet, watch, and pen while owner wrestles to remove the missile or remember Meredith in Alabama, before going into shock on his Consul's doorstep.)

THIS AFFECTIONATE, indeed friendly, picture is not at all the one we get from politicians and newspapers of the area—and outside it. They are full of throwing out whoever expatriate it is, and may say hard things about the white lot. Yet there is barely a trace, in many places no trace at all, of the same attitudes among the people one meets in the fields and on jungle tracks among the leeches. The reasons for this discrepancy in outlook between leader and led are complicated. Four can be fairly clearly separated and supported.

1. Most obvious and perhaps least important, the tremendous acceleration of communications technology in the whole area. In the past ten years "Westerns" on television have hit hard into the remote villages of the Thai rice-bowl and hitherto utterly parochial fishing communities of Malaysia or Luzon; the Tengku has promised it to the Dayaks quite soon. Transistor radios are carried going full blast by Negritos in the southern Philippines, by tall men all in black with bows and arrows (non-tin) on their other shoulders up Angkor way. At the far upland Borneo village where, in 1945, I was dropped by parachute—into the end of the Stone Age as well as Japan's First Empire—tonight is surely being made invidious by three lads with tape-recorders, who specialise in taping Beatle and Rolling Stone radio. Then all three play them at once, one normal speed, one dead slow, and one reversed, as they parade up and down the verandah of the enormous new long-house. (Part of the roof is plastic, flown in by helicopter.) With the under-25s especially, the Asian air throbs Mersey Beat, tied up with the temple calls (relayed continuously over immense loudspeakers in the more populous parts of Laos), gong-rhythms and *gamelan*. These now have to work to get heard, after centuries of monopoly.

T-shirts, 7-Up, Brylcreem, cigarettes, dark glasses (often worn at night, too), ball-points, tennis shoes, are penetrating even "areas of poverty." And in South-east Asia, at least, few places are too poor for such things today. True Indo-African or Watts-style poverty is almost impossible outside the big cities—so far. Alongside, and often ahead of all this, go the newly strengthened outside religions: Golf, Bahai, Soccer, Fundamentalism from Australia, Seventh Day Adventism from the States, Pen Pal systems (terrific in Borneo)—I need not go on.

Of necessity, those who lead in these lands in 1966 "forget" that Western things are in one sense considered by the humble recipients thereof as outside gifts, as a kind of *manna*: royalties from the Cargo Cult and dear ole momma. There is a suitable mass fear that if the spirit of this trade is somehow displeased, these wonders will once more wither away, the long-house left to the cicadas, Lennon-less.

2. A more directly "human" aspect: the on-the-spot image of the wealthy white man in an ordinary Asian environment. Here chance, out of tradition, favours the British a bit. By and large it is fair to say (without condescending) that most Asians respect decision and authority. Over large tracts of their countries they feel less of this today than they did ten years ago. This will be a relief where authority was "interfering" or misplaced. The lead-loss becomes a source of distress where before it was constructive, cohesive, etc. There is a deep strain of acceptance in the Burmese or Celebes farmer—to an extent which if displayed by any workman in Bolton or Boston would rate him either simpleton or saint. One consequence of this

TOM HARRISSON *has been living in South-east Asia for the last twenty years. He has been the Curator of the Museum at Sarawak, and among his books are* World Within *(1959) and* Britain Revisited *(1961).*

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situation: it is still astonishingly easy for whites to exercise authority even where they are supposed to *have* none. The fact that they often contrive to lead almost unwittingly gives cause, of course, for natural resentment or open attack from legitimate local leaders.

But this outside leadership role must be gently conducted to be likable. There are enough noisy alternatives, present and out of the past, only now acceptable in emptiness (Sukarno, Diem). This is where the more casual, offhand, "Brit" way of getting one's own way goes down well—in contrast say to the more extrovert, to-the-point authority of the friendly American, who may be better motivated than anyone else in sight but spoils it with the sound of what is not really fury.

3. On objectively firmer ground, the historical lead-in which allows whites to walk the good earth south of red Kiansu with something others find near to arrogance. In Malaysia Britain, in Indo-China France, in Timor and Macao Portugal, in Indonesia the Dutch, in the Philippines Spaniards and then Americans (with one vividly brief British interlude before 1800)—these and others all did one thing that remains deeply relevant today. They brought, especially after the improved communications of steam navigation, broad peace and moderate order where on arrival they had found varying degrees of chaos at worst and misery at best. These conditions were not in themselves implicit in the cultures concerned. They were the result of complicated Far Eastern developments (in population, philosophy, organised religion, metal technologies) which upset the human equation and left it highly vulnerable after the 15th century. Where this was not so the whites had least success, or won in only by bitter violence. Where it was most so, they were benefactors (as well as exploiters) from the start.

The new historians of these countries tend to gift-wrap it differently as they gather fresh, smeary momentum from their American, Australian, or Aldwych researchers. But inside the off-white package, whatever the label, no impartial eye can fail to spell out of folklore, legend, ballad, archaeology, genealogy, memory, family tradition and everyday talk, this message of past misery. Every little boy in Sarawak knows—or rather believes—that White Rajah Brooke stopped head-hunting, and gave his ancestors a new life against their worse natures. Before that, every day was potentially wretched for *most* people. They couldn't dream in safety. Children dare not play on their own (a baby's head counted the same points as a "warrior's"). The women had to be escorted in the rice fields, which were often a third of optimum size. And so on. No one genuinely ever wants even to dream of going back to those pre-white nightmares. The whites brought qualities then gravely lacking: authority to *end* disputes, to control anarchies, to redress group wrongs, to limit majority impositions, to reduce barbarities, to lighten the basic fears of a peasant. The excess and cruelties perpetrated in the name of good order along the way have mostly been forgotten and always forgiven, unless worked up again now—and if so only with feeble mass impact. To those who never benefited from the old sultanates and dynasties, the experience of *relief* was more unforgettable than any plumbed by *Reader's Digest*. The gratitude has remained, though obscured by the New Politics and the pressure to voice only published opinions in public. For no top-man dare voice other sentiments (yet). Relatives would topple him out of office, shrieking.

4. Here we come to my fourth and last main point of explanation; one incidentally near to my own pre-Bornean heart. In South-east Asia (and more widely) today there is no way at all for many people to express their personal opinions on live issues. The position in Bali or Burma is strikingly close to what Charles Madge, myself, and others found in Bolton and Blackheath when we started MASS-OBSERVATION back in the 1930s, as a first British attempt to bridge the then deep gulf between published opinion and the public. That gulf no longer exists in the West. Indeed, public opinion overshadows leadership to an absurd extent. In the East, faced with many of Europe's problems in the '30s, this is a major fissure across the social-political structure of nearly every community. Election bridges are rare, too. Most of what well-meaning British journalists purport to report of popular trends is thus at a 1930 level, based on other journalists and the same few top politicians (very very occasionally plus an individual intellectual). The resulting picture is sadly empty. It bears the same sort of relevance to mass trends as R. H. Naylor's astrological predictions to orbital astro-physics.

The undetected attitudes entangled in this semantic obscurity include mass uncertainty about many local leaderships; and a still quite weak desire to return to the one before this—though not the one before that! Beneath lies that grisly thought of a relapse to 1500. I'm not saying this is logical, fair. I'm saying it's illogical, fear. Nevertheless, on my guess, a *secret* opinion poll would gross 80% for a return to previous colonial white leadership to be available *as an alternative future option* over a large slice of Asia—but excluding areas where the Americans have actively intervened or are starting to. The American attitude, willy-nilly, generates the worst root fears. In Borneo, other

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forces, faced with similar problems in part, have generated no such anxiety. On the contrary, in the countryside their departure is being anticipated with concern as Confrontation "ends."

LET ME END on a statistical note. This Pacific Science Congress comes round once in four years. It is *the* big get-together from all sides and corners of this ocean. Most participants are Asians. We are divided into many symposia, sessions, seminars. The position of "chairman" at each of these is a coveted status prize, as personality rather than scientist. Composition of chairmanships can be taken to reflect leadership factors in this field. I analysed these persons out of the programme. The result:

White chairmen ..... *219=87%*
Others ..... *31=13%*

The Japanese lead the lower category with a modest 7; China gets 4; singles include Singapore, Hong Kong (actually a Welsh geologist), and poor old Viet Nam. This day, too, the *Japan Times* front pages Dean Rusk in New York declaring:

JAPAN SEEN BECOMING 3RD
RANKING INDUSTRIAL NATION

But 1941 indelibly damaged this lovely land as anyone's vision of momma. Perhaps that's a pity?

Tom Harrisson

STATEMENT

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Two Suns in the Sky

Myths and Motives between Yangtse and Ganges

By FRANCIS WATSON

"THERE CANNOT be two suns in the sky." Wise saws for modern instances are the necessary stock of every up-to-date sinologist; and this particular Chinese saying can be cited to illuminate a variety of issues, from the Taiwan problem with its "two Chinas" heresy to the rivalry for leadership of the Communist world. As the expression of a traditional attitude it may help, also, to explain the troubled course of Peking's relations with New Delhi, to which Chou En-lai told the Afro-Asian leaders (in his circular letter of November 1962) "there has been a dark side from the very beginning. . . ." But it is one thing to analyse Chinese political motives. It is another thing to accept their apophthegms as natural laws whose language they may borrow. Indeed what we must rather assume is that in the Asian sky two suns can shine together.

Or, for that matter, more than two—many more, if we attend to the Indian vision of the 3rd or 4th century A.D., as expressed in the *Sutra of the Excellent Golden Light.*

> When the eighty-four thousand kings of the eighty-four thousand states are contented with their own territories, they will not attack one another or raise mutual strife. When all these kings think of their mutual welfare and feel mutual affection and joy, contented in their own dominions, India will be prosperous, well fed, pleasant and populous. The earth will be fertile, and the months and seasons and years will all occur at the proper time. . . . And all living beings will be rich with all manner of riches and corn, very prosperous but not covetous.

That is going back a long way, but only a little further than the so-called Golden Age of the Imperial Guptas of Northern India and their immediate successors, from the 4th to the 7th centuries of our era, whose reflection in the records of Chinese Buddhist pilgrims became the classical source for that extravaganza of the 1950s known as "2,000 years of Sino-Indian friendship." When this is cut by half, as in Dr. C. P. Bagchi's *India and China: A Thousand Years of Cultural Relations* (first published in India in 1944, revised and enlarged for the new trend in 1950), we begin to see what the serious scholars had in mind: the exchanges of other scholars, under the powerful impulses of Buddhism, from the earliest Indian missions in the 1st century A.D. until the 9th and 10th centuries, when the faith was effectively persecuted in China, superseded in India by revived Brahmanism, and challenged on the main approach-route by Islamic iconoclasm. Somewhere the record freezes, only to be set in motion again by the modern emergence of an India and a China once more in control of their own destinies. And if this seems simplified, so was the rhetoric of the *Panch Shila* and the India-China accord. As Nehru told his audience in Peking in 1954:

> More than 2,000 years ago China and India had begun to know and appreciate each other. There was no record of conflict between the two countries, only one of friendship, trade and cultural exchange. There had, however, been a period of isolation due to external forces.

It was almost exactly eight years later, on 25 October 1962, that Nehru described in the Indian Legislature the "severe shock" of the Chinese military assault:

> We were getting out of touch with reality in the modern world and we were living in an artificial atmosphere of our own creation.

BACK, THEN, to our 84,000 kingdoms. What leaps from this quotation, even before one examines its context, is its radical

FRANCIS WATSON *has lived in India, and frequently written and broadcast on Asian affairs. His latest book,* The Frontiers of China, *was published by Chatto and Windus this year.*

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departure from the idea of the Universal State as the instrument of attainable earthly harmony.

Here, then, a contrast can be established between centrifugal tendencies in India and centripetal tendencies in China, where political unity was assumed to exist throughout the worst phases of contention for its exercise, and the ideal of the Universal Empire was embodied in Mongol or Ming, Manchu or Marxist, by the ability to secure the Mandate of Heaven. Long before Mao Tse-tung gave organised effect to the claim, the Mandate was conceived to be confirmed by the people. The test was one of stability. The distinction between the Chinese and the Indian ideal has been suggestively expressed (by Amaury de Riencourt) as that between the Universal State and the Universal Society. The Chinese State enjoys the prestige of Confucian ethics, where the Indian State is tolerated as a necessary evil, irrelevant to man's profounder pursuits.

Frontier Traffic

IT IS BESIDE the point that the Buddha and his teachings, at all events in their earlier formulations, could be said to have reduced history to an irrelevance. In their multiform development they profoundly influenced both the making of history and its recording. And the slow and partial recovery of the record allows a distant generation an almost whimsical freedom of selection and integration. In a Mongolian tradition Genghiz Khan could join the Mahayana pantheon as a Bodhisattva of compassion. In an Indian tradition Asoka's famous renunciation of war could answer the highest ideal of the virtuous ruler. Yet his empire has been described as a police-state, and every historian of Indian kingship must wrestle with that bible of Machiavellian absolutism, the *Arthashastra*. And in terms of revival one does not have to accept the spirit-communications of Mme. Blavatsky, or the esoteric predilections of her successors, to grasp the powerful new orientation (in the literal sense) of the ideas of Theosophy, and the almost inevitable progress of Mrs. Besant from Western tribute-bearer to President of the Indian National Congress. This extension in broadly Buddhistic language of the international respect promoted by Vivekananda's Hindu revivalism was to provide a double strand in the pattern of attitudes with which a self-conscious India came in sight of an imaginary China.

In the first place, Theosophy lent encouragement to the moral and spiritual pre-eminence of Asia, with Mother India as its acknowledged fountain-head. Wisdom, tolerance, non-violence and non-attachment suffused the panorama of buried empires revealed by the archaeologists and the epigraphists. In the second place, the chosen horizons of Theosophy were to the North, its Masters in Himalayan fastnesses or Tibetan monasteries.

The northward look responded to certain age-old Indian sentiments—to racial memories embalmed as myth, to the mystic, inveterate sanctity of the vast mountain-chain, the source of India's life-giving rivers, the throne of her gods, the sanctuary of her hermits. The northward look accorded also with that geographical simplicity which British empire-building had served to confirm, a concept of two antique and populous worlds, heartland and peninsula, divided by the eternal snows and encircled by the alien seas. What had subsisted between those two worlds in their prime must be, in the developing mood of Indian nationalism, at once the equal and the antithesis of Western dominion. Mahayana Buddhism supplied the antithesis. Equality, nostalgia for the identity of secular power, could feed upon the genial records of its Chinese pilgrims in India, from Fa-hsien at the turn of the 4th and 5th centuries A.D. to Hiuan-tsang and Yi-tsing in the 7th. In the 7th century, it could be said, there were two suns in the sky.

MORE SPECIFICALLY, there were two Middle Kingdoms. For this title, which we accept as expressing China's celestial and enduring view of her peculiar place in the world, was found by Yi-tsing to be in general use, as *Mayadesha*, for the India of his travels. What is more, he considered it aptly bestowed, "for it is the centre of a hundred myriad countries." Nearly thirteen centuries later, and less amicably, the leading organ of the Chinese People's Republic was to warn Asia and the world that a new *Mayadesha* was projected.

> The goal pursued by this ambitious Nehru is the establishment of a great empire unprecedented in India's history. The sphere of influence of this great empire would include a series of countries from the Middle East to Southeast Asia and far surpass that of the colonial system set up in Asia in the past by the British empire. (*People's Daily*, 27 October 1962)

Buddhists & Barbarians

BUT THE REGIONS through which the light had been transmitted were by the Chinese definition barbarous, and roamed by tribes whose subjugation had to be re-attempted by each new dynasty. It had been in the long period of war and suffering and confusion of rule following the end of the Han Dynasty

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(A.D. 219) that the Buddhist message had found fruitful soil. The two best-known protests, those of Fu-yi in 621 and 624, and of Han-yu in 819, were in point of fact rejected. But there is also the fact of the persecutions of Buddhism in China, of which the most crippling, from 842–845, destroyed more than 46,000 shrines and monasteries and secularised their communities. And the grounds of these persecutions were those of the rejected protests, charging the faith with alien origins and disruptive and anti-social effects. It was a barbarian religion, Fu-Yi had complained: first propounded, added Han-yu, by one of barbaric origin, whose speech and dress and customs differed from those of China, and who did not recognise the proper relationship of prince and subject, or of father and son:

> Let us suppose him to be living today, and that he came to court at the capital as an emissary of his country. Your Majesty would receive him courteously. But only one interview in the audience-chamber, one banquet in his honour, one gift of clothing, and he would be escorted under guard to the border lest he mislead the masses.

WHAT EMERGED at the zenith of Britain's oriental imperium was indeed a Middle Kingdom—with its gates at Aden and Singapore, its Residents in Tibet and Gilgit and the Persian Gulf, a modern *Mayadesha* of so grand an aspect that even in the unaggressive stance of a truncated independence Nehru could not but echo, however discreetly, the theme of destiny. "India," he said in December 1948, "is there in the middle of the picture."

> Geography has given her that position, and because geography gave India that position, and also no doubt because of other factors, the course of history has shown that India has influenced all the countries around her and has been influenced by them.

A renascent India, in short, was pledged to reject imperialism but not to ignore geography. Moreover, from India's viewpoint, her central position helped to justify a policy of non-alignment in theory and to make it feasible in practice. Looked at in this way, it was the policy of a Middle Kingdom. As such it embodied the very principle of avoiding foreign alliances which had been a Chinese tradition until Mao "leaned to one side" and negotiated his treaty-relationship with the U.S.S.R. By 1959 Mao's breach with ancestral wisdom was already looking ill-starred, which may conceivably have intensified Chinese resentment and suspicion of the Indians who had stolen, with some success, their discarded diplomatic clothes. At all events the Chinese Ambassador's appeal at the height of the Tibetan crisis (16 May 1959) for a switch in Indian thinking has been seen, by both critics and defenders of Chinese Communist policy, as something of a *cri-de-coeur*.

> China's main attention and policy of struggle are directed to the east, to the west Pacific region, to the vicious and aggressive U.S. imperialism, and not to India or any other country in south-east Asia and south Asia.... China will not be so foolish as to antagonise the United States in the East and again to antagonise India in the West. The putting down of the rebellion and the carrying out of democratic reforms in Tibet will not in the least endanger India. You can wait and see.... We cannot have two centres of attention, nor can we take friend for foe.... Friends! it seems to us that you cannot have two fronts. Is it not so? If it is, here then lies the meeting-point of our two sides.

These brief extracts from a remarkable document (opening with charges of Indian interference in Tibet which had already been refuted) are enough to show why it met with the firmest of rejections, becoming as such not a meeting-point but a point of no return. Communist China, with self-help as her most impressive advertisement, could if necessary live without friends, in the old Middle Kingdom pride. She could not live without an enemy, for the system under which that self-help was organised must depend, in its present stage at least, upon external pressure. The "peaceful co-existence of different systems" could be tolerated on the diplomatic level, on the assumption that one system was enduring and the other doomed. But its usefulness to China would depend upon its service to a specific policy-direction.

AS IT HAPPENED, the direction in which the Indians were urged to turn their gaze pointed towards the only major area of historic confrontation between the cultures of India and China, the two great Middle Kingdoms. The immediate end proposed for compliance might be the expulsion of American power and influence from East Asia, as a prelude to the extinction of imperialism. But the removal of this last "external factor" interrupting the natural relationship of India and China would neutralise—that is to say, open up—a tropical frontier-zone more significant in many ways than the numinous peaks and glaciers on which India was invited to turn her back in safety. As something to be pondered upon today one might choose, for example, an event of 1471. In that year the long and far from peaceful co-existence of the sinicised state of North Viet Nam (Annam) and the hinduised state of South Viet Nam (Champa) culminated in the capture of the southern capital, after heroic resistance, and the massacre of 60,000 citizens.

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THE HISTORY of South-east Asia remains a fair field for rival theories, and archaeological research will no doubt be re-writing it for years to come. But there seems no doubt that Indian formative influences preceded not only the Chinese interest in the region but the spread of Buddhism itself. Such Southern Chinese pilgrims as took the sea-route to India from the 5th century A.D. chose the ports of Sumatra and other cities as stop-off centres for the study of Sanskrit, a basic communicator of civilisation which the Chinese characters could never have rivalled. Indian language and learning, Indian mathematics and technology, Indian metaphysical insight and speculative philosophy, and the inspiration which conbined with the *genius loci* to produce stupendous works of art and architecture—all this evinced throughout a millennium a penetrative power complemented, but hardly explained, by the vigorous mercantile activity that accompanied it. Still less will it fit into any generalisation of the effects of Buddhist tradition, even under the sometimes plausible distinctions of climatic adaptability drawn between Mahayana for northern latitudes and Hinayana for the tropical south. Buddhism had spread to Annam in the 3rd century A.D. But by the 8th century, though the Hinayana form was accepted in Siam, the Khmers of Cambodia who were to build Angkor had come under the Mahayana influence; and it was Mahayana Buddhism that presided in Indonesia and the vast Sailendra Empire until it fell in 1480, in part to Islam and in part to the Hinduism of the Chola power of South India.

In a long-established Chinese view it was the contentiousness of the *Nan-yang* (the peoples of the southern lands) which impelled them, in the course of their quarrels, to acknowledge the Chinese supremacy. The political prestige of the Imperial throne, its aura of stability and its ethical sanctions, allowed Chinese ideas a special field of influence in the organisation of states and empires and trading settlements. At times circumstances favoured the voluntary establishment of a tributary relationship, and its undisturbed retention. But Chinese attempts to force it or extend it were continually resisted. There were many such attempts before the Mongol Dynasty, elsewhere triumphant, was defeated in Burma, Java and Viet Nam. There were to be others long afterwards. Today a Communist North Viet Nam celebrates each year the national glory of repulsing a Chinese invasion at the 18th-century apogee of the Manchu power. The phenomenon now called "Greater India," on the other hand, was the more pervasive and acceptable for avoiding the name, and the attitudes and policies which it

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might imply. The Indian colonies in South-east Asia grew and flourished in political independence of the source of their culture, adapting it by ideas (such as the divine consecration of rulers) which were not accepted in India. They might fight amongst themselves, but no Indian dynasty (until the culminating Chola-Sailendra rivalry) had sought to dominate or absorb them.

Pieced together, as it began to be in the 20th century of India's reawakening, it was a powerfully attractive picture. And Nehru, who first studied it in the early 1930s, was understandably "amazed" and "excited."

Ideas & Ideals

IT WAS, as it were, Imperialism Without Tears. And it quickened that broadening of vision in which India had begun to discover Asia. The cultural awareness in which a sense of mission had been long, if vaguely, grounded was not allowed to fade. "To me," said Rabindranath Tagore, its great prophetic figure, "India is not a matter of geography; it is an idea." And the spiritual idea of Asia which Tagore broadly epitomised seemed virtually an extension of the idea of India; while his more particular role, as inspirer and promoter of Indian sinological studies, was especially manifest in the rescue from obscurity of the early Chinese pilgrims, with their seminal records of intercourse with the Gupta civilisation. A political materialisation of ideas was bound to follow the developing struggle for Indian independence. But its extension to an international prospect was on the whole diffidently approached by the preoccupied politicians of the Indian Congress Party. As matter for inconspicuous "foreign policy" resolutions, it could be left to Nehru, whose Chinese interests were respected as idiosyncratic—his affection for China, Gandhi had said, "is only exceeded, if at all, by his love for India." As fashionable geopolitics it was largely left to independent intellectuals, retired elder statesmen, and university professors.

The first great stimulus to a political "Asianism" had been, of course, Japan's electrifying defeat of Russia in 1905. And the natural form in which the solidarity of a renascent Asia could be theoretically expressed was federal. The pattern not only responded to inherited Indian ideas of "unity in diversity" organically flourishing with the minimum of compulsion. To some minds it came to offer a wider framework in which India's own Hindu-Muslim problem could find a solution. As early as 1918 a forgotten, but striking, proposal had been made by the Aga Khan for a Southern Asiatic Federation as

> a vast agglomeration of States, Principalities, and Countries of Asia, extending from Aden to Mesopotamia and from the two shores of the Gulf to India proper, from India proper across Burma, and including the Malay Peninsula, and thence from Ceylon to the States of Bokhara, and from Tibet to Singapore.[1]

For the next twenty years Indian writers of several shades of opinion were to ring the changes on the theme of Asian Union, until in 1947, at the eve-of-independence Asian Relations Conference invited to New Delhi, it faded into the light of common day under the differences politely exposed by the delegates of twenty-eight nations. But the interest of the Aga Khan's pilot-scheme lies, apart from its influential reference to an Indian pivot, in its confinement within a lateral concept of Southern Asia—and its consequent exclusion both of Japan and China.

Japan's position of champion had already at that time been compromised by her alliance with the Western Powers in World War I (a sacrifice, in Sun Yat-sen's opinion, of a great Pan-Asian opportunity). The deeper disillusionment was to follow the revelation, in the Japanese aggression upon China, of a too faithful student of Western power. In a special emotional sense the gap in the Indian picture was now to be filled by China: not, however, as a symbol of successful leadership, but as a suffering and humiliated colleague.

IT WAS NOT LIKELY that the embattled Chinese would see things in quite the same light, however cordial their acceptance of the resolutions of solidarity (and of an ambulance-unit) sent under Nehru's inspiration by the Indian Congress Party. It was not simply that China was the second choice for the tributes of Asian nationalism. She had had from the beginning no particular reason to celebrate Tsushima, the victory in Chinese waters of one rapacious neighbour over another. The apologies of Congress politicians for the forced participation of Indian personnel in British campaigns in China, or in the policing of Hong Kong and Shanghai, were genuine enough. But they were grounded in an ethnic Asianism little appreciated by the Chinese, who had categorised their 19th-century marauders simply as "Black Devils" and "White Devils," and were now confronted by a Japanese variant. Nor, finally, were they temperamentally receptive to a solution in terms of the current political Asianism, such as Nehru sketched for them in person during his 1939 visit: the association in a future Asian Federa-

[1] Quoted by Werner Levi, who has examined the whole subject in his *Free India in Asia* (1952).

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tion of India, China, Burma, Afghanistan, Ceylon and "possibly other countries."

Going to China

FEDERATION might be a mirage, but the theory of converging destinies seemed inescapable. If China's were to be worked out in the isolation of the Yenan caves, those of India were to be pondered in the longest of Nehru's captivities, between 1942 and 1945. It was the last interruption of a life of intense activity by a period of prolonged study and search for the links between theory and action. And in its latter phase it produced the 1,000-page manuscript of *The Discovery of India*, a subjective record of extraordinary fascination, a work of considerable influence in Nehru's own country and of incidental service, at a later stage, to hostile Chinese propaganda. Turning from "the stillness of the past" to gaze into a free future, Nehru wrote: "The wheel of fate has turned full circle, and again India and China look towards each other, and past memories crowd into their minds...."

That the memories were significantly different ones—and not least in respect of the "common experience" of Western domination —was too easily overlooked. But at least Nehru had seen, at a turning-point when many people expected China's post-war prostration to be India's post-war opportunity, the spectacle of two suns in the sky. And it was a swift appreciation of the *stability* of the newly formed People's Republic that inspired India's early recognition of the régime, her consistent support of its admission to the United Nations, and her search for a basis of co-operation in the interest of an Asian peace secured and maintained by Asians. It was obvious that this assessment of stability was not reciprocated. The doomed Chiang Kai-shek, "prepared to give his advice to a younger brother struggling to make his way," had patronised India's Ambassador, the late Sardar K. M. Panikkar. Mao Tse-tung, in advance of receiving the credentials of the same envoy, had cordially reciprocated a message of greeting in which the Indian Communist Party had undertaken to "fight more determinedly and courageously their battle for ending the present régime" and to "unmask all the anti-Chinese intrigues that the Nehru Government might hatch under the dictates of the American imperialists." The view that the new India awaited liberation, as Mao replied, from "the yoke of imperialism and its collaborators" was ideological, anticipating in so many words an Indian "People's Republic." But without the Communist gloss a plausible Peking view of the sub-continent

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after the lapse of British power might have been one of reversion to an earlier pattern of warring states and peoples. What, enquired Mao (encouraging the historically-minded Indian Ambassador to talk about his almost unknown world), had been the connection between the Moghuls and the Mongols?

Stability without centralism was in fact, and remains, the fundamental preoccupation of an independent Indian Government. And the modification of Chinese premises by the tangible evidence of a well-established India was essential to the diplomatic dialogue. Where there was still time to construct this picture—internally with the successful display of electoral processes, externally in the replacement of dominion by republican status, in well-defined relations with the Himalayan border-states, and in a South-east Asian presence encouraging all except military relationships—the Indian form of self-assertion presently appeared. It was in Tibet, where Peking's priorities allowed no time, that the inevitable ambiguities of the Indian inheritance clashed with China's self-centred certainty. Buying more time for the processes envisaged in his own sense of history, Nehru saved what he could in the agreement with China on trade and communications with Tibet—on a principle sharply contrasted with the Chinese tradition of relinquishing, under pressure, everything except the original claim. The Five Principles made their first official appearance—"born in sin," said the spokesman of an alarmed Indian opposition. And Nehru could go to China to talk, as it appeared, from a position of moral and political strength.

IN ONE SENSE, HOWEVER, this had never been the way to go to China. The very services which a friendly India could render resurgent China —and seemed already to have rendered (though this remains dubious) in the critical problems of Formosa, Korea, and Indo-China—introduced a point of delicacy. For India, whose world-renowned leader had pride as well as charm, was in a position to appear patronising in her turn. On the personal level, indeed, Nehru's deliberate smoothing of Chou En-lai's way at the first Afro-Asian Conference at Bandung was evidently too avuncular: Chou accepted his opportunities, but later admitted to resentment. On the public level, however, it was Nehru's visit to Peking in the previous year (1954) that signalled China's partial acceptance, as a propaganda climate, of "2,000 years of Sino-Indian friendship." Since the only political turning-point which Peking could recognise was the establishment of Mao's régime in 1950, there was no publicity to be extracted from amicable Indian gestures of Kuomintang days—from Nehru's 1939 visit, for example, or from the Chiangs' war-time appearance in New Delhi, or Dr. Radhakrishnan's subsequent exposition in China of Eastern and Western philosophies. The point for realistic attention, in the context of possible friendship, was the Indian attitude towards the projected SEATO alliance. The cultural generalities, which for a while were to be meat and drink for so many Indian editors and broadcasters, were assigned by the Chinese Minister of Culture, the writer Mao Tun (otherwise Shen Yen-ping) to the *Kwangming Daily*. After summarising the well-known contacts of the remote past, the paper duly recalled Rabindranath Tagore, and a lecturing visit that he had paid to China in 1924. "The great Indian poet," one learned, had been accorded "an extremely cordial reception," and the translation of his works had since "exerted a great influence on modern Chinese literature."

And this is where we touch that elusive feature of India's self-presentation—the consciousness of a spiritual message—with which others besides the "down-to-earth" Chinese have been known to betray impatience. Tagore had indeed been courteously welcomed on his arrival under the auspices of Lang Ch'i-ch'ao's influential China Lecture Association: as well he might be. Nationalist India, its real struggle only then beginning, could hardly have chosen a more splendid ambassador than the world-renowned Nobel Laureate, whose immense stature in his own country had been given a new political dimension by the surrender of his knighthood in protest against the Amritsar outrage. But the significant effect of the prophet's Chinese mission was not as most Indians supposed, nor as the *Kwangming Daily* briefly recalled. And Mao Tun himself must have known it, since it had been his signature as a young and active literary polemicist which had appeared in 1924 under a much more qualified welcome to Tagore:

> We think highly of Mr. Tagore for his dignified demeanour and upright conduct. He takes pity on the weak and oppressed. He is above all the friend of the peasants. He is also a patriot who loves his country and cherishes a grudge against England. We think well of him for all this. But the point where we cease to like him is where, in our presence, he exalts oriental civilisation, and when he speaks of his heaven in the soul. For it would be a misfortune for us if this man intoxicated our youth with his ideas.

Trivial and ephemeral? But the question of Sino-Indian understanding is neither. And at least one European observer, who saw and heard Tagore and his Chinese critics, found the

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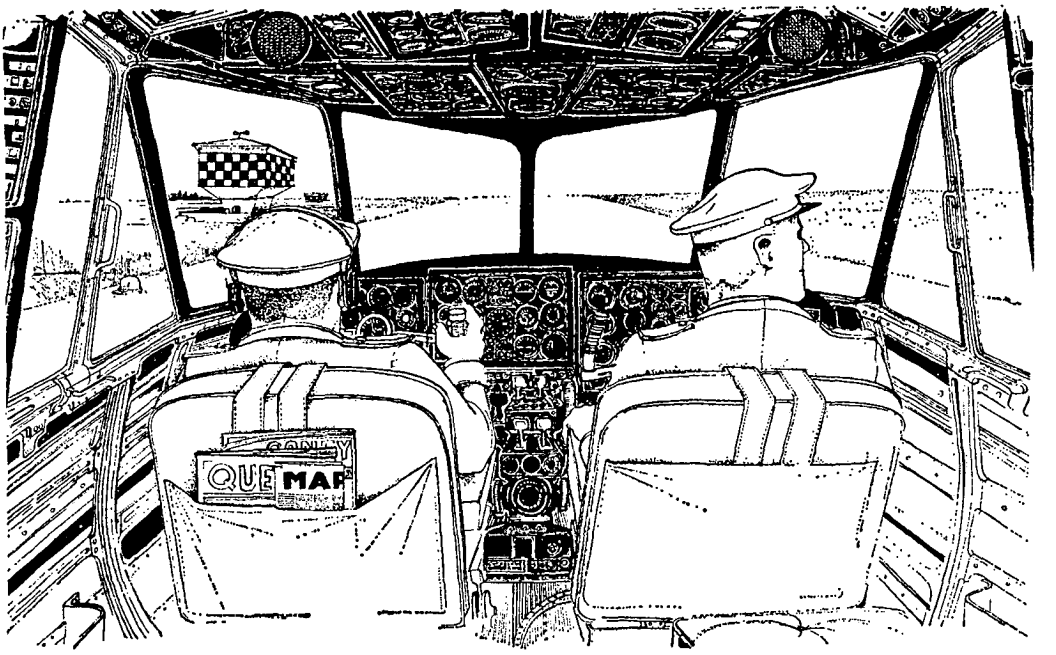

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clash deeply meaningful.[2] The opposing voices had been those of the young intellectuals who had already abandoned the climate of English liberalism in which their Indian counterparts still breathed easily. It was the Chinese student-generation which would eventually lend a significant weight to the Communist Party through the device of the United Front. But from Right to Left the whole spectrum of cultural regeneration in China was of a different order from the Indian renascence. With fewer inhibitions in respect of adapting Western ideas, it was more concerned to modernise the instruments of education than to inspire the pride of culture. It searched the past for the weaknesses that had been overlooked, not for the strength which had always been felt. Whatever in the cultural record was praised abroad was suspect in China—and most of all, aesthetic withdrawal, intellectual detachment from the techniques of civilisation, ineffective mysticism, religious passivity, the vaguely attributed components of an Asian (or worse still, Asiatic) spiritual heritage. A previous guest of Lang Ch'i-Ch'ao's organisation, Bertrand Russell, had only to pay tribute to China's ancient lustre to incur displeasure. Tagore renewed the deadlier offer of an oriental synthesis. The greatest, most liberal and most learned figure of China's intellectual renewal, Dr. Hu Shih, had indeed fully studied the historic transmission of the Buddhist doctrines. He called it, as its Confucian opponents had done, the "Indianisation of China."

Tagore himself had been sufficiently aware of the broader differences between the two national revivals to have hesitated before accepting the invitation. When it came to it, he did not abate his warning that "reliance on power is the characteristic of barbarians." But he cut short his visit, and left for Japan—the country that was before long to earn his famous denunciation for turning "Asia for the Asians" into a concept "raised on a tower of skulls." He did not live to see the outcome.

MYTHS need not be verifiable to become politically effective. But a myth of relationships must be acceptable to both the parties concerned. Even if it had been true, the legend of "2,000 years of India-China friendship" would have been inappropriate for the purposes that it was proclaimed to serve. For, so far as it *was* true, it displayed India overwhelmingly as the donor, China as the recipient. An imbalance of this kind, whether in cultural tradition or in economic aid, is seldom the best foundation for mutual trust. With China it might almost be the worst, in the sense that it confirmed India as the unregenerate ally of the disruptive forces which have periodically outflanked the Great Wall. The externalisation of grievances was not, of course, a Chinese monopoly. India had dealt in it as busily as any emergent nation must do. But in China it was a feature of the aspiring national outlook which the Communists did more than eagerly adopt. They formalised it with an obsessive rigidity, summarised by their Titoist critics as the replacement of "He that is not against us is with us" by "He that is not with us is against us." It was not a pattern that could be broken by the search for historical affinities or the exchange of dance-troupes, though these might usefully decorate a diplomacy offering some immediate political advantage.

The stroke against Indian prestige in the Chinese invasion-and-withdrawal of 1962 was so shrewdly delivered, and its effects so candidly admitted by the more free-spoken victim, that it is easy to overlook its comparative rarity as a Chinese success in foreign operations. The frustration of a China-India understanding, moreover, has to be seen as a set-back to both. Whatever ideological, or pragmatic, conclusions may be drawn in the Chinese *Politburo* from diplomatic failure—in respect of India, Russia, Cuba, Indonesia, or anywhere else—the assistance in a "great debate" of public or private opinion seems at present the very last thing that the leadership is disposed to permit, much less seek. In India itself the conditions for such a debate have been adversely affected by intervening factors—by emotional resentment of Chinese "treachery" following emotional misconceptions of a fraternal relationship, by the deterioration of the language of propaganda under the infection of conflict, and indeed by "state of emergency" controls upon free speech. But the debate certainly proceeds, and may one day be fruitful.[3] What may reasonably be asked from the West is that material support—for India and for Pakistan—should be seen to be based on a freely understood commitment to the recipient, unencumbered by the different search for a means of living with China.

But of Britain—the largely unrequited pioneer of a realistic China policy—a special readjustment seems to be required. The traditional and obstinate division between "old China hands" and "old India hands," fighting their desk-bound campaigns in Whitehall and Fleet Street, must somehow be abandoned. The world of the decisive alternative has gone. There is more than one sun in the sky.

[2] Leon Wieger, from whose *La Chine Moderne* (Vol. 5) these press-extracts have been culled.

[3] The editorial columns of the *Times of India* under N. J. Nanporia have given striking, but not isolated, evidence of the meaning of a free Press.

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Zulfikar Ghose

The Attack on Sialkot

Grandfather, eighty now, his pilgrimage
to Mecca over, still lives there, at peace
with his Muslim conscience. At our last meeting
he sat in the courtyard of a mosque, still
as an idol, while I stood outside, garish
as a poster against the whitewashed wall
in my mohair suit and corduroy hat,
advertising my patient secularism.

Gunfire made Sialkot a kiln to fire
Pakistan's earthen-pot faith. I listened
to the news hour after hour the whole month
and saw maps in newspapers, an arrow
pointed at Sialkot. Grandfather's breast-plate
of Islam had become fragile as china
in the intruding heresy of tanks.
I see that arrow still: aimed at grandfather.

It was a messy, a child's pudding-plate
of a town during my first seven years.
I pulled at grandfather's beard and dragged down
his turban when he carried me to school.
He turned five times a day to Mecca, bowed
low in prayer and at night swung me round
the bed so that my feet did not insult
the holy direction, the one truth he knew.

From east and southeast the tanks, from the air
the jets converged all month on Sialkot
in a massive pilgrimage, bloodier than
the sacrifice of goats at the end of Ramadan.
Grandfather, the landmarks are falling, which
way will you turn now? Islam, Islam, that's
all you cared for, stubborn as a child, while
I had gone westward, begun to eat pork.

Grandfather, if the old house falls, if you
die where you built and Sialkot collapses,
I shall have no Mecca to turn to, who
admire cathedrals for their architecture.
Religion is irrelevant to grief:
you will not agree, nor will Pakistan,
finding in this war the old Islamic
pride rise like a congregation in a mosque.

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POETRY

Arthur Waley

By Ivan Morris

RARE indeed is the author who has both the opportunity and the ability to introduce a major foreign literature to the general reader in his own country. Arthur Waley made two such literatures known to the English-speaking world.

In 1916, when his first translations of Chinese poems were privately printed, the literature of the Far East was the preserve of specialists and of dabblers in quaint exotica. Now, fifty years later, almost every educated reader in England and America, even those who have never glanced at a T'ang poem or read a single page of *The Tale of Genji*, knows that China and Japan possess rich literary traditions and that many of their greatest works are readily available in translation. Without Waley's books it is unlikely that the classics of China and Japan would have become such an important part of our heritage. In France, for example, despite a long tradition of Oriental studies and numerous scholarly translations, *The Tale of Genji* is hardly known except to the occasional *japonologue*; and few educated Frenchmen have read the poems of Li Po or Po Chü-i, or heard of Sei Shōnagon or Yüan Mei.

A distinguished biographer, Waley mastered a most effective genre that consists of integrating the biography of a writer with selected translations of his works and an imaginative picture of his cultural background. Here the outstanding examples are *The Pillow-Book of Sei Shōnagon*, in which a concise evocation of the life and times of a brilliantly malicious Court lady of tenth-century Japan is interspersed with a translation of about a quarter of her vast diary-notebook (Waley regarded this as the most satisfactory of all his works), and *Yüan Mei*, a scintillating account of a poet and literary hedonist in eighteenth-century China.

WALEY'S ability to understand Far Eastern literature and to make it important for readers in the West was due to a rare concatenation of talents. First, he was a meticulous and erudite scholar. His education at Rugby and at King's College, where he was one of the talented group of men who studied at Cambridge shortly before the First World War, gave him a thorough training in the classics, a training that can be of the greatest use to the Orientalist and that is becoming increasingly rare among younger specialists in the field. Waley's vast learning added a valuable dimension to his understanding of Chinese and Japanese culture, enabling him to discern the type of analogies and contrasts that are not encouraged by the more rigid specialisation now in vogue.

Secondly, he was a remarkable linguist. Apart from knowing the common European languages, he had a complete command of Chinese and Japanese, two of the most complicated languages in the world, and as unlike each other as they are from English; he could read Syriac, Ainu, and Mongol; he spoke Yiddish and was conversant with the intricacies of Talmudic literature. Like Sir George Sansom, the other great English interpreter of Japanese culture,[1] Waley was an autodidact in Oriental languages. To teach oneself Chinese or Japanese is no mean feat even with today's plethora of dictionaries,

IVAN MORRIS, *author of* Nationalism and the Right Wing in Japan *and of* The World of the Shining Prince: Court Life in Ancient Japan, *is Professor of Japanese at Columbia University where he is Chairman of the Department of East Asian Languages and Cultures. He is also an Associate Fellow of St. Antony's College, Oxford.*

[1] A recent article about Sansom's work is Geoffrey Gorer's "Japan's Past," (ENCOUNTER, May 1965). Sir George Sansom (1883–1965) was an almost exact contemporary of Waley (1889–1966); his studies, which were mainly devoted to history and language, perfectly complemented Waley's work on Japanese literature.

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grammars, teaching aids, language records, and the like. Half a century ago it was a fantastic achievement. Yet within a few years, while working as an Assistant-Keeper in the British Museum, Waley had mastered both Chinese and Japanese so efficiently that already by 1919 he had published three volumes of translated poems, two from classical Chinese and one from classical Japanese. In his Introduction to *Japanese Poetry* he points out that the poems can be rightly enjoyed only in the original; then he reassuringly adds, "... since the classical language has an easy grammar and limited vocabulary, a few months should suffice for the mastering of it." Alas, students of classical Japanese will find that this statement applies exclusively to its author.

ARTHUR WALEY'S scholarly and linguistic gifts would not in themselves have enabled him to bring the Far Eastern classics alive in English. In addition he possessed the literary talent of a true imaginative artist. As he pointed out to me many years ago when I brought up the perennial question of free *versus* literal translations, so much is inevitably lost in translating Oriental literature that one must give a great deal in return. This Waley could do owing to a rare mastery of style and to a self-assurance that allowed him, after he had thoroughly understood a Chinese or Japanese text, to recast it entirely in supple, idiomatic, vibrant English, rather than stick to a phrase-by-phrase or sentence-by-sentence rendering, which might convey the surface meaning but would inevitably mar the artistry of the original.

The difficulty of putting Chinese and Japanese verse into anything that resembles English poetry can hardly be fathomed by anyone who has not attempted it. Classical Japanese poetry (*uta* and *haiku*) is virtually untranslatable, though at times, especially in *The Bridge of Dreams*, I think Waley comes close to succeeding. His amazing achievements with Chinese verse, from *A Hundred and Seventy Chinese Poems* in 1918 until *Yüan Mei* in 1956, achievements that put Chinese poetry on the map for most of us in the West, were possible because he was a genuinely original modern poet whose renderings are works of English literature in their own right. "Nobody ... has ever transformed foreign verse into better English poetry..." Raymond Mortimer has recently written. "His supreme gift was fineness of ear." The difficulty of finding a suitable poetic form has confounded many translators. Waley's eminently apt solution was the flexible use of stress in lines of unequal length. The choice, as he explains, was instinctive:

> When I had been translating Chinese poetry for about six years, guided metrically by instinct alone, I discovered that I had been unconsciously obeying a certain rule. This was: to have one stress to each Chinese syllable. The stressed syllables could come side by side, as in
>
> *On the high hills nó créature stirs*
>
> or they could be separated by anything up to three unstressed syllables, as in
>
> *I have still to trável in my sólitáry bóat.*
>
> This gave something which Gerard Manley Hopkins (whom I had not then read) called, I think, "sprung rhythm."

His success with prose translation is equally impressive, though here the technical difficulties are less obvious. Waley's style, which has been well described as a mixture of fastidiousness and informality—a description, incidentally, that applied to the man himself as well as to his writing—is elegant, limpid, natural: his *Tale of Genji*, as Mortimer says, "ranks with the most beautiful English prose of our time" and is certainly one of the great monuments in the history of translation.[2] What daunts one most about his prose versions is their seeming effortlessness, the way in which the meaning of the original is conveyed in plain, spontaneous English so that after a few pages one entirely forgets one is reading a translation. It is consoling to know that this fluency was the result of enormous labour. "Hundreds of times," he writes, "I have sat for hours in front of texts the meaning of which I understood perfectly, and yet been unable to see how they ought to be put into English in such a way as to re-embody not merely a series of correct dictionary meanings, but also the emphasis, the tone, the eloquence of the original."

TO TRANSMUTE a classical Oriental text into modern idiomatic English without sacrificing the sense or the beauty of the original is a remarkable creative accomplishment. A fairly

[2] "[Murasaki's] book is like those caves, common in a certain part of Spain, in which as one climbs from chamber to chamber the natural formation of the rock seems in succession to assume a semblance to every known form of sculpture—here a figure from Chartres, there a Buddha from Yun-kang, a Persian conqueror, a Byzantine ivory. That such should be the impression that [her] book makes on us remains surprising only if we cling to the false conception of human development as a ladder, to a particular rung of which every civilisation must at any given moment have attained. On the contrary, a civilisation is a mosaic, and it is natural that when we see the stones arranged in a new way, we should feel at first that they do not belong together...." *The Tale of Genji* (from the Introduction to *The Bridge of Dreams*).

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literal translation from *The Pillow Book* will be followed by Waley's re-creation:

> About the Fifth Month going to a mountain village is extremely charming. The marsh-water truly looks all over as if it were only very green, but, when [one *or* someone] goes slowly directly across [places] where the surface is casual and where the grass grows in profusion (*or* where the grass casually grows in profusion on the surface), fantastic (? fantastically clear) water underneath, although it is not deep, splashes up as the person walks, [which is] very charming. It is (also) regrettable when a branch of a hedge on the side [of the road] catches, entering the compartment of the carriage, and one intends to seize it quickly and break it off but suddenly (*or* by chance) one misses it and passes by. It is (also) charming when the scent of sage-brush that has been crushed by the carriage permeates [the air] close [to where one sits] as the wheel rises up.
>
> In the fifth month I love driving out to some mountain village. The pools that lie across the road look like patches of green grass; but while the carriage slowly pushes its way right through them, one sees that there is only a scum of some strange, thin weed, with clear, bright water underneath. Though it is quite shallow, great spurts fly up as our horsemen gallop across, making a lovely sight. Then, where the road runs between hedges, a leafy bough will sometimes dart in at the carriage window; but however quickly one snatches at it, one is always too late.
>
> Sometimes a spray of *yomogi* will get caught in the wheel, and for a moment, as the wheel brings it level, a delicious scent hovers at our window.

There are those who complain that Waley's versions are so free that they obscure the character of the original. If he were translating scientific texts or political treatises, such a charge might be justified. But it decidedly does not apply to works like *The Pillow Book*, *The Tale of Genji*, *Monkey*, or *The Ainu Epic*; for here the main value is literary, and any pedantically "accurate" translation will vitiate their character in a far more damaging way—by making them unreadable. Waley has also been criticised for trying to improve on his writers, for chivalrously making Lady Murasaki and the others say what they might have wanted to say if only they had enjoyed the full resources of modern English. I do not suggest that his versions are irreproachable.[3] Yet, short of concocting some sort of mock-archaic translationese, how could Waley be expected to convey the characteristics of classical Chinese or Japanese in a language as remote as English? As for the objection that he has made the ideas and sentiments seem more modern than they really are, I can only say that whenever one of Waley's passages has struck me as improbably sophisticated and up-to-date, a comparison with the original text revealed that he was being scrupulously faithful to the author's meaning.

COMBINED with Arthur Waley's talents as a scholar, a linguist, and a writer was his passion for art and literature that inspired him to carry out enormous undertakings like *The Tale of Genji*. With his refined sensibility and keen aesthetic understanding Waley was a true Heian gentleman—whence, no doubt, his particularly sympathetic understanding of that magnificent period in Japanese culture.[4] Literature, especially poetry, played a central part throughout his life, as it did for men and women of the Heian Court, not as an academic subject but as a vital, inspiring force. Edith Sitwell recognised his sensitivity when she remarked that he was one of the only two people who knew what her early poetry meant. Waley's final wish as he lay dying was to hear for the last time some of the works of literature that had been so important to him while he lived: Donne's "The Ecstasy," George Herbert's "The Collar," Fêng Mêng-lung's "Love-Poem," and finally the magnificent passage about Bull Mountain from Mencius, which was read once more during his quiet burial service in Old Highgate Cemetery.[5]

[3] He himself would have been the last to think so. Waley was remarkably modest about his translations, as we can tell from a comparison he made between his own version of a Japanese Nō play and one by a young American writer: "I must confess that when I read [Mr. Brock's] translation . . . I was rather shaken . . . I felt at once that my translation was hopelessly overladen and wordy. . . ."

[4] "Thus, since the establishment of the capital at Heian in 794, had grown up a highly specialised, intense and uniform civilisation, dominated by one family, the Fujiwara; a state of society in which the stock of knowledge, the experience, the prejudices of all individuals were so similar that the grosser forms of communication seemed no longer necessary. A phrase, a clouded hint, an allusion half-expressed, a gesture imperceptible to common eyes, moved this courtly herd with a facility as magic as those silent messages that in the prairie ripple from beast to beast. . . ."
(*The Pillow-Book of Sei Shōnagon*)

[5] "The Bull Mountain was once covered with lovely trees. But it is near the capital of a great State. People came with their axes and choppers; they cut the woods down, and the mountain has lost its beauty. Yet even so, the day air and the night air came to it, rain and dew moistened it till here and there fresh sprouts began to grow. But soon cattle and sheep came along and browsed on them, and in the end the mountain became gaunt and bare, as it is now. And seeing it thus gaunt and bare people imagine that it was woodless from the start. Now just as the natural state of the mountain was quite different from what now appears, so too in every man (little though they may be

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Without Waley's type of sensibility and enthusiasm great translations from the Oriental classics, or indeed from any literature, are impossible. This point is worth remembering when we contemplate today's plethora of language-literature specialists labouring to fulfil elaborate translation programmes that have been compiled by committees of teachers, editors, and bureaucrats. Waley himself had grave doubts about the value of such programmes—doubts that were hardly allayed a few years ago when UNESCO asked him in all seriousness whether he would consider doing *The Tale of Genji* as part of their "Translation of Representative Works" series. A translation for Waley was a creative work of art and could no more be produced to order than an original poem or novel:

> As to the desirability of programmes and schedules, the question is one which has again come conspicuously to the fore. As part of a new preoccupation with cultural propaganda, various government-sponsored organisations are busy drawing up lists of works that ought to be translated. Young men with linguistic knowledge but often without any literary gifts are roped in to translate, without any particular enthusiasm, works whose only claim to attention is that they have got into an officially compiled list of "masterpieces." I have a feeling that this system is not going to work very well. What matters is that a translator should have been excited by the work he translates, should be haunted day and night by the feeling that he *must* put it into his own language, and should be in a state of restlessness and fret till he has done so. "Masterpieces" were not always masterpieces and may at any minute cease to be so. Many of them owe their place on the list to all sorts of extrinsic and relatively ephemeral causes.... Let the translator read widely and choose the things that excite him and that he itches to put into English. If they are not scheduled as "masterpieces" today, very likely they will be tomorrow.

Waley's enthusiasm for the works that excited him was supported by an enviable fund of energy. Between 1916 and 1964 he wrote some forty books, more than eighty learned articles, and about one hundred book reviews. His books alone total some nine thousand pages—and his were not the sort of pages that even the most inspired author can produce with any speed. His extraordinary power of concentration allowed him to continue writing in London during the height of the Blitz. While he was at work, all else was eliminated. Once, when a solicitous charwoman asked whether her Hoover was disturbing him, he smilingly replied, "I *cannot* be disturbed while I am working." This ability to absorb himself totally in his work was a relief for those states of anxiety and mental persecution that troubled him ever since the First World War.

His enthusiasm did not wane even in his last years, though inevitably the pace became slower. He continued to read voraciously until the very end; and only a few months before his death, when he was already racked with the agonising illness that killed him, he was inspired to embark on a major scholarly work concerning the early history of the Southern Zen school, in preparation for which he made detailed notes about the sources of certain ancient Buddhist verses.

IN THE BREADTH of his interests and knowledge Waley was a Renaissance man. During our conversations I never ceased to be amazed and abashed by the scope of his reading, which included not only all the major classics of world literature but a variety of arcana and obscure writings, both Western and Oriental; and he seemed to remember it all. Waley was firmly

---

apparent) there assuredly were once feelings of decency and kindness; and if these good feelings are no longer there, it is that they have been tampered with, hewn down with axe and bill. As each day dawns they are assailed anew. What chance then has our nature, any more than that mountain, of keeping its beauty?..."
MENCIUS—*Three Ways of Thought in Ancient China*

Blitz Poem

There are days when, slipping from the clasp
Of memory, each sound and sight
On some blank shoal of inward feeling
Lies new and separate and bright.
It was so today with the voice
Harsh-edged as Andalusian hills
Of the old Gibraltar woman calling back
Her grandchild that was scraping
Splintered glass from window-sills.

Song

I had a bicycle called "Splendid,"
A cricket-bat called "The Rajah."
Eight box-kites and Scotch soldiers
With kilts and red guns.
I had an album of postmarks,
A Longfellow with pictures,
Corduroy trousers that creaked,
A pencil with three colours.

Where do old things go to?
Could a cricket-bat be thrown away?
Where do the years go to?

Arthur Waley

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rooted in the culture of the West; but his familiarity with foreign literatures and ways of thought led to a broad, catholic approach that William Empson stressed some years ago when he wrote, "A large capacity to accept the assumptions of any world-view, without assuming any merit for our own, is the basic virtue of Waley's mind."

Apart from his profound interest in literature and art, Waley was extremely musical. In his childhood he was regarded as a prodigy, but later he decided that his hands were useless for performance. He had a sound technical knowledge of musical theory and derived profound pleasure from performances of both classical and modern music on the BBC Third Programme; frequently he would leave a gathering and hurry home to be in time for a concert. Apart from a deep understanding of classical ballet, he loved the wild enchantment of the flamenco; with his friend, Beryl de Zoete, he also became absorbed in the beautiful rhythms of Indian and Balinese dancing.

Waley was also a discerning critic; he wrote articles on anthropology, art, archaeology, and many other subjects unrelated to Oriental literature; he composed his own poems—alas, far too few; and he was a prolific writer of short stories. Among the many entries in the Waley bibliography by Mr. F. A. Johns are a translation from the Apocalypse, an article entitled "Did Buddha Die of Eating Pork?", a comparative study of Leibniz and Fu Hsi, a preface to a book about Balinese dance, a review of a German study of the Royal Prussian Turfan expedition, a version of Hroswitha's *Callimachus* (which was performed in the West End), and a *Nation* article on—of all things—skiing. Skiing, in fact, was one of his passions, and he was an adept practitioner, characteristically preferring the more deserted slopes. He was also a keen cyclist (in earlier days, I am told, he could regularly be seen pedalling along the streets of Bloomsbury wearing a crumpled beret which he ceremoniously doffed to ladies whom he recognised); he relished long walks in the country; and more recently he liked the sensation of travelling at full speed along the new M.1 motorway.

THERE WAS, of course, a good deal that did *not* interest him. This included modern politics: while he enjoyed some of the droller aspects of political life, I think that he regarded most politicians as crooks, and rather unattractive ones at that. Though essentially a-political, he was deeply concerned with the indignities that certain régimes inflict on their victims and, when I informed him about the Amnesty movement for the freedom of opinion and religion, he was immediately interested and said he would like to give his support.

Since his early years Waley was absorbed in classical theatre, and he helped to introduce the Nō drama to the West; but he had little patience with most modern plays ("I don't think one need wait any longer," he was overheard saying as he strode out of the theatre after the first act of Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*), and he detested the cinema. He took almost no interest in games; at school he enjoyed cricket, but not so much for its competitive aspect as for the image of white flannel against new-mown grass and for the crisp sound of bat against ball, which remained in his mind as a symbol of the long summer days of childhood.

He had little interest in travel as such, though he did pay several visits to Paris and Venice, and of course to the slopes of Switzerland and Norway. The strangest thing about Waley was his failure to accept any of the frequent invitations to visit China and Japan. I asked him about this, but never received a direct answer. Raymond Mortimer is surely right when he says that Waley "felt so much at home in T'ang China and Heian Japan that he could not face the modern ugliness amid which one has to seek out the many intact remains of beauty." He carried his own image of China and Japan within himself and had no wish to dilute it by tourism. Students of the Far East who nowadays seem convinced that periodic visits to the "field" are an essential part of their work might do well to contemplate the example of Arthur Waley, who never journeyed east of Italy. He also declined offers to visit the United States. In reply to an invitation from Columbia University a few years ago he explained that he was "invincibly set against *déplacements* of any kind." Yet until the very end he eagerly sought intellectual *déplacements*.

Arthur Waley's refusal to go to the Far East no doubt reinforced the picture that many people had of him as being a frail, ascetic recluse (a recent article is typically entitled "Waley, the hermit Japanologist"), a man so absorbed in his books that he had become cold, supercilious, inaccessible. Anyone who knew Waley well realises that this picture is totally false. Far from being frail, he enjoyed unusually robust health: he was skiing well into his sixties, and in his seventies could climb the steep stairs of his house with splendid agility. The doctors and nurses who attended him during his last illness were amazed by his vitality and resilience and by his fantastic endurance of pain. Again and again he rallied after they had given up all hope, and he remained perfectly lucid, indeed brilliant, throughout most of his

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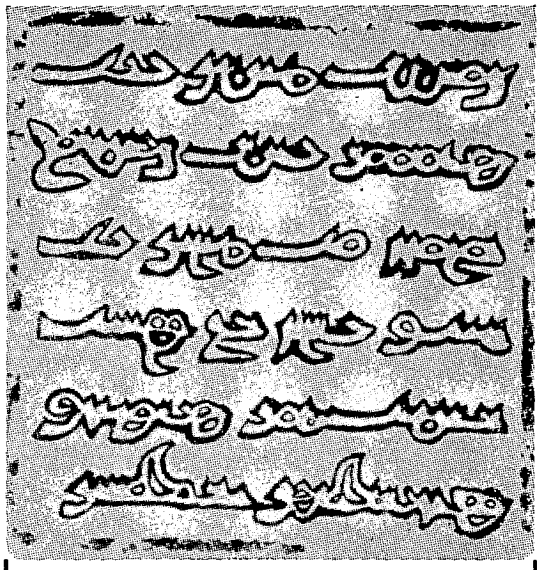
ordeal. Towards the end he displayed remarkable courage by gradually stopping the use of pain-killers. "The pain," he explained, "is a small price to pay for being myself. Every moment is precious." The only important physical disability from which Waley suffered

On Death

"When Chuang Tzŭ's wife died, the logician Hui Tzŭ came to the house to join in the rites of mourning. To his astonishment he found Chuang Tzŭ sitting with an inverted bowl on his knees, drumming upon it and singing a song. 'After all,' said Hui Tzŭ, 'she lived with you, brought up your children, grew old along with you. That you should not mourn for her is bad enough; but to let your friends find you drumming and singing—that is really going too far!' 'You misjudge me,' said Chuang Tzŭ. 'When she died, I was in despair, as any man well might be. But soon, pondering on what had happened, I told myself that in death no strange new fate befalls us. In the beginning we lack not life only, but form. Not form only, but spirit. We are blent in the one great featureless, indistinguishable mass. Then a time came when the mass evolved spirit, spirit evolved form, form evolved life. And now life in its turn has evolved death. For not nature only but man's being has its seasons, its sequence of spring and autumn, summer and winter. If someone is tired and has gone to lie down, we do not pursue him with shouting and bawling. She whom I have lost has lain down to sleep for a while in the Great Inner Room. To break in upon her rest with the noise of lamentation would but show that I knew nothing of nature's Sovereign Law.'"

This attitude towards death, exemplified again and again in Chuang Tzŭ, is but part of a general attitude towards the universal laws of nature, which is one not merely of resignation nor even of acquiescence, but a lyrical, almost ecstatic acceptance which has inspired some of the most moving passages in Taoist literature. That we should question nature's right to make and unmake, that we should hanker after some role that nature did not intend us to play is not merely futile, not merely damaging to that tranquillity of the "spirit" which is the essence of Taoism, but involves, in view of our utter helplessness, a sort of fatuity at once comic and disgraceful. If the bronze in the founder's crucible were suddenly to jump up and say "I don't want to be a tripod, a ploughshare or a bell. I must be the sword 'Without Flaw'," the bronze-caster would think it was indeed reprobate metal that had found its way into his stock.

Chuang Tzŭ



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is not generally known. During the First World War he lost the sight of his left eye and was informed that, unless he took great care, he was almost certain to go totally blind. Far from being daunted by this prediction, he used it to prove that doctors can often be too gloomy. He was unsparing in the use of his good eye; yet towards the end his vision actually improved. "They were wrong about my sight," he remarked during his last illness. "They may be wrong about this also."

The idea that he was a sort of desiccated hermit is especially misleading. He had a remarkable capacity for friendship and an exquisite sense of fun. Osbert Sitwell has said that, of all the people he has known, Waley probably had the greatest range of friends, "extending from dons and savants to spiritualists and members of Parliament, from his own kind, poets, painters, musicians, to those who practise their obsolete Eskimo tricks in winter on the topmost slopes of mountains." Though unworldly and uncynical, he was a keen observer of human foibles and could be wonderfully witty, delighting in bizarre observations and outrageous comments which he would utter in a clear, high-pitched voice. A few years ago, when asked about Mao Tse-tung's poems, he replied that they were "better than Hitler's pictures and perhaps not quite so good as Winston Churchill's."

Above all, he was very human, very kind. I recall that on the eve of my final oral examination for the Ph.D. degree at the School of Oriental and African Studies, in which Arthur Waley was to be one of the two examiners, I was sitting at home, contemplating my almost certain *débâcle*, when the telephone rang and I heard Waley's voice (my number was not listed and he must have taken considerable trouble to find it): "You are probably worrying about tomorrow," he said with his usual laconism. "You needn't." Without this reassurance I should probably have been tongue-tied on the following day. After the ordeal was over, he invited me to join him at the café next to the Russell Square underground station. In my nervousness I promptly knocked over my cup of coffee, spilling the scalding liquid over Arthur Waley's lap. The pain must have been considerable and the damage to his suit irreparable; but he laughed it off, adding some erudite comment about procedures in the examination system during the Ming dynasty.

I confess that, for all Waley's kindness and generosity, he struck me as somewhat intimidating. This was partly due to the vast prestige he had in my eyes; for it was his books that had first fired me with the ambition to learn Oriental languages, and he was always an awe-inspiring figure for me. There could also be something rather daunting about his manner. On occasion his usual affability would give way to an air of dignified remoteness, which made one feel (no doubt correctly) that one was wasting his time. I am sure he was unaware of this himself. The forbidding quality one sometimes found in him came not from any belief in his own superiority—he was the last person to think in such terms—but from the sensitive diffidence of a man who was reserved, fastidious, and, in the true sense of the word, refined. "He emanated an atmosphere of peacefulness which I have never quite encountered with any other man," Sir Vere Redman wrote in a recent article. "His voice was firm and always audible, but it was quiet and somehow it imposed its quietness. I myself tended to lower my voice in his presence and I noticed that characters even more aggressive and loud-mouthed than I am did the same. We spoke less loudly and, indeed, we just spoke less, because we found ourselves in his presence asking ourselves if we really had anything to say. He, for his part, never spoke unless he had something to say."

Waley has often been described as an eccentric; but I think this is inaccurate, for eccentricity usually involves some deliberate defiance of convention, whereas Waley was totally unconcerned with creating any impression. What is true—and this may have reinforced the idea that there was a supercilious streak in him—is that he had a genuine horror of the obvious, resulting in a low tolerance for the banalities of speech and behaviour. Small talk was anathema to him; and often, I think, he literally did not hear boring remarks. When meeting friends and colleagues, he liked to plunge directly into the conversation that interested them without the usual catechism of preliminaries about health and weather. I remember that, when I first visited him at his house in Highgate Village, it was pouring with rain and I had managed to lose my way several times after emerging from the station. Waley, whom I had not seen for over two years, hurried downstairs to open the door and, totally ignoring my mumbled explanations about being late, started in with "Have you seen the new edition of *Torikaebaya Monogatari*? The gloss has some extraordinary mistakes." I am told that when visited one summer day by a loquacious Spanish *littérateur* Waley carefully selected a book for him and said, "Shall we go into the garden and read? I am sure you will enjoy these poems."

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To a quite remarkable extent he managed to keep aloof from what he regarded as the inessentials of life. Despite his many involvements with people, he had no interest in belonging to groups or institutions. He was part of old Bloomsbury and was friendly with T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, and the Vorticists; but he never joined the "Bloomsbury set" or the Vorticist movement. He received numerous academic distinctions and knew almost every distinguished Oriental scholar of his day; but he never accepted a university post, and he eschewed committees, common-room meetings, and all the time-consuming functions of academe. Though he was created Companion of the British Empire in 1952 and Companion of Honour in 1956, and was a Queen's Medallist for Poetry, he cared nothing for rank or awards. He was totally unconcerned with where or how he lived materially; his real world was his study and, though he loved beautiful buildings and rooms, he wanted no ostentation or luxury for himself. So little did he care for display that he sometimes gave the impression of being in actual want. I am told that when Mr. Yashiro Yukio, the eminent art historian, visited Waley in London before the last war he was shocked to find him living in circumstances of some squalor; on his return to Japan he suggested raising a pension for the man who had done so much to introduce Oriental culture to the West, and was amazed to hear that such a provision was quite unnecessary.

By refusing to distract himself from the main task, Waley was able to produce his vast corpus of writings. Now that his labours have finally ceased, one wonders whether anyone will be able to carry on his particular type of work in the field of Far Eastern studies. I am inclined to doubt it. Arthur Waley was a genius with a combination of talents that is unlikely to be repeated.

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NOTES & TOPICS

Sinologists Galore

THE WORLD was still recovering from World War II and, in Europe, becoming engaged in the Cold War, when a revolutionary government in China was sprung upon it. It was natural that the first preoccupation with this event should be as an alarming extension of Communist power, stretching from Prague to Canton. The extension eastward of Soviet power seemed to imply the extension of Communist power all over Asia. Was not Asia poor? And had not the imperial withdrawal left the continent wide open to subversion? The collapsing dominoes seemed an only too accurate analogy.

Many of these misconceptions might have been dispelled in the early years of Communist rule in China if there had been an informed and vocal body of sinologists or other students of China, or if China's new government had surprisingly welcomed students of its revolution, instead of reverting to a secrecy as bad as anything in China's past. Unfortunately the sinology that had become an established academic discipline in the late 19th century thought that contemporary China was outside its province. Taking its cue from existing "oriental" studies, which generally dealt with dead cultures, it had been assumed that China, too, all but belonged to the same category.

"The longer you can look back, the further you can look forward," Churchill once said. Of course it is true of China, and it is no less true of the Chinese revolution that has culminated in the present Communist régime of Mao Tse-tung. It is not enough to look back over the history of the Chinese Communist Party and its reshaping by Mao. The first necessity is to recognise the scale of China's modern revolution and the changes imposed on China by the events of the last century.

The historical scale of the revolution is, by now, clearly defined in the Chinese mind. Whether it is historically valid or not, the Opium War has become in the Chinese mind the watershed dividing modern revolutionary China from the old inviolate China, secure in its traditions. Since 1840 China has suffered Western incursion and the collapse of the old order leading to the need for new institutions and a modern economy in imitation of the West. Like all historical watersheds this one can be questioned. Intellectual scepticism was afoot long before 1840; most of China went on securely in its old ways, conserving its old sense of superiority for long after 1840. But for the generation that accepted revolution as a necessity for China—which is to say, by the turn of the century, virtually all its leading thinkers—1840 was the beginning of the process in which they were inescapably involved.

So one must start, in any list of books, with a view of the whole period. It has yet to be dealt with comprehensively. Much the best survey is John Fairbank's contribution to the second volume of "A History of East Asian Civilisation"—*East Asia: The Modern Transformation* (Allen and Unwin, 1965). Edmund Clubb, *Twentieth Century China* (Columbia University Press, 1964) is useful for the warlord and nationalist periods. Much shorter than these as introductory volumes (and rare in being written by a sinologist who has followed events and had access to revolutionary China) are the paperbacks by C. P. Fitzgerald: *The Birth of Communist China* (Penguin Books, 1964), first published in 1952 as *Revolution in China* but much revised; and *The Chinese View of their Place in the World* (O.U.P. Chatham House essays).

Histories of particular phases could include Franz Michael, *The Taiping Rebellion* (Vol. 1, University of Washington Press, 1966), a revolutionary manifestation subjected to much fresh research. The Taiping rebellion illustrates one recurring theme in the history of China since the Opium War—the internal decline leading to rebellion. The other theme is China's tortured dialogue with itself as the impact of western civilisation makes itself felt.

Benjamin Schwartz: *In Search of Wealth and Power: Yen Fu and the West* (Harvard University Press, 1964) analyses one of the first Chinese to make Western ideas available in Chinese translation and to comment on them. Yen Fu (1853–1921) came to study as a naval cadet at Greenwich; it was some years after his return to China that his translations of Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill, Spencer, and others stimulated Chinese intellectuals.

Mr. Schwartz takes Yen as the most significant figure in that turning point of Chinese life when long-gowned Confucian scholars, immersed in this ancient tradition, first began serious inquiry into intellectual ideas subsisting outside the Confucian world order.

Yen Fu could pick his own way amongst these ideas and present them to the Chinese through the filter of his Chinese mind (as Mao Tse-tung has done with Marxism). This meant that the ideas might be transposed or only partially conveyed to those Chinese readers, so eager for knowledge of the West, for whom Yen was writing. To take one of the crucial

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points among many which Mr. Schwartz expounds so perceptively: Yen recognised that the power of Western civilisation lay in the energy it released or stimulated in the individual. Yen's version of liberalism, as he drew it from 19th-century Europe, acknowledged the need for the liberation of the individual if his energies were to be harnessed to attain that wealth and power China so urgently and passionately desired. But beyond this Yen's mind did not reach. He overlooked or never faced the Western concept that sees the antithesis between the individual and society and that draws from this antithesis its concept of the worth of man in society as an end in itself.

Yen, like Liang Ch'i-ch'ao (his influential follower as an exponent of Western ideas as a means to Chinese change), eventually turned against the West and its religion of evolution and progress.

In his analysis Mr. Schwartz gives us a key to the whole period that ended in the intellectual explosion of the May Fourth movement of 1919, the moment when Marxism was flung into the Chinese arena by the Russian revolution, offering itself as an alternative to the English liberalism Yen Fu had imbibed.

ANOTHER BOOK of equal perception in the range of its understanding of Western values and their inflection in Chinese thought is Joseph Levenson: *Confucian China and its Modern Fate* (3 vols., Routledge) a study of the slow adjustment in which Chinese traditions were forcibly jettisoned. Covering the whole revolutionary period, Mr. Levenson finds two processes: the progressive abandonment of tradition by iconoclasts and the petrifaction of tradition by traditionalists. In each case the overriding aim was to establish the equivalence of China and the West, but how could a confidence in this equivalence be preserved, while scrapping Chinese ideas that had been found wanting when measured against Western ones? And how could a China rejecting its own institutions, or morality, or aesthetic, which were a product of its own history, accept ideas that had their place and meaning in someone else's history? In all ideas, says Levenson, there is inherent the denial of alternatives and an answer to some question. The questions the Chinese asked about the Western tradition they were exploring invested with their meaning the answers they discovered.

A useful and comprehensive survey of China's outgoing search for means of change comes in Y. C. Wang, *Chinese Intellectuals and the West: 1872–1949* (University of North Carolina Press, 1966), in part a summary of the great movement of students to Japan, the United States and Europe and its effect in China; and in particular a study of Western ideas as they were made manifest by Liang Ch'i-ch'ao, Sun Yat-sen, and the May Fourth movement.

Moving on from the years of enquiry and argument to the years of battle over ideas there is the valuable book by Chalmers Johnson: *Peasant Nationalism and Communist Power* (O.U.P., 1963), based on Japanese official wartime documents, showing how much Communist guerrilla success in North China during the war years was due to their active leadership of the peasants who had suffered under Japanese mopping-up campaigns. Mr. Johnson argues that *nationalism* was the ingredient of success.

With no less stress on nationalism at the core of the revolution are Stuart Schram's books on Mao and his thought. *The Political Thought of Mao Tse-tung* (Pall Mall Press, 1963) gives much the best introduction available to Mao's thought together with an admirably annotated selection of extracts. Cheaper and more up-to-date is Schram's biography *Mao Tse-tung* (Penguin Books, 1966)—meticulously scholarly, especially valuable in showing how slow was the development of the various strands of Mao the revolutionary, and marvellously accurate in getting the feel of the man and his revolution.

Mao's primary concern at all times has been the restoration of Chinese power and prestige. Marxism is no more than an abstraction if it does not serve China's revolutionary ends.

Mr. Schram analyses and illuminates many other of Mao's distinctive personal characteristics. There is his extreme voluntarism, which demands always a conscious acceptance of "socialist discipline"; his unbounded faith in the power of the human will—lately pushed to such laughably absurd limits; his romantic militarism that believes in struggle as a way of life. Even the passion for physical fitness, a strand running through all Mao's life, can suddenly give us a new view of that head bobbing in the Yangtse.

One should also include Jerome Ch'en's *Mao and the Chinese Revolution* (O.U.P., 1965), especially good in its rendering of Chinese conditions during Mao's early years, and in presenting Mao in a Chinese context. Mr. Ch'en has added an appendix in which thirty-seven of Mao's poems are introduced and annotated.

MOST OF THE foregoing books are by Sinologists and some of them are very much academic in their approach. It would be

RICHARD HARRIS *is a special writer on Far Eastern affairs for* The Times.

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agreeable to recommend some easier reading. Many books have been written by visitors to China, accounts of varying enthusiasm of their three, four, or five weeks on tour. To read them in succession is a gruelling experience. That same Shanghai capitalist trotted out, those same analyses of the new China against the old. They are all ephemeral and since, in recent years, access to China has become harder and harder there is not much to be recommended. All in all, that father of writing about the Communists in China, Mr. Edgar Snow, is much the best value. *The Other Side of the River* (Gollancz, 1963) is long, sometimes repetitive and not carefully balanced; it is the more readable for being passionately involved, deeply aware of what China was like in the past, and personally aware of the men who came to power in 1949.

Among fairly recent visitors one is a well-informed observer. Dick Wilson in *A Quarter of Mankind* (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1966) looks sympathetically at the revolution without being in any way an apologist. He travelled in 1964 and gives the most up-to-date picture of the economic scene. Some other recent visitors are contributors to a special issue of *Diplomat* magazine (September 1966 issue) together with some of the best American students of the China scene such as John Fairbank and Harold Isaacs.

What else is there from within China looking outwards? Precious little. There have been quite a few foreign students attending Chinese universities—one of the few ways of getting in among the Chinese—but hardly any have felt able, for one reason or another, to write about their experiences. Sven Lindqvist's *China in Crisis* (Faber, 1965) does get under the skin of the place and is helpful in trying to estimate what must be going on now with the excesses of the Red Guards.

One other book recently published also looks at China from the inside: William G. Sewell, *I Stayed in China* (Allen and Unwin, 1966), is an account of life in a distant West China university during the time before and after the Communists took over. It is written by an English Quaker professor, sympathetic to China and to the Communists, very truthful in its record of the early, hopeful days.

Finally, one may mention the two volumes of autobiography by Han Suyin: *The Crippled Tree* and *A Mortal Flower* (Jonathan Cape). Beginning with the time of her father's birth in 1885, the second volume ends with the writer leaving the university in Brussels in 1938 to return to a China being overrun by the Japanese. Failing any vivid history that gives a picture of life in China between the wars these two volumes certainly supply a need.

Morton Halperin's *China and the Bomb* (Pall Mall Press, 1965) is a cool, unflurried analysis of China cautiously on the defensive. The Sino-Soviet dispute is now so much expounded and documented as hardly any longer to be significant. For his awareness of the cultural differences that lie at the root of the inability to understand each other, and for his personal experience of both countries, there is still value in Klaus Mehnert, *Peking and Moscow* (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1963). For a wider range of time there is Harry Schwartz: *Tsars, Mandarins and Commissars: A History of Chinese-Russian Relations* (Gollancz, 1964). The Sino-Indian border issue is covered in Alastair Lamb's *The China-India Border* (O.U.P. for Chatham House, 1964) and for research in depth by the same author there is *The McMahon Line* (Routledge, 1965, 2 vols.). A Russian who liked the Chinese but has left his own country, Mikhail Klochko, *Soviet Scientist in China* (Hollis and Carter, 1964), has some revealing things to say.

It must be emphasised that this list of books leaves large areas of Chinese life totally uncovered. The state of China's economy can only be guessed at when no statistics have been published about production in the last six years. Indeed, China has been so much caught up in the turmoil of the "great cultural revolution" and the revolutionary struggle conducted by the Red Guards that nothing has been said about the third five-year-plan that was to have begun this year.

Still less is there any hope of the kind of book that springs from travel and free contact with the people. Those who do get to China find their freedom to travel is very limited: of China's twenty-odd thousand communes possibly not more than a couple of hundred have ever received foreign visitors. Contacts with Chinese are almost entirely confined to officials, and what they have to say goes no further than what has already been published in the official press. The ordinary Chinese knows that one does not talk to foreigners, a caution that has been observed from the earliest days of the régime and that accords with innate tendencies among the Chinese.

All these restrictions must now be far worse than ever. All the same, such difficulties do not excuse an ignorance of the scale and context of Chinese revolution or of what is involved in China's uneasy coming to terms with the outside world.

Richard Harris

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International Commentary

An Asian Balance of Power?

By Alastair Buchan

OF ALL the developments that are changing the shape of international politics —technological innovation, polycentrism and the growth of nationalism, poverty and population — none is more impressive than the shifting of the principal focus of international tensions from Europe to Asia. For two centuries conflict in Asia has been largely a consequence of European rivalries: now it has acquired a momentum of its own, only related to Europe through the global interests of the United States and, to a lesser extent, the Soviet Union. All the apprehensions that for generations have centred on Europe are being transferred to Asia. Indeed, it can be argued that the configuration of power that emerges in Asia will have a more profound effect upon the kind of international system which will prevail in the late twentieth century than that of any other area. War may be disappearing as an instrument of change in the relationships of the highly developed countries of the northern hemisphere. But their ability to make any constructive use of this fact, the development of a stronger United Nations for instance, or the negotiation of political settlements in Europe itself, is crucially affected by the evolution of their relations with China, and of China with her neighbours.

At the moment, Viet Nam casts a long shadow across the prospects of any Soviet-American negotiation to modify the confrontation in Europe that has been left over from the Cold War, and thereby tends to embitter the relationship of both the super-powers with their European allies. The psychological strain of Viet Nam or other involvements in Asia may be inducing a new form of isolationism in the United States. The problems of Asian security have, for complex reasons, weakened the ability of Britain to influence developments either in Europe or in Asia. The problem of nuclear proliferation is, in Western eyes at least, almost entirely an Asian one. The population explosion which by the end of the century may have overtaken technological innovation as the major source of insecurity and conflict, seems manageable in the old world by comparison with its likely effect on inter-state tensions in Asia and Africa.

Consequently, one question that needs asking, even though no clear answer may be discernible, is: what form will the structure of relationships in Asia take? Will China gradually dominate the area, even though she may have neither the means nor the intention of expanding her physical boundaries? If the major Asian states, India, Japan, and Indonesia, not to mention Australia (which in political terms must be considered an Asian power), find such a prospect quite unacceptable, how is a system of countervailing power to that of China to be developed? Must it take the form, as Washington still seems to assume, of a grand alliance of which the United States is the leader and the most active member? President Johnson's October journey round the Asian capitals seemed to suggest this, even though India and Japan did not participate in the "Asian summit" in Manila. Or is it sounder to think in terms of the evolution of an Asian balance of power, of a system for the containment of China's influence and ambitions which is based primarily on the co-operation of the indigenous Southern and East Asian powers, perhaps under Japanese and Indian leadership, and with the external powers fulfilling certain specialised functions but no longer playing the central role?

CERTAINLY no European analogy carries one any distance towards an answer. For one thing,

ALASTAIR BUCHAN *is Director of the Institute for Strategic Studies (London). Among his recent books are:* China and the Peace of Asia *(1965),* War in Modern Society *(1966) and he has just edited* A World of Nuclear Powers? *(1966).*

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China presents an entirely different kind of challenge to the security of the other Asian powers than the Soviet Union did to Europe in the 1940s. She is separated from most of them by great distances, and she has virtually no ability to deploy military force at a distance from her borders. Though her nuclear capability, when it is an operational reality in six or eight years time, will lend strategic weight to her diplomacy, there is no discernible equivalent of "the Red Army at the Channel Ports in forty-eight hours," the fear that led the West European countries to organise an alliance and agree to a high degree of American control over their policies in return for her strategic protection.

Non-Communist Asia, moreover, consists for the most part of countries which have a much greater freedom of action than the European powers had after the war, and the four most powerful have exercised it. In less than a decade Pakistan has moved full circle from enthusiastic alliance with the United States to an understanding with China from which she may be beginning to back away. India has moved from friendship with China to armed confrontation. Indonesia has run the gamut of association with the Soviet Union to even closer friendship with China to the wholesale slaughter of her Communist party. Japan, which for many years seemed to be in a sort of diplomatic coma, is waking up and is moving from a position of contentment with her absolute dependence on the United States to the discussion of every conceivable diplomatic and economic alternative.

NOT ONLY have their policies been volatile in relation to China, but they have little or no tradition of co-operation with each other. Gibbon described Europe as "one great republic" with a common system of "arts and laws and manners." And the fact that this is still true is one reason why the Cold War in Europe lasted a comparatively short time, only some fifteen years. But the more powerful and significant of the Asian states have never formed part of any such republic. Either they are the heirs of fiercely contending ancient civilisations whose rivalries have risen to the surface again now that the unifying element of colonial rule has gone (as in the case of Pakistan and India or Viet Nam and her neighbours); or they have never had any contact with each other (as in the case of India and Japan); or the colonial era has had the effect of imparting different contemporary perspectives to countries of similar interests and origins (as in the case of Malaysia, Indonesia, and the Philippines).

And, until recently, the policies of the external powers have tended to erode still

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further such community of interest as the free Asian states do feel. Britain found it politic, in order to maintain her own foothold in the area, to create Malaysia, and having done so had to confront Indonesia, a development that was salutory in teaching Indonesia the limits of her internal and external capabilities, but has not made co-operation among the Asian powers easier to achieve. The practical application of the broad American strategy of "containment," first of Russia then of China, has had the unfortunate effect of deepening and rationalising Indo-Pakistan hostility. Soviet policy, the most opportunistic of all the external powers, has perhaps done the least harm to the internal coherence of non-communist Asia, though for a while her supply of arms to Indonesia gave that country a false sense of power.

There are, however, scattered signs of the growth of an awareness that the non-communist countries must develop some form of solidarity in relation to the future of their own continent, and not just in terms of abstractions like the "Afro-Asian Bloc" or "the spirit of Bandung". There is a modest record of co-operation in such things as the Colombo Plan and the Economic Commission for the Far East. The Commonwealth framework provides a medium of communication for six of the Asian countries. The Asian Development Bank has made a tentative beginning and there is the Asian and Pacific Council, though this lacks any form of permanent machinery. In Delhi there is now a noticeable interest in closer relations between India, Australia and Japan. (A more far-sighted British Raj should have encouraged that half a century ago.) In Tokyo there are now a number of officials, politicians, and writers who acknowledge that the rest of Asia is not just a market for Japanese ships or transistors, but consists of political societies in whose safety and viability Japan has a direct interest. Australian ministers no longer post between London, Washington, and Canberra as if there were no countries in between.

Similarly, the external powers have begun to recognise that the generalised problem created by the existence of an active and unfriendly great power in the area makes it necessary to subordinate their own bilateral relations with the component states of Asia to wider considerations. The Soviet Union made the first constructive contribution to international security in its history when Mr. Kosygin negotiated the Tashkent agreement last January. The United States has since the Kennedy era shown itself readier to develop a close relationship with non-aligned countries like India than in the 1950s when friendship was synonymous with membership of a formal security pact like SEATO, however meaningless. And Mr. Harold Wilson at least talks as if British military power in Asia is there as the agent of general peace and stability, rather than serving any special British interest.

But these tentative steps towards co-operation among governments in Asia do not seem to be inspired by any "grand design." Granted that poverty and internal chaos are the principal problems, few Asian leaders are prepared to ask whether non-communist Asia is to remain primarily dependent on the protection of the external powers during the generation or more of nation-building that lies ahead of them, or whether they have the means and the will to develop a balance of power with China from their own resources. This is probably because both the power of China and the effectiveness of the external powers have been exaggerated.

Authoritarian states in the midst of a domestic revolution inevitably alarm their neighbours, because the malevolence of the external world must be used as the justification of internal action. No government uses words more clumsily than Peking, and it is easy to compound the abusive language of the Chinese press, her nuclear weapons programme, her population growth and her agricultural poverty, to create a nightmare prospect of the world's largest power seeking to expand in every direction and provoking the first nuclear war in history in the process. No one can be in any doubt about the degree of xenophobia and cultural arrogance that animates Chinese policy. Her elephantine national memory supports the belief that certain "lost areas" such as Mongolia, Manchuria, Bhutan and Sikkim, not to mention Taiwan, "belong" to China, and this makes her one of the few major powers in the world which has significant territorial claims on her neighbours. Her puritan ethic suggests a readiness to pursue her national objectives to the last syllable of recorded time in a manner which makes other authoritarian powers, including the Soviet Union during its revolutionary phase, seem dilettante by comparison.

Yet there is little evidence that China is planning to pursue them by force. Despite a passionate conviction that Communism is the road to freedom for the "nations of the countryside," she has not actively promoted internal subversion in Asia, only encouraged it where it develops naturally. Militarily, she is a weak power in relation to her size, and there is no sign that she is losing her innate caution or thinks in terms of ruling Asia by arms. She may wish to isolate India and draw Japan away from the West, but her prime quarrel is with the two super-powers. Her nuclear weapons programme, so it seems to me, is designed

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primarily to defend her against intimidation by Russia and the United States if and when she begins to register political success in drawing the Asian states into her orbit, rather than for intimidation of her neighbours—though in the process she hopes that they will become hostages to American and Soviet good behaviour, as the Soviet missile threat to Western Europe is seen in Moscow to be a guarantee of European pressure on the United States to act with caution in a crisis.

If this is the case, an Asian balance of power does not necessarily involve a great military coalition to "contain" China physically. It is more a question of devising a system of political co-operation which will reinforce the internal morale of China's neighbours until a generation with a less anachronistic view of China's rights begins to emerge in Peking. It would have military implications because there are certain places (*e.g.*, the Himalayas) where military weakness might tempt China to acquire territory she believes to be her own, and it will have implications in terms of deterrence. But for the most part it is the prevention of situations that may lead Peking to think that the time is ripe for internal revolution or diplomatic intrigue that requires the most urgent attention.

Most of the free Asian countries are poor and few of them have, for reasons I have suggested, a tradition of close co-operation with each other. Therefore the temptation to rely on the external powers to provide the unifying element and to undertake the main burden of resisting Chinese pretensions is considerable. But the danger of doing this is two-fold for the Asian states.

On the one hand, it means their involvement in the ideological and territorial disputes which the external powers have with China, about Marx, Mongolia and Manchuria in the case of the Soviet Union, about freedom and Formosa in the case of the United States. A grand coalition of the free Asian powers under American leadership, involving India and Japan, Britain and Australia as well as smaller countries like the Philippines and Thailand, which has been the ideal of the State Department from Dean Acheson to Dean Rusk, would simply encourage the Chinese myth that any resistance to the assertion of her "rights" is part of an imperialist plot directed from Washington. On the other hand, it involves the risk that the external powers will lose their interest in the problems of non-communist Asia. It is legitimate to ask whether the United States really has the resolve to carry through so grandiose a piece of political architecture.

No doubt President Johnson will eventually

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succeed in forcing a surrender of the Viet Cong in Viet Nam but only at great political cost in terms of his domestic position, of his relations with European governments and the Soviet Union—and of Asian confidence in American methods. What Asian country, for instance, is in future likely to invoke American assistance with the suppression of a revolutionary movement if it means escalating the scale of conflict to a point where the massive military strength of the United States becomes relevant, at the risk of widespread physical damage to its own population and terrain? Moreover, the Viet Nam conflict has added nearly $15 billion to the American military budget in one year, at a time when there is growing pressure to concentrate more public resources on the internal social problems of the United States itself.

I do not see the United States being again prepared to undertake open-ended commitments in Asia. In addition there is a growing feeling in Washington that powers of the size of the United States and China cannot afford to live on terms of total hostility if either is to have any control over the course of events, even though it may be many years before they can resolve their differences. Any Asian government which counts on the United States to establish a sort of Roman peace in Asia may be seriously miscalculating. As Robert McNamara said in his significant address to the American Society of Newspaper Editors last May, "The United States has no mandate from on high to police the world and no inclination to do so."

Nor can one count on the Soviet Union to play a permanent role in the problems of Southern Asia even though she is at present taking a more active interest in a Viet Nam settlement. She is still Eurocentric, not a power of universal interests, despite her Asian hinterland. The Viet Nam war has put a strain on her relations with China and the United States which will, if anything, make her less inclined to get involved in the problems of Southern and East Asia. She has her own problems on containment in relation to China which she will confront in her own way. If she accepts some responsibility for controlling the relations between Pakistan and India, and for stiffening the Indian military position in the Himalayas, that is as much as she is likely to do.

Even Mr. Harold Wilson, whose fervour in insisting that Britain must continue to play a part in Asia has got him into trouble with his economic advisers and his own party, no longer envisages Britain as playing a unifying but rather a mediatory role in Asia. He told a restless parliamentary Labour party that if Britain withdrew:

> You will be leaving Asia to three main powers, China, the United States and the Soviet Union, with a small peripheral influence exerted by Australia and New Zealand, but Japan coming up fast on the rails.... Perhaps there are some members who would like to contract out and leave it to the Americans and Chinese, eyeball to eyeball, to face the thing out.... It is the surest prescription for a nuclear holocaust I could think of.

Did anyone think that India, he asked, wanted them to leave her to become a cockpit, forced to choose between Russia and America to protect her against China?

There are some bizarre ideas here. What are the Chinese and Americans if not eyeball to eyeball? Britain now plays virtually no role in Indian thinking about her own security. Can a West European power really play this kind of mediatory role, especially without the faintest indication of support from her European partners? Certainly no other country, perhaps not even China, would regard themselves as the gainer if Britain simply lost interest in Asian problems. But it is doubtful whether she can afford to maintain a presence which would be capable of any serious intervention in an Asian conflict as the positive factors, the ties of the East African states with Britain, the significance of a military presence in the Persian Gulf, a positive requirement to deploy force in the Malayan archipelago area, weaken, while the negative factors, the need to reduce the strain on sterling and the pull of Europe, grow in strength.

If no external power can be relied upon to create a framework of security for the South Asian countries—the Americans because their power is too great, the Soviet Union because it lacks the interest, Britain because her power is too small—can they do it themselves (obviously with certain assistance from the external powers)?

If it were possible to construct an Asian subsystem within a world-wide balance of power, it would have much to recommend it. For one thing China is more likely to come to terms with the rest of Asia if the United States is no longer involved in every conflict that may occur there. For another, there is a great deal to be said for de-coupling the various centres of tension in the world to prevent a conflagration in one area engulfing others. Our twentieth-century experience suggests that as military power grows in destructiveness Litvinov's phrase that "security is indivisible" is at best a half-truth. The Asian powers have successfully de-coupled themselves from the troubles of Europe. Similarly the continental powers have successfully de-coupled themselves from American

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policy in the Far East. If it were possible to develop a system whereby a threat to the NEFA or Bhutan or a communist uprising in Thailand did not lead to an immediate confrontation between Washington and Peking and perhaps Moscow as well, the interests of international security might be better served.

It is at least worth trying to draw one's own sketch of such a system to see what it would look like.

China is, for her size, a relatively weak external power: even if she achieves a high rate of economic growth, her technological base is unlikely to permit a rapid modernisation of her forces, and the evidence suggests that her nuclear programme is slowing down conventional rearmament. Even when she becomes an operational nuclear power in five to eight years time she will remain a very vulnerable country with an overall population density seven times that of the Soviet Union and four times that of the United States. Moreover, she is militarily contained at most of the points where she has a territorial claim by the highest mountain range in the world or by two much stronger powers, the Soviet Union and the United States. The problem, then, of developing an indigenous system of countervailing power in Asia is not to deter a Hitlerian onslaught against her neighbours, but to prevent her isolating individual Asian countries (as she has attempted to isolate India), to prevent the internal health of Asian countries from decaying to a point where she deems them ripe for revolution (as she clearly judged Indonesia ripe between 1963 and 1965), and to prevent their relations with each other from deteriorating to a point where she acquires a diplomatic opportunity (as she did with Pakistan several years ago).

WHAT SEEMS WORTH discussing is not any form of integrated military alliance in free Asia, but a diplomatic coalition of the stronger Asian powers, each with a subordinate sphere of responsibility of its own. The core of the system might be a treaty of mutual co-operation between India, Australia and Japan (such a treaty need not be too specific on the subject of co-operation). It would be desirable that such a system should eventually embrace Pakistan and Indonesia, but clearly time must elapse before Pakistan and India are ready for any form of diplomatic co-operation, still less to join in a defence union, while the final direction of Indonesian policy is not yet clear. Such a tripartite (in the first instance) arrangement could establish a forum of close and continuous diplomatic and military discussion between the three countries. Parallel with this development there could be an Australian/New Zealand defence union, a proposal that has often been discussed in the past, and increasingly close Australian links with Malaysia and Singapore whether expressed in treaty form or not. India already assumes important subordinate responsibilities in relation to Nepal, Bhutan, Sikkim and NEFA.

The Manila Pact might then be re-negotiated to exclude France and to downgrade Britain and the United States to associate members (as the United States is of the Central Treaty Organisation). By this means it would become simply a local organisation, but Thailand and the Philippines would still have some access to the United States on defence and diplomatic problems. The ANZUS treaty which affects the security of Australia and New Zealand (and is not concerned with developments on the mainland) could be retained. Finally, Japan, now one of the richest states in the world, could be encouraged to undertake a quite substantial measure of air and naval rearmament, for which she is becoming psychologically and politically, as well as economically, prepared. In addition to becoming more engaged diplomatically in the affairs of her neighbours, partly through a new organic link with India and Australia, partly through bilateral contacts, she could gradually assume the principal responsibility for the security of South Korea as well as the economic development of the smaller South-east Asian states, and perhaps the South-western Pacific as well.

This would leave the United States directly responsible only for the denial of Taiwan to China, a dispute in which the rest of non-Communist Asia is not directly concerned, though some countries continue to recognise Taipeh rather than Peking. If and when the status of Taiwan is ever settled, American naval power could be withdrawn to the longitude of Hawaii, thus helping to assure China that the United States does not have aggressive or imperialist designs on her, without impairing the ability of the United States to intervene swiftly in the event of serious conventional aggression in Southern Asia, still less to offer overwhelming counter threats to any Chinese nuclear threat to an Asian power.

THERE are obviously a number of pitfalls in the implementation of any such design. Even on the assumption that economic necessity may force Britain to retire from direct responsibilities in Southern Asia, is the United States yet prepared to see her Asian allies and friends assume more direct responsibility than she has for the diplomatic confrontation of China? Are the South Asian powers, including Australia,

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prepared to see Japan acquire a leading responsibility for the security and policy of non-Communist Asia only twenty-odd years after the collapse of the "Greater Asian Co-Prosperity Sphere"? India is not popular in Asia—would her acceptance of joint responsibility with other major Asian powers really enhance a sense of Asian solidarity? The concept of an Asian political coalition does not necessarily depend on Indian participation, however; it would still be valid if it comprised the stronger South-east Asian powers and Japan.

But there are three much larger obstacles which make the idea of a primarily Asian balance of power a difficult conception to translate into reality.

1. The first concerns nuclear weapons. At the present time we only know that China has a fairly sophisticated capability for producing war-heads. We know that she is working on missiles, and has made some elementary progress. Whether they will be intercontinental, intended to deter American or Soviet attack on China, or whether she is also developing intermediate-range missiles which could be directed against the great crowded cities of Southern and Eastern Asia, she has introduced the fatal element of ambiguity into her policy which is inseparable from strategic deterrence. Even if she slowly loses her revolutionary dynamic, some of her Asian neighbours are likely to react in one of two ways, by becoming nuclear powers themselves or by trying to involve the United States more closely in their security.

I am not as disposed as are most students of the problem to oppose every form of nuclear proliferation. I think a case could be made for an Indian and a Japanese second-strike capability and even, if need be, an Australian nuclear weapons system—if all efforts to control nuclear weapons fail—rather than trying to maintain an American umbrella over so vast an area in which no direct American interest is involved. But there could be no assurance that if the process is once encouraged in Asia it would not spread to the Middle East and to Europe as civil nuclear programmes give a wider and wider range of countries the technical option. Consequently, one can be certain that there will be great resistance to the idea of a nuclear retaliatory capacity in the hands of the leading non-Communist Asian powers.

The Americans in particular would fear that even if the United States made her association with India and Japan more tenuous, a nuclear crisis affecting them would in any case involve her. It would, of course, be theoretically possible for the United States to undertake the deterrence of any nuclear threat while the Asian powers concentrated their policy and preparations on conventional or political forms of aggression, but in practice it is difficult to make a clear distinction in a crisis between different levels of threat or to undertake nuclear deterrence without seeking to exercise control over other forms of response. Hence the difficulty inherent in specific "guarantees" to individual Asian states. Nevertheless I think it is possible for the United States to maintain a broad strategic posture which will make any Chinese nuclear threat to an Asian neighbour an unprofitable diplomatic tool.

2. The second problem is resources. Non-Communist Asia is collectively richer and more powerful than China, but there is little or no transferability of defence and political resources among the different countries. India is desperately short of both foreign exchange and domestic investment capital. Already her defence budget (which consumes about 4% of her national income) is making great demands on the economy, and it is doubtful whether she can, for instance, modernise her air force and navy without overstraining herself, even if she does not undertake a nuclear programme. Yet too much direct assistance by an external power, either the U.S.A. or the U.S.S.R., even in the context of strengthening the defence of the Himalayas, only embitters the Indo-Pakistan conflict still further.

Australia's crucial deficiency appears to be manpower. Although she maintains only a small percentage of her male labour force in uniform by northern hemisphere standards, it is clearly difficult to raise the level rapidly in a country that is developing so fast. Yet there are severe limitations on the range of obligations a country with armed forces of less than 70,000 men can undertake.

My own suggestion would be that Britain should deliberately expand emigration to Australia by generous direct assistance, with a particular bonus to those with military experience and who would be prepared to enlist in the Australian forces. Even a large-scale programme of this kind would represent less of a strain on British resources than maintaining small British military forces in Asia at an annual cost of over £1,000,000 per battalion. But clearly such a programme would require time to be effective, and even if Australia could double her military establishment in the course of the next ten years, there are formidable political and practical obstacles to be overcome before Australia can assume the primary responsibility for the stability of the Malayan archipelago area, though I believe in the end she must.

With Japan, the deficiency seems to lie in contemporary experience. There is the problem of moving from a diplomacy of "low posture" to a more active one, especially for a country

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whose internal politics create a somewhat schizophrenic attitude towards China. Clearly the forms of civil technical assistance she can provide to her neighbours are considerable. But though she is the most technologically advanced power in Asia, it would be some time before she could offer any form of military assistance to other countries, because her own military establishment has been held at so low a level.

3. The third joker in the pack is Viet Nam. Assuming the best, namely that the conflict ends in some form of compromise which retains the identity of the two Vietnamese states under a form of neutralisation, this will require the active supervision of the great powers. I doubt whether the United States will be prepared to withdraw leaving the two Viet Nams (and Cambodia and Laos) to the surveillance only of the old International Control Commission, India, Canada, and Poland, created by the 1954 Geneva agreements, as de Gaulle and Anthony Eden continue to suggest. Whether the eventual arrangement is administered by the United Nations or by some *ad hoc* body, it is probable that the great powers will desire to have a close control over it. So that even if there are no American forces in Viet Nam or elsewhere on the Asian mainland in five years time, even if the difficult conception of a belt of neutralised states in South-east Asia prevails, it is difficult to envisage American, and therefore presumably Soviet, disassociation from the affairs of the Indo-Chinese states.

CLEARLY, therefore, it is idle to think that an Asian system of countervailing power to that of China can emerge rapidly or can ever be divorced entirely from the relations of the super-powers. But it remains a worthwhile objective nonetheless, and here the European analogy is valid.

Those who think of Western Europe as "a new independent great power" are talking moonshine, but Europe is slowly inching its way towards a position in which it must be regarded, in Washington, in Moscow, in Peking, as a distinct element within a larger balance of power. By the same token, the major non-Communist powers in Asia may have to form a diplomatic coalition, not only to minimise China's opportunities in Southern Asia, but also to ensure that their view of what the map of Asia should eventually look like receives serious attention in the capitals of the super-powers.

It seems to me that the statesman-like course for Britain and the United States would be to encourage and support such a coalition and to place increasing responsibilities upon it, rather than to continue regarding themselves as the self-appointed and permanent custodians of peace and security in Asia.

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Will Asia Ever Prosper?

A Balance Sheet of Prospects — By MAURICE ZINKIN

ASIA HAS HALF the world's population, and over three-quarters of its poor. Asia's great countries—India, Pakistan, Indonesia, China, with nearly 1,400 million people—have an average income per head of £30 per year or less, one-twentieth the British or German income per head, one-fiftieth of the American. Japan alone has an income per head within striking distance of that of the major countries of Western Europe.

This concentration of poverty is important to the rest of the world in two quite separate ways. For those who are touched by the sufferings and privations of others, here is the greatest need for aid in all its forms, grants, loans and preferences. For those who are concerned lest the world explode, this is where the tinder is lying about. From the Chinese civil war to the war in Viet Nam, from the massacres of Partition in the Punjab to the massacres of Communists in Indonesia in 1966, violence in Asia since 1945 has been on a far greater scale than anywhere else.

It is fortunate, therefore, that in the last fifteen years there has been a more rapid rate of economic growth than at any previous period in Asia's history. The statistics are, of course, not good. In China they seem meant to puzzle. In Burma and Indonesia they suggest a modest prosperity which all the other available facts belie. But it seems probable that, in the great majority of the countries of the region, growth is now fairly set at something between 3½% and 6% *p.a.*, with India somewhere at the bottom and Thailand up at the top of this range. Only Indonesia, and perhaps Burma, clearly do worse than this. Only Japan, whose modal rate is more like 8% *p.a.*, clearly does better. There are disasters. China's great leap forward of 1958 produced a setback so catastrophic that the Chinese have taken care to see that it cannot be exactly estimated. The failure of the monsoon produced a drop in India's national income of 4%—or in income per head of over 6%—in 1965–6. But the disasters are not permanent. In a year or two there is recovery, and the old rate is resumed.

MAURICE ZINKIN *is the author of* Asia and the West (*1951*), Development for Free Asia (*1963*), *and* Britain and India (*1964*) *with Taya Zinkin.*

THIS IS NOT ACCIDENTAL. Asian societies are beginning to work into their everyday habits and modes of thought the ways of acting and calculating which are the prerequisites of growth.

1. Saving, which traditionally has been high only in Japan—higher than anywhere else in the world—is now beginning to rise in the other countries too. In India and Pakistan, for instance, savings probably represent double the percentage of the national income that they did twenty years ago.

2. The intelligentsia are no longer oriented exclusively to teaching, the learned professions and Government service. In many of the countries of the region the fashion is for engineering and applied science; in India, for instance, the engineering and medical colleges have much the highest entrance qualifications. Government service is not the attraction it used to be: inflation has eaten too deep into the pay of the clerk and the district official. The one Government occupation which is still attractive, that of officer in the armed forces, is both an occupation with a strongly modernising effect on the mind, and one which was in many Asian countries hardly available to locals before the last war.

3. Business itself, so long despised or left to some special section of the population, is now becoming popular. The nationalisations in Burma were partly an attempt to replace Europeans and Indians in Burmese commerce and industry with Burmese of the professional classes; in this sense, moreover, the attempt has been successful, however high a price in inefficiency may thereby have been imposed on the rest of the Burmese population. Similarly, in Malaysia, the price the Malays have been asking for giving the Chinese a share of political power is that they themselves should be given a chance in business. In South India, the Brahmin —traditionally the very type of the Government servant, scholar and professional man—has gone into business on a large scale; some are even successful grocers! The odd Chinese Communist habit of sending their students out in recurrent waves to work in the fields and the factories must owe something to the need to

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break the long-nailed, no manual labour tradition of the Chinese scholar.

4. Most important of all, *growth* has now become part of the ideology of every Asian country. Their golden ages used to be in the past—now they are in the future. Of their leaders, nobody except Sukarno has consistently put anything ahead of becoming "less poor." They may, sometimes, be willing to make certain sacrifices for other ends. Mao Tse-tung has given up Russian aid in order to be able to attack Russian revisionism. India and Pakistan limit their development by the need to keep up large armed forces. Burma damages itself severely by the compulsion to exclude foreigners from the national life. But nobody (except Sukarno) has deliberately and over a period of years pursued a policy which brought growth to a standstill. Indeed in order to achieve growth, higher taxes, five-year plans, controls and endless Government interference have been accepted all over Asia. Governments fall not because corruption is too blatant or controls excessive (though these may sometimes be contributory causes), but because growth is too slow. The Pakistan politicians, U Nu, Mrs. Bandaranaike—all paid the price of stagnation—and Sukarno himself is the latest victim. If the Congress loses a state or two in the Indian elections of 1967, it will be because of the terrible slowdown in Indian development over the last eighteen months. By contrast, the stability of President Ayub, the golden heyday of Nehru in the middle '50s, the long rule of the Liberal Democrats in Japan have been associated with economic advance at a pace up to the rosiest of their subjects' expectations.

5. Recently, the poorer Asian countries have been greatly assisted by a *change in Western attitudes*. In 1950, the West hardly thought of giving aid to Asia at all, and when it did (as in Japan and South Korea) the aid was thought of as having the short-term purpose of rehabilitation from war. In the mid '50s, Nehru was still proudly proclaiming his independence of aid with even the thinnest of strings and was in fact getting very little. Within the last few years, on the other hand, *Aid India, Aid Pakistan*, and *Aid Ceylon* consortia have been created. The Japanese are trying to put together an *Aid Indonesia* consortium. These are the visible signs that the richer nations are now accepting a general duty to aid their poorer brethren. The rich do not yet give the whole 1% of their national incomes in aid that they have pledged; they are slow to open their markets to Asian manufacturers; of what they do give, a disproportionate amount goes for political reasons to particular countries (Algeria, some of the South American lands). Aid is, however, gradually

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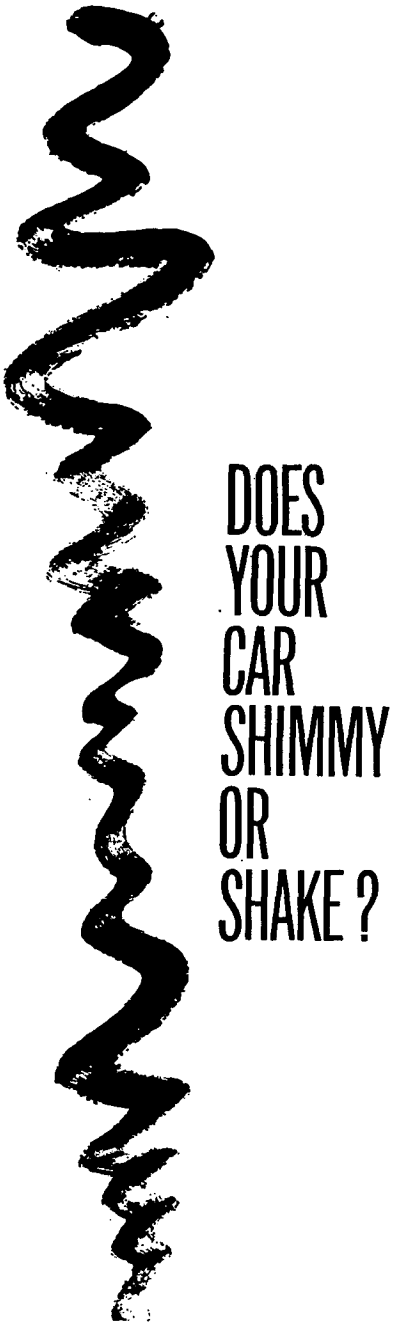

becoming a routine; one grumbles but one gives. Slowly, from precedent to precedent, its scope is broadening. Increasingly the attempt is being made to concentrate it on the poorest and those who will make best use of it; both criteria must mean more help for such Asian countries as India and Pakistan.

THE BAROMETER in Asia might, therefore, seem to be set fair, were it not for the fact that the greatest of all the improvements brought about over the last generation has been the decline in the death rate.

It would be sinful to regret this. Nobody who has seen the misery caused by babies dying of dysentery, or the lethargy induced by malaria in whole districts, or the terror of a cholera epidemic, can do other than rejoice at the sight of the healthy, bouncing children of modern Ceylon or the youthful appearance of so many middle-aged Indians. However, health too has its price. Where the populations of Asia used to go up by perhaps 1% *p.a.*, today, they go up 2½ or 3%; in Taiwan, the population rises by more than 3% every year. As always, the exception is Japan, which has brought its birth rate down to a Western European level by legalised abortion and family planning. This rate of increase means that everybody except Japan has to run quite hard just to stay in the same place.

India, for instance, has never achieved more than 3½% growth over the period of a five-year plan; and its population is now increasing by 2·8%. The Chinese figures may be slightly more favourable, but not much; the Indonesian figures are certainly worse. Moreover, since so many of the deaths used to occur in infancy, the drop in the death-rate means not only more people to share the same land and jobs in the future, but also an added burden of dependency on the adult worker in the present. If five children live instead of three, a man must have a considerably bigger income if his standard of life is not positively to go down.

How long will it be before family planning brings the rate of increase of population in the rest of Asia down to the Japanese figure of less than 1%? Twenty or thirty years, perhaps. In our generation, therefore, economic advance is not likely to be enough to provide more than a very partial answer to Asia's problem of poverty. When populations are increasing by 2½–3% per annum, a rise in income *per head* of 2% represents rapid growth. 3% per head—6% over-all—would be a rate of growth Japan alone has ever sustained over a long period. 2% per head per year would, of course, be considerably more than most of Asia has had in the past. But at 2% it would still take a generation for

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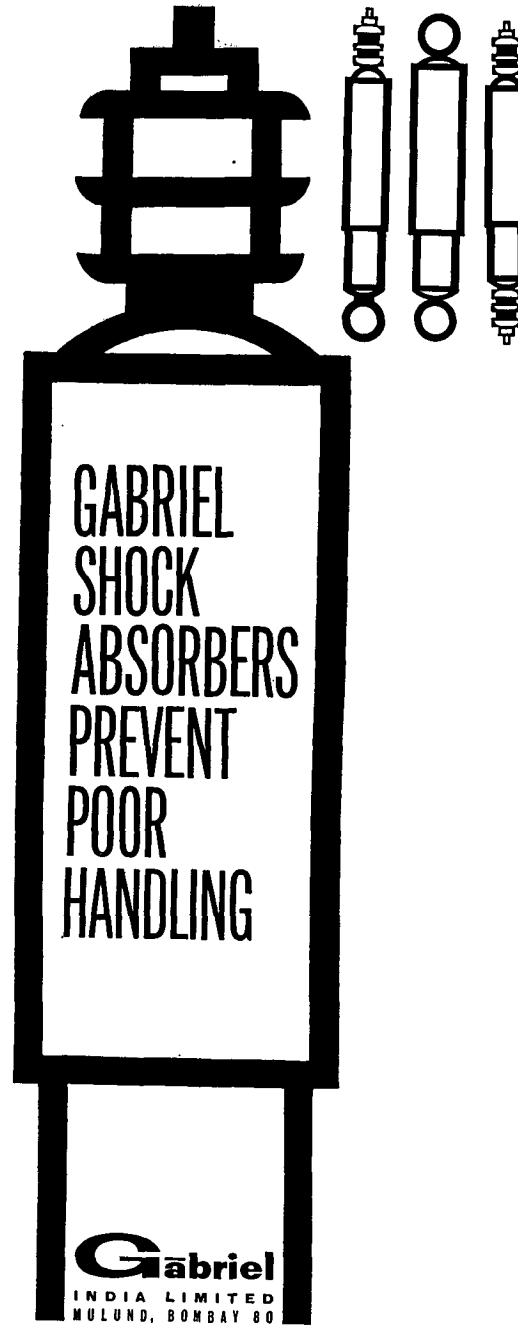
India or Asia or Indonesia to reach the standard of living against which the French revolted in 1789—and this in a world where more and more Asians are becoming conscious that in Switzerland and Sweden poverty and squalor have been almost abolished, and that over most of the industrialised world (even in Russia and Italy) they are within sight of abolition.

Everybody knows that economic stagnation is dangerous to social and political stability. Economic growth, at the pace which is likely in Asia, is no guarantee of tranquillity either. When people begin to get slightly better off, their hopes and ambitions are stirred. They become impatient that their lot is not improving more quickly; and there are enough divisions of class and caste, religion and language in Asia to make this impatience corrosive. There are quarrels over who should get which job and which region should get which factory. There is a new envy of the successful; corruption takes new, and therefore more unacceptable, forms; the strain on the traditional ties which hold society together become more severe.

THAT IS WHY there is a certain note of desperation about so many of the pronouncements of Asian planners. The Government of Thailand, with land still to spare, plenty of foreign exchange, and a materially not too ambitious population, may not need to worry very much. The Government of Pakistan has, for the moment, the burst of growth of the last few years to comfort it. The Government of Japan can confine its concern to whether it will take one generation or two to rise from the standard of life of Italy to that of Germany. But for the Governments of India or Ceylon or Indonesia (or, I would guess, China), the knowledge of how slowly life is improving for their people compared with how quickly their expectations are expanding, must be a constant nightmare.

SOME OF THIS SLOWNESS is inevitable. One cannot teach the villager birth-control overnight. It takes years to create a good agricultural extension service, and generations to teach fathers that savings certificates or a house make a better dowry than gold ornaments. Civil servants brought up on law and order take easily to controls, but not nearly so easily to discounted cash flow and the careful balancing of commercial risks. Communist cadres, brought up on the sacred texts of Mao Tse-tung or hardened in years of guerrilla war, do not make very efficient factory managers. Business communities who for centuries have seen the State as a blood-sucker rather than as a protector, and whose sense of social responsibility may well be limited



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to their own kind, do not quickly learn to pay willingly the outrageously high taxes most Asian states impose. Professional classes eager to assert their equality with richer states find it hard to put village roads and fertiliser experiments ahead of atomic energy or steel mills or motor-car assembly plants or whatever the favourite prestige symbol of the particular community may be. Religion may make an adequate animal husbandry almost impossible; the Hindu will not kill cows, the Muslim will not eat pork. The Chinese have a traditional distaste for milk. Tradition calls happy the mother of many sons. The society of Asia, always excepting Japan, simply does not have "American values"; and growth, without the attitudes which produce it spontaneously in the population, necessarily goes more slowly than it should and could (as we have been discovering in Britain).

A good deal can, thus, be blamed on the necessary slowness with which the civilisations of Asia are adapting themselves to a modern, scientific, industrialised world. Nor is it desirable that their adaptation should be speeded up too much. Their values have given them great spiritual satisfaction, if limited progress, for centuries. If faith in Buddhism or Islam were to be undermined even to the extent faith in the great religions of the West has been, the result might well be a most painful spiritual disorientation without any corresponding speeding-up of material progress. People do not become entrepreneurs merely because they have ceased to believe in God, or stop taking bribes because they have begun to eat pork. The Chinese Communists have done their best to destroy every traditional Chinese institution. They have produced a little atomic bomb. But there is no proof that their income per head is increasing faster than that of the conservative Pakistanis or Thais or Chinese of Taiwan.

BUT, WHEN EVERY ALLOWANCE has been made for the problems and attitudes which the present governing classes of Asia have inherited, it is still true that they have created as many difficulties for themselves as the present government of the United Kingdom.

The extreme cases are Burma and Indonesia. They have got rid of the foreigners and the minority groups who provided so much of their business skill without putting anything in their place. Their nationalised corporations forget to answer letters. Management accounting, even proper costing, are mysterious to them; and nobody seems to be trying very hard to learn. In the countryside, law and order is uncertain, the functioning of the government services is irregular, agricultural extension work is negligible. In the capital, bureaucrats proliferate, the peasants swarm in from the countryside, the slums extend, and the public services deteriorate.

It is the Chinese, however, who have provided the most striking examples of errors of policy. As Communists, they have certain advantages. They were able to destroy the old relations of exploitation in the countryside; and their cadres have learnt with their Maoism many of the values of the Victorian bourgeoisie, which are as helpful to development in Peking as they once were in Manchester. But as loyal followers of Mao Tse-tung, they have also severe disadvantages. The herding of the peasants into communes, the experiment in backyard steel-making, the regular deportation of students and intellectuals to work in the fields, the emphasis placed on the good party man as against the expert and the technician—none of these characteristics of Mao's thought make growth any easier. Nor is China helped by its Government's rigid adherence to the doctrine of the permanent revolution with no compromises. The consequent loss of Russian aid is as damaging to China as America's steady hostility, a hostility itself largely the result of Chinese intransigence. For so totalitarian a régime, the Chinese Communists have in many ways achieved surprisingly small results. The reason is that their mistakes are not the less elementary for being large.

THE MOST INTERESTING case is India, because the Indian success has been so great in so many ways that the bad luck and the bad management—and India has had its share of both—stand out more glaringly.

The Indian Government has great successes to its credit. Untouchability has been eroded, a woman is Prime Minister, there has been a war with Pakistan without communal trouble, India's constituent States have been reorganised on a linguistic basis, elections are free and Parliament effective. Three Five-Year Plans have been completed, and, although they have never been quite up to time or quite one hundred per cent achieved, substantially what the planners said they would do they *have* done. A very considerable steel industry has been created; power production has increased manifold; a beginning has been made on the making of machinery; the engineering and chemicals industries are enormously bigger than they were. In short, the base for a really rapid industrialisation has now been created. Above all, the output of agriculture has gone up by nearly one-half, something totally unprecedented in India's history. And there is hardly another government in the world which is making an effort in family planning to match that on which India has now embarked.

Why, then, of recent years have the Plans

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faltered? Why is there so large a need for PL 480 food? Why is foreign exchange so disastrously short? Why is taxation so crippling and industry unable to run full tilt for lack of raw materials? Why, in short, after the bright dreams of ten years ago is there so much disillusionment today?

India has had bad luck. The Chinese attack of 1962 compelled India nearly to triple its defence expenditure. The Pakistan war of 1965 led to a cutting-off of aid which disrupted the foreign exchange position. The failure of the rains in the 1965–6 season resulted in a loss of over one-sixth of India's cereal crops.

Not everything is bad luck, however. There has also been bad management, and bad management of a sort which in more or less mild form, one comes across again and again in the economics of Asia (in those which are officially in favour of private enterprise like Pakistan or the Philippines as in those which are officially socialist like Burma or the Ceylon of Mrs. Bandaranaike). Taxation, especially personal taxation, is too high. The honest man is squeezed dry—the dishonest do not pay. The expansion of Government's functions has meant far too many extra low-grade staff at the bottom, and not enough extra high-grade staff at the top, so that the whole machine has slowed down and decisions take longer and longer to make. The salaries of Government officials never keep up with inflation, so that corruption gets worse at the lower levels, and the men at the top who stay honest find it hard to live. There is too much detailed political interference in all these administrative decisions where somebody has something to gain; and there are now a great many such decisions. Too low a priority was given for too long to agriculture, if only because the improvement of agriculture is immensely difficult while the buying of steel mills on turn-key contracts is relatively easy.

There are too many controls, and because there are too many they become almost unworkable. If one has a few central controls, on foreign exchange, for instance, or on one or two vital materials like steel, then a control system is fairly easy to work, because everything can be judged by these one or two criteria. It is like the old question "Will this help to win the war?" Sometimes the answer is ambiguous, but sufficiently often it is clear-cut and obvious for the bureaucracy to be able to work quickly and without too much apparent unfairness. If, however, there are dozens of controls; if the bureaucrat has to consider not only whether foreign exchange and steel will be available, but also if the location is regionally right, if the terms of the capital issue are suitable, if a lot of cement and railway wagons will be needed, if the project has the right priority within the Plan, if the

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promoter already has too many other enterprises, and if his agreement with his foreign collaborator is sufficiently skinflint, then the chances that decisions will be speedy, consistent, and self-evidently fair are very small indeed. The small entrepreneur cannot afford to spend his time in the capital. The big man often finds his project so delayed that he loses faith in it before he begins.

ABOVE ALL, in Indian planning there has been a surprising lack of attention to returns, and the reason has not, on the whole, been that the returns are hard to define (which is true) but that Mr. Nehru and those like him were at once too socialist and too aristocratic to realise that returns were important. In so poor a country, capital is particularly valuable, yet most of the investment in irrigation and heavy industry earns less than 5 per cent. Discussion has been in terms of the need to give priority to heavy industry, or agriculture, or some such general category. Nothing has been said about the importance of getting the return of 15 per cent before tax which should be a minimum for India's investment in industry, or about the advantage of getting a quick rather than a slow return, *so that the profits of this plan can pay for a large part of the next one.* The emphasis indeed in the early '50s was all on service rather than profit, and for a Government enterprise to have a large surplus was looked upon as slightly shameful. Yet unless projects are chosen not according to whether they satisfy ideological prejudice or regional ambition, but according to whether their net present value, using a high rate of discount, is big or small, it will be quite impossible for a country as poor as India to progress without almost intolerable sacrifice.

THE ONE ASIAN country whose growth has been undeviating over the whole of the last century is Japan. A hundred years ago Japan was as poor as India or China, conceivably even poorer. Today it has perhaps eight times their income per head. Is anybody quite sure how this has been done? Some points, however, are obvious.

Japan put a large effort into agricultural research and extension very early on. She had, first in silk, and then in manufactured textiles, a large source of foreign exchange. Her people stuck to their own ways in essentials—personnel relations in a Japanese factory, for instance, are quite un-Western—but they were willing, even eager, to imitate other countries in inessentials; and they counted as inessentials for this purpose almost everything which leads to economic development. They took to frock-coats or, more recently, to dresses; but they also devoured Western science and technology, and were always ready to pay in order to acquire Western know-how. *They saved at a high rate*, they ploughed back their profits, and their banking system was always willing to back an entrepreneur. *They provided themselves with an educational system which gave them universal literacy* by the beginning of the century, and which now turns out more university graduates than that of any country in Western Europe. They organised their handicrafts and rationalised their major industries. They kept their controls to a minimum, but the Government was always ready to help private enterprise, and private enterprise in return was always quick to listen to the suggestions of the Government.

Are these policies the explanation, or are there other explanations more subtle? I do not know. But nothing would be more useful for the development of the rest of Asia than a real understanding of just how the Japanese have done it. Each country must find its salvation in its own way and in accordance with its own tradition. The Japanese have provided a model of how to blend their own way with what they have needed to take from others, and of how to make out of the amalgam a rate of growth no-one else has achieved.

ONE SHOULD NOT despair. Malaysia is no longer dependent for its growth on the vagaries of rubber and tin. Thailand's currency is now hard. The Pakistanis seem to have discovered how to use private enterprise in both industry and agriculture. India has been learning from its mistakes; a couple of good monsoons, and the economy would be stronger than it has ever been. In Indonesia there is hope that the economy will now get some of the attention previously devoted to confronting Malaysia or the Dutch. Only in China does policy of late seem to have become odder than ever.

But it is going to be a long, hard grind. It will be generations not decades before the standard of living of Sicily does not represent for most of Asia wealth beyond the dreams of avarice.

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How—and Why—the Viet Cong Holds Out

The Red Badge of Endurance—By DENNIS J. DUNCANSON

AS THE casualties inflicted on the Vietnamese Communist forces have mounted during the past eighteen months—averaging seven or eight hundred killed every week and about fifteen thousand in a year—many observers have marvelled at their ability to keep it up. Weapons losses are presumably easier to make good. The Viet Cong no longer deny that their allies have increased their aid from outside South Viet Nam, and, even if the joint South Vietnamese and United States air and naval patrols intercept some of the flow, the probabilities always are that the bulk will be infiltrated successfully at constantly-changing points along the 1800 miles of beach and (mostly unmarked) frontier. But severe casualties could entail intractable problems of morale. After twenty years of fighting, so that hardly a Vietnamese family has been without its bereavement, with never a decisive engagement surely war-weariness must be setting in?

Certainly that has been the American expectation. Perhaps the day is not far off when it will happen; and yet, for the moment, Viet Cong surrenders do not exceed Government desertions, and the visible, overwhelming might of U.S. armament, though it sustains the Government forces, has made only some—very few—guerillas think again.

The Communists themselves leave nobody in ignorance of their own explanation of their movement's undiminished vitality. Day after day the radio transmitters in the North (and "somewhere in the South") repeat for hours on end the diatribe against American aggression which the spontaneous uprising of the South Vietnamese masses, fired by a centuries-old nationalist fervour, has been resisting since before even the French were driven out. The National Front for the Liberation of South Viet Nam has assumed, by general acclamation, the leadership of these masses, who are prepared for any sacrifice in order to reunify the South with the fatherland in the North, in fulfilment of the Geneva Agreement of 1954.

The explanations of Viet Cong persistence advanced by Western commentators—the explanations upon which Western policies towards South Viet Nam are largely founded—differ from the Communist version less than one might expect, and a great deal less than the facts themselves would justify. In the West, too, it is believed that the Vietnamese people are "strongly fired by patriotic fervour," long frustrated by colonialism, but that this has been turned by the Viet Cong against the different régimes in the South (and their foreign allies) only through "distortion" and "misrepresentation" of motives and intentions, just as they have misrepresented the terms of the Geneva Agreement. The majority of South Vietnamese, however, have not been taken in—witness the much larger numbers who send their sons to join the security forces, the ranks of which today still include "far more volunteers than conscripts." Some of the villages who support the Viet Cong do so out of fear of attack on their villages by the well-equipped battalions formed in the swamps and jungles with the indispensable help of North Vietnamese training, arms, and personnel. Others support them because they are poor and believe, erroneously, that the Communists will make them better off through land reform.

TWO COMMON ASSUMPTIONS underlie these otherwise conflicting explanations; that the partisans of the Viet Cong support them from choice and that ideological factors provide the principal criterion by which most of them make their choice. Yet both assumptions are, on the face of it, somewhat unlikely. It would be a very strange war in which the protagonists allowed the people to opt for the other side. And even where conflicts do arise over ideological issues (never, I believe, the case in Viet Nam's half millennium of division and civil war), those issues get lost sight of in a decade or two. One searches in vain through the evidence of Viet Cong formal propaganda for Marxian economics or philosophy. These appear to be similarly ignored in the informal, word-of-mouth sessions in the villages. The paradox is that Communism would appear to be immaterial to this avowedly Com-

D. J. DUNCANSON *was a British civil servant in Malaya during the Communist insurrection and recently has been an adviser in Viet Nam. He is now completing an historical study of revolutionary movements in Viet Nam.*

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munist movement. This may be why some Asian leaders who watched Ho Chi-minh in the early 1950s concluded that he was "not a Communist at all." What is Communist about the movement is its method for seizing power. Any strength it may derive from ideology might be afforded just as well by some other rationalisation. It is not that ideology plays no part at all, but that its role is secondary, of the kind Emile Durkheim in his study of religion attributed to Belief's relation to Ritual. In order to predict the movement's behaviour, we have to distinguish excuses from motives, propaganda from policy. (This is a distinction in the minds of Malayan Chinese insurgents, for example, which as Professor Lucien Pye discovered, his Communist subjects took for granted.) Even the most simply organised fighting force, if it is to avoid ambush and betrayal, cannot wait for its vital logistical services until each essential supporter has been persuaded of the fitness of what he is called on to do. Conversion has to follow subversion, as a justification for discipline, not precede it.

GUERILLA warfare, as perfected in China and Viet Nam, is not just a special kind of battle tactics. It embraces, in a vaster field of activity, the entire revolutionary process by which government is worn away, superior forces are split up and neutralised, and political domination is established. The resourcefulness of Ho Chi-minh—to say "genius" might be to overrate his originality, though his perseverance cannot be overrated—has been to appreciate and to exploit, to a degree that was not called for in China, the affinity between Leninist organisation and revolutionary method and the social attitudes found in a Confucian village, whether it be in China or in Viet Nam. All political groups in both countries are habitually organised on a conspiratorial basis.

In Viet Nam foreigners are invited to believe that this peculiarity results from repression of legitimate political activity in colonial days. But factionalism was a traditional feature of Confucian politics. French administrators in Viet Nam early spotted the habitual links between fortune-telling (which sought to overcome the laws of nature), secret associations of bandits (which usually did get round the customary laws of the village) and political movements which hoped to upset the laws and authority of the State. When the Communists made their first appearance in Viet Nam in the late 1920s, it was as clandestine cells of collectors of subscriptions for unrevealed purposes. They were not immediately distinguishable from the gangsters and protection-racketeers villagers and townsmen were used to buying off. The distinction was further blurred when people who declined to pay up, or who complained to the authorities, were cut down on a street corner, garrotted behind a rubber tree, burnt to death with petrol poured over their attap huts, or buried alive in a paddy field. The ideology of Nationalism—or of the struggle for Trade Unionism or for the freedom of students or other groups and classes —was secondary to the consolidation of the Organisation itself, with its myriad tiny taproots in the obedience and contributions of individuals among the masses. The Communist Party of Indochina, as it was then called (not of Viet Nam, for that was a later adjustment to world events), was thus another Vietnamese secret society, differing only, but of course vitally, in the extent and efficiency of its apparatus and its status as an "autonomous branch of the Communist International." Much of the opposition the movement has encountered since those early years has not been due to ideological objections, but to the rivalry of other secret societies whose domination of some region it was upsetting or with which it had formed a temporary alliance which it eventually betrayed.

During the present armed insurrection, the Viet Cong movement has had behind it the experience of its victorious campaign against France and, at the same time, of responsibility for government itself in the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam. These have confirmed, and helped mature, the practice of Leninism in its revolutionary role in the South. Many recruits had been made in the villages, in the days before it occurred to anyone that active service might one day be required of them, among the numerous under-employed with a little ambition (not to say the hooligans and Robin Hoods) or among families having a public grievance or some private spite. At this stage the "masses' activation cadres", like countless rebels in Vietnamese history before them, promised all things to all men. Drawing heavily on pre-existing local loyalties, to which Vietnamese people are slow to be unfaithful, they sought no single aspiration which would appeal to the whole people. Instead they appealed to a multiplicity of aspirations ("internal contradictions") and then harnessed them to their single purpose. The practice of inciting young people to demonstrate about legitimate issues, join in some small job of sabotage or other unlawful act, even if no worse than collecting funds or distributing leaflets, and of then committing them progressively more deeply—a practice familiar from Communist movements the world over—was here brought to perfection. Whatever the inducement by which the recruit was first subverted, he has been retained primarily by a studied combination of secrecy and of fear—secrecy which

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makes it reasonably safe for him to carry on his designated activities under the noses of the authorities, and fear which makes it certainly fatal for him even to dream of breaking with the organisation and which he knows will deter any neighbour from giving him away. It is the function of ideological indoctrination to convert him, as soon as he no longer has any escape, to the belief that this is all for the best in the end—that cruel violence is justified by the higher good that it serves.

THE CELLULAR NETWORK of cadres held together in this way has made possible a type of guerilla warfare which is perhaps most suitably described as *symbiotic insurgency*—one, that is, in which, for the great bulk of its resources, the revolutionary movement draws its requirements from the supplies of its adversaries. By no other means would it have been practicable for the Communists to get their "protracted war" started in South Viet Nam. In organising the masses for this all-important purpose, they have established four kinds of relationship with villages differently situated.

1. The first group are their original "popular bases", in which they set up a rudimentary form of administration during the Japanese interregnum and from which they have never been dislodged.

2. In a second group, as in many of the towns, they have been content, for a time at least, with limited support in contributions and with information from a few individuals.

3. In the biggest group of villages, however, they have demanded from everybody reasonable, regular supplies of money, food and, latterly, conscripts to serve for fixed terms, "taxes" according to advertised scales, and percentages of any foreign aid handed out (especially such items as cement, much in use for tunnelling). It is against this group of villages that repeated resort to violence has been necessary because the daily presence of government officials and soldiers—above all (as the leaders of the Liberation Front made clear to Mr. Wilfrid Burchett) during the Strategic-Hamlet campaign of 1962–3—has been a strong temptation to back-sliding on the part of the peasants. Between mid-1955 and mid-1965 the Communist cause was hammered home in what might be called uncommitted villages by the assassination of nearly six thousand village notables and more than twenty thousand other villagers—enough to produce an annual murder in every village in the country.

4. The last category is that of villages already closely dominated by some other organisation, of which the most resistant has proved to be the Catholic Church. These have often been left completely alone for long periods, but in the end they too have nearly all been brought to heel, less by subversion from within than by direct onslaught from without, sometimes on the people's dwellings, more frequently on the garrison whose duty is to protect them. At the present time there is hardly a village anywhere that has not felt the chilling touch in the night of the Viet Cong presence—nor one which has not supplied most of what has been asked for. This is what "struggle by the whole people" means. I have heard it sometimes remarked that the sympathies of the Vietnamese peasant are engaged on neither side in this conflict. Alas, the tragedy is that most have no choice but to be actively working on *both* sides, and many a family has sons in each fighting force.

THE PEASANTS meet many requirements of the Viet Cong directly. Their most important service is the provision of shelter and concealment for guerillas on the move and for the wounded. During the summer of 1965 ten-to-twelve thousand guerillas disappeared from the Mekong Delta. They reappeared six weeks or so later in the highlands of Annam, facing the new U.S. forces. Not a man of them had been intercepted throughout this "long march." But the peasants are not a direct source of arms. The bulk of these can only be procured from the government forces. Many weapons have been captured by the Viet Cong (or lost again) in pitched battles, and many more in surprise attacks on Government armouries. It was a series of such attacks early in 1960 that gave the signal for the start of the present uprising. But at least an equal quantity, especially of ammunition, filters along clandestine channels without the Viet Cong having to fight for it.

The peasants provide facilities for this in a variety of ways. First, there is the subscription of money with which to buy arms. A great many weapons have been given out to the several separate security forces (notably in 1963 and 1964), of whose handling it has been thought unnecessary, or impossible, to keep a record. Soldiers or others having charge of them, who might hesitate to "double-insure" with a known Communist out of straight disloyalty, may be helped to take the plunge with an easier conscience if the inducement is, rather, to dishonesty and conveyed through an intermediary known to them personally but not as a guerilla himself. A peasant can buy peace by acting as the agent or as the smuggler in such a transaction. So also with isolated Government outposts. The more the guerillas have scattered their attacks, the more the security forces have

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been subdivided among minute garrisons, which are easy prey for a camouflaged and unpredictable enemy. In such places a *modus vivendi* (a French-introduced euphemism for similar if more respectable diplomatic arrangements) may be arranged through the peasants whereby a regular supply of ammunition will secure immunity from attack. Finally, even when (as has happened increasingly since 1964) the source of the arms lies outside South Viet Nam altogether, peasant labour and the camouflage of peasant comings-and-goings are vital for conveyance to the units in action. So much so, that without subversion of the greater part of the countryside to a degree where the Viet Cong can call up such logistical services more or less any time at will, neither the infiltration of arms nor the infiltration of regular troops from North Viet Nam could have been undertaken on a useful scale. The scale of infiltration is a measure of the degree of subversion already attained rather than a prior condition for subversion, as is sometimes imagined.

An essential condition in keeping up a symbiotic insurgency, as I have tried to report it, is that the insurgents should impose upon their own side the most rigorous economy. Although their fighting men need never go long without food anywhere in so prosperous a countryside as South Viet Nam, the opportunities for diversion of supplies from enemy forces are always precarious and never decisive. Moreover, taking a broad area of the extent of two or three provinces, it is doubtful whether the Viet Cong can ever command the full-time services of above a fifth of the population. There is another fifth who, enjoying effective protection from the Government, cannot be reached by any method of subversion. From the majority in between, twenty per cent is again about the limit of their labour and product—we might say their "surplus value"—that can be exploited in the insurrection.

Economy has therefore to be applied to all military operations and equally to the whole tenor of life of the people under the movement's domination. However, this is not the unrelieved disadvantage one might expect, and it is largely thanks to the practice of economy that so many setbacks have been weathered. Junior commanders are deterred by it from tackling otherwise tempting targets when they do not dispose of immediate local superiority. The consequent avoidance of defeats through military adventurism keeps up the morale of both fighting men and supporters, whose faith in the ultimate invincibility of the movement is less easily shaken. Improvisation in support of the fighting develops the habit of improvisation in daily life and, re-

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ducing the demand for town supplies, indirectly reduces the peasant's contact with centres of government. With short commons all round, the soldier travels very light indeed. Sharing the little that there is naturally gives rise to habits of mutual identification between guerilla and peasant not already bound by family or other local ties. More than that, the leaders have an excuse to destroy in their supporters all desire to possess material things. The disincentive to possession has played a constant part in the maintenance of the Communist régimes in both China and North Viet Nam and in both countries was evidently the chief purpose behind the land reform; it also seems to be a factor in China's "Cultural Revolution."

The contrast in South Viet Nam between abundance and generosity on the Government side and the austerity enforced on the Viet Cong side is not always as favourable to the Government as the West has been inclined to take for granted. In a psychological environment conditioned by Western materialism *vs.* Eastern spirituality, social levelling makes the burdens of the "protracted war" a little lighter to bear. The less one has to lose the less hardship one will feel. There is no immediate hope of laying down one's personal burden anyway. In everybody's mind the very phrase the Communist translators have rendered as "protracted" implies *endurance.*

IN ANY guerilla war the scales are weighted from the outset in favour of the guerillas by the destructive nature of the task they take on. Initiative remains with the side causing the mischief, and it takes only a fraction of the organisation, work and courage to blow up a bridge on one day in the year that it takes to keep it from being blown up every day of the year. The revolutionary is answerable to no one, knows no law, may employ any trick or weapon. He operates in secret, with a cypher instead of a name, and takes no journalists on patrol with him to report his intimidating transactions with the peasants or film the "people's trials and executions" he instigates.

If defence against his attacks from without is a military task, defence against his attacks from within is a task of government. The American (and allied) security forces may well be able to render the revolutionary's attacks on villages from without too costly for him and *his* outside reinforcements to maintain. But can the machinery of government—wantonly undermined for twenty years by many different hands—rise to the task of putting an end to his attacks from within by digging him out from his roots in the villages—and, once he is out, keeping him out? That in South Viet Nam is still quite unpredictable.

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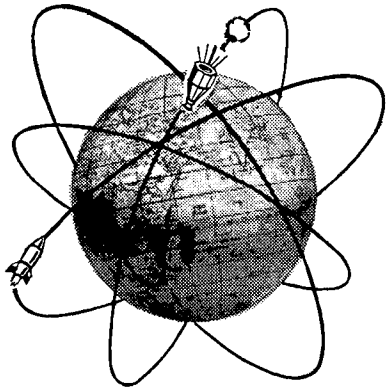

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PRESS

Stories from Viet Nam

IT IS A COMMON COMPLAINT among journalists here in Viet Nam that they are not "getting through to the readers." American correspondents come back from leave in the U.S.A. depressed to have found that despite the acres of newsprint they have relentlessly filed throughout the year people are as baffled as they ever were. In New York or Washington they've been buttonholed to the point of exasperation with the question: "For Heaven's sake tell me—what *is* going on out there?"—a dispiriting question after those months of trial in the tropics.

Not all correspondents could virtuously snap back: "Why don't you read your newspaper?" It has to be admitted that "what is going on" is just what a number of reporters in Viet Nam simply cannot get across even if they know. Their problem has nothing to do with censorship or jesting Pilate officials. It does no harm to repeat that the Viet Nam war is a political-military situation of very great complexity enmeshed in a skein of human elements of equal complexity. It is a war with countless engagements but no battle front and at no point that one can see will it be possible to say "This is victory." The battle of ideas that underlies the shooting in the jungle means that the Vietnamese will to continue has to be frequently reassessed in the light of changing political and military events. No such assessments were necessary of, say, British or Korean public opinion in wars whose basic necessity were generally accepted once and for all at the outset.

Many journalists in Viet Nam are sadly aware that a number of intelligent people in America and Britain simply refuse to accept the complexity of it all. So often minds have been rigidly made up. For those who proclaim magnificently clear-cut solutions to the problems in print or public hall, what is reported from Viet Nam is of less and less importance. It saves time and thought in Caxton Hall to boil it down to this: the Americans (or Communists) started it; the Americans (or Communists) have only to withdraw for it all to end; all South Vietnamese love (hate) the Americans. Simple.

One evening this summer in London I was asked in the course of a friendly discussion on Viet Nam to explain last spring's Buddhist upheaval. Someone present—an intelligent young writer—said surely it simply meant that the Buddhists who represent 80% of the South Vietnamese population were campaigning for an immediate withdrawal of the American troops and thus an end to a war which the people no longer support.

I said I did not think it was quite that simple; that Thich Tri Quang's Buddhists were a minority, though an important one, in the Buddhist movement and that though they are genuine nationalists with real grievances against the Americans, even they did not want an immediate U.S. withdrawal which would leave them exposed to an armed Viet Cong take-over. That, at least, was what a number of militant Buddhists I had spent a good deal of time with had repeated again and again. When I had finished I was told that could not possibly be true. I was "pulling a fast one," the young man said sharply, by repeating conversations I alleged I had had (well, all right, he would accept that I'd had those conversations); I was trying to blind with science people in London who couldn't get to Viet Nam but who none the less could see as clear as day what was going on. They had the truth; the facts out there didn't matter.

BUT FOR THOSE who do read their newspapers, how is the war being covered? There are about 500 names on the official accreditation list in Saigon. But of this staggering number perhaps half are reporters and the rest cameramen, TV sound men, and photographers. The great majority, of course, are American.

Most people are bound to come to Viet Nam with strong preconceptions. It has interested me to see the change that usually comes over them after the initial impact. Usually Americans on short visits who come as "hawks" go away still more hawkish; if they come as "doves" they become less dovish. For one thing new arrivals expect to find Saigon, like Algiers in 1958, a city of terror, with grenades in crowded bars and bicycles packed with plastic exploding in supermarkets. It isn't like that—why it isn't is one of the war's mysteries—and a visitor's morale soars. It soars again at the sight of shops with luxury goods, so many Vietnamese looking well off (it takes longer to notice the poverty), cosy restaurants. Serious correspondents who stay a long time tend to arrive doves; swing to hawkishness; finally level out into a guardedness, somewhere in between.

Expecting a situation fraught with fear, confusion, and near-starvation, visiting columnists are agreeably surprised to find that large numbers of Vietnamese go about their lives with considerably less concern for the war than Londoners during the blitz; that schools and

GAVIN YOUNG *has been* The Observer's *correspondent in South-east Asia, and especially Viet Nam, for the past two years.*

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universities maintain their schedules, near enough; that art exhibitions abound and theatrical performances are well attended; and that one can wander anywhere in Saigon and most other Vietnamese cities and towns as safely as through Notting Hill Gate or Greenwich Village and a good deal more safely than in Harlem.

Visitors acquire a relief and confidence they did not feel when their Boeing began its descent over the paddy fields and are thus prepared for the next infusion of optimism which comes with the inevitable contact with the American public relations and military machines, the one as impressive as the other.

The Joint U.S. Public Affairs Office in Saigon's centre has so organised things that it would be possible, what with the briefings and handouts, for a correspondent to cover the war without stirring outside its doors. It copes with a Homeric outpouring of facts and statistics. It has a friendly atmosphere and a snack bar. It can be very useful and dangerous to columnists in for a week or two—long-term American correspondents have learned to profit from it and beware.

Too much time spent in JUSPAO could make you forget you were in Viet Nam; with its staff in button-down shirts, filtered air and paper drinking-cups it is an incongruous but perfect transplant from Washington. Similarly, the American military presence is so overwhelmingly *there*. You get your first glimpse at the airport whose runway is shared in ear-shattering confusion by commercial airlines and the armada of military aircraft. Reporters so inclined by temperament or training could easily forget that Vietnamese exist "in any way," or to use the common Saigon expression, "meaningfully."

WHEN I ARRIVED in Viet Nam in April 1965 some Americans were already talking about the war as "an American war." At that time there were some 23,000 American servicemen in Viet Nam, mostly advisers. The entire ground war was being fought by the Vietnamese Army. Now there are getting on for 400,000 troops "in country" and naturally the tendency of American reporters to concentrate on the U.S. contribution has increased in proportion.

It is true that Viet Nam reporters' fixation on the purely military aspects of the war has been slightly diminished by the Buddhist upheavals earlier this year. (The Buddhists have achieved two things this year—elections and increased political awareness among correspondents.) When the first Marines landed at Danang early last year many American reporters rushed up there and spent weeks writing stories about Leathernecks "storming ashore" (they walked up the beaches unopposed) while further south in a potentially decisive series of victories the Viet Cong were rapidly destroying the Vietnamese Army piecemeal. Few Americans seemed to be reporting that. No doubt their editors were clamouring for pictures and stories (complete with name, age, home address) of Marines digging in on foreign fields because that was what they decided the reading public wanted to have. "The Marines are here" stories also injected a new feeling of badly needed confidence in victory, and that was certainly hard to find in the Vietnamese side of the picture which in any case was (and still is) for many correspondents, who speak neither Vietnamese nor French, a baffling, even a trifle sinister, area.

Since the U.S. build-up the wild proliferation of war stories has gone on apace. The spirit of Hemingway that lies so heavy on the air can be seen in the number of correspondents walking about in full battle kit complete with pistol. (The debate still rages about whether correspondents should be armed; but many are.) The American correspondents and photographers in Viet Nam are astoundingly brave. Many spend week after week slogging along with the troops, often under fire, filing dispatches profusely as they go. The Danang Press Centre run by the Marines has become in some ways like a ski resort—correspondents bustle out at dawn from bacon and eggs, some to the "nursery slopes" of a routine patrol, others to the major peaks of a full-scale brigade assault. In the evenings they discuss their "operations" as eagerly as old women in a National Health out-patients queue.

Because competition is so fierce and Pulitzer Prizes are so few the weight of reporting on individual actions is bound to lead to overemphasis on this or that "search or destroy" operation and probably to the confusion of the readers. If because of journalistic rivalry each marine landing or Air Cavalry Division action is dramatically compared, as many are, to some major battle of the past—"the biggest since Inchon" or "the second biggest since Normandy"—by the time the fiftieth operation has taken place the American reader must ask himself why with all this overwhelming success there is still a Viet Cong soldier left on the field.

"Top Brass" columnists coming out "to see for themselves" find themselves spiritually overwhelmed by the sheer glitter of military hardware. The military organisation makes sure they see it. Special planes and helicopters are laid on; special briefings are given by top colonels standing before so many splendoured charts from floor to ceiling that one might be forgiven for mistaking the briefing room for an adjunct of a New York 57th Street Gallery; General

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Westmoreland takes time off from running the war to explain in person just how he's doing it (though he is one man who never ceases to stress that this will be "a long, long war").

The resident journalists are thankful to make use of the military air network. It is one of the few ways of getting about and it is run with remarkable consideration for the press corps (to the point where, on occasion, U.S. servicemen are removed from aircraft to make room for reporters!). The residents, by and large, are a cynical hard-boiled bunch seldom likely to be suborned by feelings of obligation for transport facilities. But the effect of the red-carpet treatment on visiting columnists—those armour-clad titans, heavy with syndicated influence—is something else again. For one thing, few visitors on a two or three week "swan" are equipped with the detailed knowledge that alone would enable them to ask awkward and searching questions.

If, for example, they are unaware that "Operation Charlie," now going like clock-work and turning up large numbers of Viet Cong regulars for the slaughter, was preceded three months earlier by an exactly similar operation in the same area, it is impossible to ask the useful question: "Are we, then, losing men in repeated operations in the same areas which the enemy reoccupies as soon as we withdraw as we always seem to do?"

One of America's military experts, General (ret.) S. L. A. Marshall, has recently criticised in print what he regards as the inadequacies of American battle reporting in Viet Nam. The general's complaint is that there isn't enough of it. On the contrary there's probably more than enough. Over-preoccupation with the American military effort leads to a corresponding ignorance of the Vietnamese political scene. More and more Americans are acting as if the Vietnamese simply do not exist. Yet there are few people today who do not admit that eventually there must be a political solution in Viet Nam and the views of South Vietnamese will be of paramount importance.

FORTUNATELY THERE IS a hard core of expert reporters of considerable experience and sensitivity—they tend to write off the rest as "police reporters"—who are painstakingly well-informed about political as well as military developments. The *New York Times'* squad led by Charles Mohr, who has spent years in Viet Nam, and the *Washington Post*'s team (Stanley Karnow and Ward Just) are examples. Robert Shaplen of the *New Yorker* and Sol Sanders of *U.S. News and World Report* know Viet Nam thoroughly. *Newsweek*'s covering of economic and political stories has been admirably wide.

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American reader—say in the Mid-West—might have thought one morning last spring when the Buddhist uproar suddenly burst on to his newspaper's front page. More than one Kansas householder must have begun reading the startling news that General Ky had just announced his intentions of "liberating" Danang from the Communists with wild bafflement. Danang? the place where all our Marines are? in Communist hands? What goes on?

If he hadn't been reading *The New York Times*—unlikely in Kansas—he would have had no idea what was going on. Up to the moment when burning Buddhists became impossible to ignore, the bulk of the Saigon press corps seem to have entirely ignored the political rumblings that for some months had been giving forewarnings of trouble. Partly perhaps because of language problems; largely because Vietnamese goings-on had come to seem unimportant in the light of the military build-up. For many correspondents Viet Nam had already become an American aircraft carrier.

Soon after the Buddhist crisis, the correspondent of a prestigious U.S. daily asked an American official spokesman: "Say, Harold, aren't there some Catholics in this country? I mean what do they think of all these Buddhists? What are their views on all this, Harold?" Harold Kaplan, an admirable USIS official with the refreshing sufficiency of honesty to express private perturbation when he feels it's due, replied that he could hardly speak for Vietnamese Catholics and suggested the correspondent walk up the street and ask them. His remark was received with some resentment.

IN ALL THIS, British journalists are a small minority. Some papers are hardly represented at all. *The Times* sends a man once in a very blue moon; the *Daily Mail* hardly ever; the *Sunday Times* at wide intervals. The *Daily Telegraph* has a continuing series of thorough reporters who occasionally grouse that they find agency copy inserted into their work in London. The *Express* and *Mirror* also have someone there most of the time, the *Guardian* less often. One of the *Guardian*'s best men came out earlier this year to find things weren't quite as bad as he'd thought, wrote just that, and was told for his pains to be more objective by his head office.

In one way reporting the war is no easier for British than for Americans. It *should* be easier because there's no British involvement, but in fact that creates pitfalls. British writers with a penchant for satire can be certain of winning the esteem of friends at home by trading wittily on Britain's mistrust of U.S. power and judgment. It is not all that difficult to "take off" American accents and demonstrate in a pen-portrait of some eccentric aid official that *all* Americans in Viet Nam are behaving like homicidal buffoons. It's so easy.

Among Americans "flip" treatment of the war is non-existent. The best U.S. journalists—who are very good—take the Viet Nam assignment with the intense seriousness it merits. A writer in the *New Statesman* recently took American correspondents to task for their condescending tendency to regard Viet Nam as "another Congo" and cited as evidence the prologue to the book called *The Making of a Quagmire* by *The N.Y. Times*' David Halberstam. Certainly the prologue concerning the chain of events that led to Halberstam's honourable transfer from the Congo to Viet Nam is irrelevant to the account of the fall of Diem that follows. But the main body of the book demonstrates a wholly admirable effort by Halberstam to project Viet Nam, its people and their tragedy "in the round," and certainly represents an example of a successful breakout from the padded harness of official U.S. Public Relations in Saigon which he found stifling.

Halberstam's successors in the Saigon bureau of the *New York Times*—and a handful of other Americans—make similar efforts. They work under limitations. They do not speculate on the morality of the war—that is not their job. Most people watching the war on the spot are understandably less concerned with who was responsible for starting it than with finding out what the possibilities are for ending it. But they are healthily impervious to official blandishments and neither the South Vietnamese Government nor the U.S. Embassy can stop them writing what they want. They are of course inhibited by lack of space. And they are a small group; too small.

Such correspondents in Viet Nam are bound to be haunted by the feeling that there is probably only one way to work the various elusive aspects of the war into one wholly satisfactory picture. Apart from the aid programmes, the military operations, the political ups and downs, how can one depict the human facets of such a complex tragedy? What of the thoughts and feelings of Vietnamese? How has the war affected their lives and art, their outlook on foreigners and different cultures? How, if at all, have the Americans been changed by contact with Vietnamese?

The Vietnamese War awaits its novelist. Whoever it is will have to do at least as well as Graham Greene. *The Quiet American*, written twelve years ago, is useful reading in Saigon in 1966. But if the drunken, block-headed American journalist he describes was typical then, things have immeasurably improved at the heart of the Saigon Press Corps.

Gavin Young

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Robert Lowell

The Vanity of Human Wishes

(*After Juvenal's Tenth Satire*)

In every land as far as man can go,
from Spain to the Aurora or the poles,
few know, and even fewer choose what's true.
What do we fear with reason, or desire?
Is a step made without regret? The gods
ruin whole households for a foolish prayer.
Devoured by peace, we seek devouring war,
the orator is drowned by his torrential speech,
the gladiator's mountainous muscle kills
its owner. Wealth is worse; how many pile
fortune on fortune—like the Atlantic whale,
they bulk above the lesser fish and die.
For this in the dark years and at the word
of Nero, Seneca's high gardens fell;
Longinus died; a cohort of praetorians
besieged the Lateran. No soldiers purge
a garret. If you take a walk at night,
fingering a little silver, be prepared
to think each shadow hides a knife or spear.
You'll fear each wavering of the moonlit reed,
while beggars whistle in the robber's face.

Almost the first and last prayer made in all
the temples is for wealth: "Let my estate
stand first in Rome!" But who drinks arsenic
from earthenware? Fear death each time you lift
the jewelled goblet, or when vintage wine
purples the golden bowl.

Which wise man shall
I praise, the one who laughed, or he who sighed
each time he left his house? But all men smile,
I marvel any finds sufficient tears.
Democritus could laugh till he was sick,
and yet in those days in his little town,
there were no fasces, litters, canopies,
no tribune bawling from the tribunal.
What if he'd seen the praetor riding high
in his triumphal car across the Circus,
dragging his palm-embroided robes of Zeus,
a gold-stitched toga, and a cloud of dust?
What if he'd seen him in his cardboard crown,
a millstone that no mortal neck could bear—
there elbowed by a sweating German slave,
crowding the praetor to deflate his pride?
And now the eagle on its ivory staff,
the hornblowers, the herd of toadies mixed
with citizens of Rome, in snow-white robes,
his dearest friends, the lackeys in his pay.
Democritus could laugh at everything;
his neighbours' self-importance made him smile,
he even found amusement in their tears,
and by his tolerance and courage proved
that honesty and wisdom can survive
the smothering air of a provincial town.
When Superstition shouted for his head,
he laughed, and left her hanging in her noose.
Why do we hunger so for vicious things?
Our wishes bend the statues of the gods.

How many men are killed by Power, by Power
and Power's companion, Envy! Your long list
of honours breaks your neck. Statues follow
the rope and crash, the axe cuts down the two-
wheeled chariot's wheels, and snaps the horse's legs.
Fierce hiss the fires, the bellows roar, the head,
all-popular and adored by all once, burns—
Sejanus crackles, and his crude bronze face,
the second in the world, melts down to jars,
frying pans, basins, platters, chamber pots.
Hang out your laurels, lead the great chalked bull
to the high altar at the Capitol—
men lead Sejanus on a hook, and all
rejoice. "What flannel lips he has! No man,
I tell you, ever loved this man!" "But tell us,
what was his crime, friend? Who were the informers?
What witness swore away his life?" "No witness!
A wordy long epistle came from Capri."
"Tiberius spoke, enough, I'll hear no more."
But what about the Roman mob? Their rule
is always follow fortune and despise
the fallen. One thing's certain, if the gods
spared Sejanus, or some accident had choked
Tiberius in his green old age, why then
the mob would hail Sejanus Caesar now.

Now that we have no suffrage left to sell,
we have no troubles; we who once conferred
legions, fasces, empires, everything,
are simply subjects; restlessly we ask
for two things: bread and circuses. But listen—
"I hear that many more are going to die."
"No doubt about it, they have heaped the furnace."
"My closest friend, Brutidius, looked white
just now at Mars' altar, Caesar stirs,
I fear fresh heads will fall for negligence."

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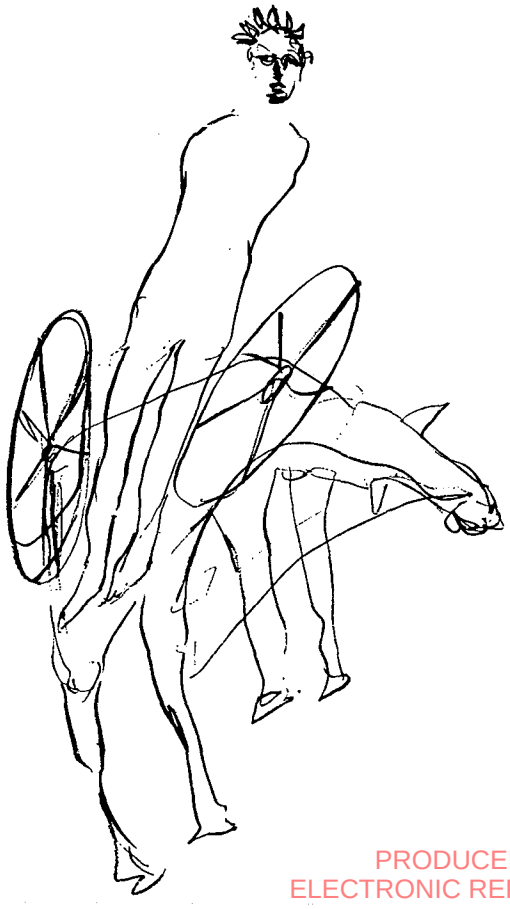
"Quick, Caesar's enemy is still exposed;
let's run; there's time to trample on the corpse."
"I'll bring my slaves for witnesses; no paid
accuser shall drag me haltered into court."
Thus, thus, the secret murmurs of the crowd—
would you be cheered and flattered like Sejanus?
Be rich as Croesus, give the currule chair
to one, and armies to another? Would you be
Tiberius' favourite, while he sits and suns
himself at Capri, fed by eastern fags?
Surely you'd like to have his lances, cohorts,
blue-blooded knights and army corps of slaves.
Why not, friend? Even if you never wished
to murder, you would like to have the power.
But would you want to shine and rise this high,
if ruin's counterweight must crush your life?
Who would prefer Sejanus' rod of office
to being mayor of Gabii, or Fidenae,
some country praetor smashing crooked weights,
wearing a threadbare cloak at Ulubrae?
Let's say then that Sejanus was insane;
wanting authority and wealth, he added
storey on storey to his towering house—
so much the higher for the blinding crash!
What ruined Crassus, Pompey, he who scourged
Gaul and the torn Republic with his lash?
What brought them down? High places and the art
of climbing, wishes answered by the gods,
who send few kings to Pluto without wounds,
still fewer cherished by their people's love.



All through the summer holidays, each schoolboy
who worships wisdom with a penny fee,
and one poor slave to lug his sack of books,
prays for the eloquence and name and fame
of Cicero and fierce Demosthenes;
yet eloquence destroyed both orators,
this, this condemned and drowned them in its flood.
Eloquence lopped off Cicero's right hand,
and cut his throat, but no cheap shyster ever
dirtied the Roman rostrum with his blood.
"My consulate, how fortunate the state:"
if this were all you wrote, you might have scorned
the swords and vengeance of Antonius.
Yes, all in all, I like such pompous verse
more than your force, immortal fifth Philippic!
Dark too the murder of the patriot Greek,
who stunned the men of Athens with his words,
and held the hushed assembly in his palm.
Under unfriendly gods and an ill star,
your blacksmith father raised and sent you forth,
red-eyed and sooty from the glowering forge,
from anvil, pincers, hammer and the coals
to study rhetoric, Demosthenes!

War souvenirs and trophies nailed to trees,
a cheek-strap dangling from a clobbered helmet,
a breast-plate, or a trireme's figurehead,
or captives weeping on the victor's arch:
these are considered more than human prizes.
For these Greek, Roman, and barbarian
commanders march; for these they pledge their lives
and freedom—such their thirst for fame, and such
their scorn of virtue, for who wants a life
of virtue without praise? Whole nations die
to serve the glory of the few; all lust
for honours and inscriptions on their tombs—
those tombs a twisted fig tree can uproot,
for tombs too have their downfall and their doom.

Throw Hannibal on the scales, how many pounds
does the great captain come to? This is he,
whom neither Africa, nor the Moorish sea,
the stagnant Nile, nor Ethiopia's
thick elephants could hold. He set his hand
firmly on Spain, then scaled the Pyrenees;
when snows, the Alps, and nature blocked his road,
he derricked rocks, and split the mountain sides
with vinegar. Now Italy is his;
the march goes on. "Think nothing done," he says,
"until my Punic soldiers hack through Rome,
and plant my standard over the Subura's
whore-houses." What a face for painters! Look,
the one-eyed leader prods his elephant!
And what's the end? Oh glory! Like the others,
he is defeated, then the worried flight,
the great, world-famous client cools his heels
in royal ante-rooms, and waits on some
small despot, sleeping off a drunken meal.
What is the last day of this mighty spirit
whose valour turned the known world on its head?
Not swords, or pikes, or legions—no, not these,

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his crown for Cannae and those seas of blood
is poison in a ring. March, madman, pass
the Alps, the Tiber—be a purple patch
for schoolboys, and a theme for declamation!

The world was much too small for Alexander,
butting against the limits of the globe,
as if his kingdom were a bull's corral;
however, when he reached his final city,
a grave was all he wanted. Death alone
shows us what tedious things our bodies are.
Fleets climbed the slopes of Athos (such the lies
of Greek historians) yes, and paved the sea;
wheels rumbled down an avenue of decks,
breakfasting Persians drank whole rivers dry—
that's how the perjured laureats puffed their songs.
But tell us how the King of Kings returned
from Salamis? He whose amusement was
whipping the winds, and bragging how he'd drag
Neptune in chains, and branded to his throne—
a lovely master for the gods to serve!
Tell us of his return. A single ship,
scything for sea-room through the Persian dead.
That was his sentence for his dreams of glory.

"Give us long life, Oh God, and years to live,"
in sickness or in health, this is our prayer;
but age's ills are strong and never fail.
Look at the face, deformed and paralysed,
unlike itself, its skin a hide, gone cheeks,
a thousand wrinkles like a female ape.
Youth is unique: each boy is handsomer
than the next one, or cleverer, or stronger,
but old men look alike, their voices shake
worse than their fingers, every head is bare,
each snivels like a child; they mess their bread
with toothless gums—how heavily they weigh
upon their wives, their children, and themselves!
Even the fortune-hunter turns them down,
now food and even wine are one more torture,
a long oblivion falls on intercourse,
the shy nerve, pumping, drops like a wet leaf,
though tickled through the night, it cannot rise.
What do you hope from your white pubic hairs?
Sex hounds you, when its power is gone. Or take
the loss of other senses—the best voice
strikes on the drumming ear like lead, the harp
of the best harpist screams like a ground knife.
What good are bosoms jingling with gold coins,
the front row in the concert hall, when you
can hardly tell a trumpet from a drum?
The boy announcing visitors or meals
half kills himself with baying in your ear.

Now only fevers warm the thinning blood,
diseases of all kinds lock hands and dance,
even their names escape you—let me list
the many lechers Oppia will love,
slow-coming Maura drain a day, how many
schoolboys Hamillus will crouch on, the partners
Hirrus will swindle, the sick men Themiston will kill
this autumn—I could more easily count

the villas bought up by my barber. This
man has a sagging shoulder, that a hernia,
another has a softening hipbone—here is one
with cataracts, another's spoonfed: listen,
they yawn like baby starlings for their swill!
But the worst evil is the loss of mind;
then we forget the names of slaves, the friend
we dine with; our own children's faces blur
to one dim presence, then the will's rewritten:
All goes to Phiale, so lulling are
the acrobatics of that agile tongue
that used to sell her body in the streets.

Let's say you keep your mind, you'll live to see
your wife and sons laid out, the ashes of
brothers and sisters shut in marble urns.
These the rewards of living long: repeated
groaning that fills an empty house, yourself
in black, a ghost, disaster on disaster!
Nestor, if one believes the lines from Homer,
lived longer than a crow—how fortunate,
outwitting death and tasting the new wine
a hundred autumns! Was this all? Fate's grace,
and his long thread of years were all too much
the day he saw his son, Antilochus
flame on the pyre, asked, why he'd lived? "What crime
have I committed?" Peleus felt the same
for great Achilles, and Laertes for
Odysseus. What of Priam? Would that he had died
the day when Paris launched his robber galley;
he would have met his city's shades, with Troy
still standing, Hector and all his sons on hand
to bear him on their shoulders, with Cassandra,
unravished, free to wail the song of mourning.
What good was his long life? He saw his house
go down in ruin, Asia burning—fire
and sword! He put on armour, then the poor
old doddering soldier fell before his altar,
like some old ox discarded by the plough,
craning his neck out for his master's axe.
but Priam's death was human: Hecuba
survived him to die barking like a dog.

I pass by Mithridates; why repeat
Solon's old saws to Croesus—take our own men,

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take Marius. Age brought him prison, exile,
weeks on his belly in Minturnae's marsh,
a last day begging bread in conquered Carthage.
Did nature ever raise a Roman higher?
Did Rome? If he had died with all the pomp
of war, his army marshalled out to cheer him,
one foot descending on a Teuton's back?
How provident was the Campanian fever
for Pompey; but the tears of many cities,
all praying for his life, prevailed. He lived,
his stars preserved him, and a eunuch's scab
cut off his head. Was Lentulus so tortured?
Was Cethagus? Or even Catiline,
whose corpse lay undishonoured on the field?

The nervous mother passing Venus' altar
prays for good-looking sons and lovelier daughters.
"Why not?," she says, "Latona bore Diana!"
Why not? And yet Lucretia's fate forbids
us to desire her face. Virginia
would swap her figure for Rutila's hump.
A handsome son has dry and trembling parents.
Honour seldom saves beauty. But suppose
a simple household teaches him the fathers'
virtues and Sabine manners, say that nature
moreover makes him kind, intelligent,
with warm blood rising to his cheeks—
what better gifts can nature give the boy,
all-giving nature, gentler than his teachers?
and yet the boy will never be a man.
Some prodigal seducer will seduce
the parents—money never fails its giver.
No overweight tyrant castrates the deformed.
Trust Nero, Nero had an eye for beauty:
he never picked a spastic or a lout.

Move on though, revel in your breathless beauty.
You stagger, soon more calloused hands will guide you,
you'll fly to women. Chase the iron foot
of Mars, who stumbled in the cripple's net,
risk the worst punishments the laws allow
an injured husband—often the revenge
outdoes the law: The cuckold kills the lover,
chops off his balls, or jams a mullet up
his arse. Then choose a widow; soon you'll have
her money, all her unloved body has
to give. What can Catulla, what can Chloris
deny your greasy prick—sad sacks in heat,
their conscience washing out between their legs.
But beauty never hurts the good! Go ask
Bellerophon, go ask Hippolytus.
Chastity couldn't save their lives from Phaedra,
or Sthenoboea, faithful wives, then scorned
lovers screwed on to murder by their shame.

Now tell me what advice you have to give
the fellow Caesar's consort wants to marry—
the best man, the most beautiful, an old
patrician house could raise, soon caught, soon shoved
from life to death by Messalina's eye?
She's long been seated, and her bridal veil
rustles, the lovers' bed of purple roses
quite openly beside the garden rustles,
by ancient rule, a dowry of a million
brass sesterces must now be counted—clerks,
lawyers, the thin-lipped priest, attend on tiptoe.
"What, did you want a hole-in-corner marriage?
The lady has a right to her religion.
What will you do? Speak up! Say no, you'll die
before the lamps are lit. Say yes, you'll live
until the city hears, and someone squeals
in Claudius' ear—he'll be the last in Rome
to know of his disgrace. Meanwhile obey
your love, if one or two days' life mean much—
whatever's best or costs the smallest effort,
to bring your fair white body to the sword."

There's nothing then to pray for? If you want
my counsel, let the gods and God provide:
What's best, what serves us, only He can know.
We're dearer to the gods than to ourselves.
Hurried by impulse and diseased desire,
we ask for wives, and children by our wives—
what wives, what children, only heaven knows.
Still, if you ask for something, if you must
buy holy sausages and dedicate
the tripe of bulls at every altar, pray for
a healthy body and a healthy soul,
a soul that is not terrified by death,
that thinks long life the least of nature's gifts,
courage that takes whatever comes—this hero
like Hercules, all pain and labour, loathes
the lecherous gut of Sardanapolus.
Success is worshipped as a god; it's we
who set up shrines and temples in her name.
I give you simply what you have already.

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P. B. Medawar

Science & the Sanctity of Life

An Examination of Current Fallacies

I DO NOT INTEND to deny that the advances of science may sometimes have consequences that endanger, if not life itself, then the quality of life or our self-respect as human beings (for it is in this wider sense that I think "sanctity" should be construed). Nor shall I waste time by defending science as a whole or scientists generally against a change of inner or essential malevolence. The Wicked Scientist is not to be taken seriously: Dr. Strangelove, Dr. Moreau, Dr. Moriarty, Dr. Mabuse, Dr. Frankenstein (an honorary degree, this), and the rest of them are puppets of Gothick fiction. Scientists, on the whole, are amiable and well-meaning creatures. There must be very few wicked scientists. There are, however, plenty of wicked philosophers, wicked priests, and wicked politicians.

One of the gravest charges ever made against science is that biology has now put it into our power to corrupt both the body and the mind of man. By scientific means (the charge runs) we can now breed different kinds and different races—different models, almost—of human beings, degrading some, making aristocrats of others, adapting others still to special purposes: treating them in fact like dogs, for this is how we *have* treated dogs. Or again: science now makes it possible to dominate and control the thought of human beings—to improve them, perhaps, if that should be our purpose, but more often to enslave or to corrupt with evil teaching.

But these things have always been possible. At any time in the past 5,000 years it would have been within our power to embark on a programme of selecting and culling human beings and raising breeds as different from one another as toy poddles and Pekinese are from St. Bernards and Great Danes. In a genetic sense the empirical arts of the breeder are just as applicable to human beings as to horses—more easily applicable, in fact, for human beings are highly *evolvable* animals, a property they owe partly to an open and uncomplicated breeding system, which allows them a glorious range of inborn diversity and therefore a tremendous evolutionary potential; and partly to their lack of physical specialisations (in the sense in which ant-eaters and woodpeckers and indeed dogs are specialised), a property which gives human beings a sort of amateur status among animals. And it has always been possible to pervert or corrupt human beings by coercion, propaganda, or evil indoctrination. Science has not yet improved these methods, nor have scientists used them. They have, however, been used to great effect by politicians, philosophers, and priests.

THE MISCHIEF that science may do grows just as often out of trying to do good—as, for example, improving the yield of soil is intended to do good—as out of actions intended to be destructive. The reason is simple enough: however hard we try, we do not and sometimes cannot foresee all the distant consequences of scientific innovation. No one clearly foresaw that the widespread use of antibiotics might bring about an evolution of organisms resistant to their action. No one could have predicted that X-irradiation was a possible cause of cancer. No one could have foreseen the speed and scale with which advances in medicine and public health would create a problem of overpopulation that threatens to undo much of what medical science has worked for. (Thirty years

SIR PETER MEDAWAR *was awarded the Nobel Prize for Medicine in 1960. A second article on this subject—from a social philosopher's viewpoint—by* PROFESSOR EDWARD SHILS *will appear in an early* ENCOUNTER.

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ago the talk was all of how the people of the Western world were reproducing themselves too slowly to make good the wastage of mortality; we heard tell of a "Twilight of Parenthood," and wondered rather fearfully where it all would end.) But somehow or other we shall get round all these problems, for everyone of them is soluble, even the population problem, and even though its solution is obstructed above all else by the bigotry of some of our fellow men.

I CHOOSE from medicine and medical biology one or two concrete examples of how advances in science threaten or seem to threaten the sanctity of human life. Many of these threats, of course, are in no sense distinctively medical, though they are often loosely classified as such. They are merely medical contexts for far more pervasive dangers. One of them is our increasing state of dependence on medical services and the medical industries. What would become of the diabetic if the supplies of insulin dried up, or of the victims of Addison's disease deprived of synthetic steroids? Questions of this kind might be asked of every service society provides. In a complex society we all depend upon and sustain each other, for transport, communications, food, goods, shelter, protection and a hundred other things. The medical industries will not break down all by themselves, and if they do break down it will be only one episode of a far greater disaster.

The same goes for the economic burden imposed by illness in any community that takes some collective responsibility for the health of its citizens. All shared burdens have a cost which is to a greater or lesser degree shared between us: education, pensions, social welfare, legal aid and every other social service, including government.

We are getting nearer what is distinctively medical when we ask ourselves about the economics, logistics, and morality of keeping people alive by medical intervention and medical devices. At present it is the cost and complexity of the operation, and the shortage of machines and organs, that denies a kidney graft or an artificial kidney to anyone mortally in need of it. The limiting factors are thus still economic and logistic. But what about the morality of keeping people alive by these

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heroic medical contrivances? I do not think it is possible to give any answer that is universally valid or that, if it were valid, would remain so for more than a very few years. Medical contrivances extend all the way from pills and plasters and bottles of tonic to complex mechanical prostheses, which will one day include mechanical hearts. At what point shall we say we are wantonly interfering with Nature and prolonging life beyond what is proper and humane?

In practice the answer we give is founded not upon abstract moralising but upon a certain natural sense of the fitness of things, a feeling that is shared by most kind and reasonable people even if we cannot define it in philosophically defensible or legally accountable terms. It is only at international conferences that we tend to adopt the convention that people behave like idiots unless acting upon clear and well turned instructions to behave sensibly. There is in fact no general formula or smooth form of words we can appeal to when in perplexity.

Moreover, our sense of what is fit and proper is not something fixed, as if it were inborn and instinctual. It changes as our experience grows, as our understanding deepens and as we enlarge our grasp of possibilities—just as living religions and laws change, and social structures and family relationships.

I FEEL that our sense of what is right and just is already beginning to be offended by the idea of taking great exertions to keep alive grossly deformed or monstrous new-born children, particularly if their deformities of body or mind arise from major defects of the genetic apparatus. There are in fact scientific reasons for changing an opinion that might have seemed just and reasonable a hundred years ago.

Everybody takes it for granted, because it is so obviously true, that a married couple will have children of very different kinds and constitutions on different occasions. But the traditional opinion, which most of us are still unconsciously guided by, is that the child conceived on any one occasion is the unique and necessary product of that occasion: *that* child would have been conceived, we tend to think, or no child at all. This interpretation is quite false, but human dignity and security clamour for it. A child sometimes wonderingly acknowledges that he would never have been born at all if his mother and father had not chanced to meet and fall in love and marry. He does not realise that, instead of conceiving him, his parents might have conceived any one of a hundred thousand other children, all unlike each other and unlike himself. Only over the past 100 years has it come to be realised that the child conceived on any one occasion belongs to a vast cohort of Possible Children, any one of whom might have been conceived and born if a different spermatozoon had chanced to fertilise the mother's egg cell—and the egg cell itself is only one of very many. It is a matter of luck then, a sort of genetic lottery. And sometimes it is cruelly bad luck—some terrible genetic conjunction, perhaps, which once in ten or twenty thousand times will bring together a matching pair of damaging recessive genes. Such a misfortune, being the outcome of a random process, is, considered in isolation, completely and essentially pointless. It is not even strictly true to say that a particular inborn abnormality must have lain within the genetic potentiality of the parents, for the malignant gene may have arisen *de novo* by mutation. The whole process is unhallowed—is, in the older sense of that word, profane.

I am saying that if we feel ourselves under a moral obligation to make every possible exertion to keep a monstrous embryo or new-born child alive *because* it is in some sense the naturally intended—and therefore the unique and privileged—product of its parents' union at the moment of its conception, then we are making an elementary and cruel blunder: for it is *luck* that determines which one child is in fact conceived out of the cohort of Possible Children that might have been conceived by those two parents on that occasion. I am not using the word "luck" of conception as such, nor of the processes of embryonic and foetal growth, nor indeed in any sense that derogates from the wonder and awe in which we hold processes of great complexity and natural beauty which we do not fully understand; I am simply using it in its proper sense and proper place.[1]

THIS TRAIN of thought leads me directly to Eugenics—"the science," to quote its founder, Francis Galton, "which deals with all

[1] There are, perhaps, very weighty legal and social reasons why even tragically deformed children should be kept alive (for who is to decide? and where do we draw the line?), but these are outside my terms of reference.

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the influences that improve the inborn qualities of a race; also with those that develop them to the utmost advantage." Because the upper and lower boundaries of an individual's capability and performance are set by his genetic make-up, it is clear that if eugenic policies were to be ill-founded or mistakenly applied they could offer a most terrible threat to the sanctity and dignity of human life. This threat I shall now examine.

Eugenics is traditionally subdivided into Positive and Negative Eugenics. Positive Eugenics has to do with attempts to improve human beings by genetic policies, particularly policies founded upon selective or directed breeding. Negative Eugenics has the lesser ambition of attempting to eradicate as many as possible of our inborn imperfections. The distinction is useful and pragmatically valid for the following reasons.[2] Defects of the genetic constitution (such as those which manifest themselves as mongolism, haemophilia, galactosaemia, phenylketonuria, and a hundred other hereditary abnormalities) have a much simpler genetic basis than desirable characteristics like beauty, high physical performance, intelligence or fertility. This is almost self-evident. All geneticists believe that "fitness" in its most general sense depends on a nicely balanced co-ordination and interaction of genetic factors, itself the product of laborious and long drawn out evolutionary adjustment. It is inconceivable, indeed self-contradictory, that an animal should evolve into the possession of some complex pattern of interaction between genes that made it inefficient, undesirable, or unfit—*i.e., less* well adapted to the prevailing circumstances. Likewise a motor car will run badly for any one of a multitude of particular and special reasons, but runs well because of the harmonious mechanical interactions made possible by a sound and economically viable design.

Negative eugenics is a more manageable and understandable enterprise than positive eugenics. Nevertheless, many well-meaning people believe that, with the knowledge and skills already available to us, and within the framework of a society that upholds the rights of individuals, it is possible in principle to raise a superior kind of human being by a controlled or "recommended" scheme of mating and by regulating the number of children each couple should be

[2] See my book *The Future of Man* (Methuen, 1960).

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allowed or encouraged to have. If stock-breeders can do it, the argument runs, why should not we?—for who can deny that domesticated animals have been improved by deliberate human intervention?

I THINK THIS ARGUMENT is unsound for a lesser and for a more important reason.

(*1*) Domesticated animals have not been "improved" in the sense in which we should use that word of human beings. They have not enjoyed an all-round improvement, for some special characteristics or faculties have been so far as possible "fixed" without special regard to and sometimes at the expense of others. Tameness and docility are most easily achieved at the expense of intelligence, but that does not matter if what we are interested in is, say, the quality and yield of wool.

(*2*) The ambition of the stock-breeder in the past, though he did not realise it, was two-fold: not merely to achieve a predictably uniform product by artificial selection, but also to establish an internal genetic uniformity (homozygosity) in respect of the characters under selection to make sure that the stock would "breed true"—for it would be a disaster if characters selected over many generations were to be irrecoverably lost or mixed up in a hybrid progeny. The older stock-breeder believed that uniformity and breeding true were characteristics that necessarily went together, whereas we now know that they can be separately achieved. And he expected his product to fulfil two quite distinct functions which we now know to be separable, and often better separated: on the one hand, to be in themselves the favoured stock and the top performers—the Super-sheep or Super-mice—and, on the other hand, to be the parents of the next generation of that stock. It is rather as if Rolls-Royces, in addition to being an end product of manufacture, had to be so designed as to give rise to Rolls-Royce progeny.

IT IS JUST as well these older views are mistaken, for with naturally outbreeding populations such as our own, genetic uniformity, arrived at and maintained by selective inbreeding, is a highly artificial state of affairs with many inherent and ineradicable disadvantages.

Stock-breeders, under genetic guidance, are now therefore inclining more and more towards a policy of deliberate and nicely calculated cross-breeding. In the simplest case, two partially inbred and internally uniform stocks are raised and perpetuated to provide two uniform lineages of parents, but the eugenic goal, the marketable end-product or high performer, is the progeny of a cross between members of the two parental stocks. Being of hybrid make-up, the progeny do not breed true, and are not in fact bred from; they can be likened to a manufactured end-product; but they can be uniformly reproduced at will by crossing the two parental stocks. Many more sophisticated regimens of cross-breeding have been adopted or attempted, but the innovation of principle is the same. (*1*) The end products are all like each other and are faithfully reproducible, but are not bred from because they do not breed true: the organisms that represent the eugenic goal have been relieved of the responsibility of reproducing themselves. And (*2*) the end products, though uniform in the sense of being like each other, are to a large extent hybrid—heterozygous as opposed to homozygous—in genetic composition.

The practices of stock-breeders can therefore no longer be used to support the argument that a policy of positive eugenics is applicable in principle to human beings in a society respecting the rights of individuals. The genetical manufacture of super-men by a policy of cross-breeding between two or more parental stocks is unacceptable today, and the idea that it might one day become acceptable is unacceptable also.

A DEEP FALLACY does in fact eat into the theoretical foundations of positive eugenics and that older conception of stock-breeding out of which it grew.[3] The fallacy was to suppose that the *product* of evolution, *i.e.*, the outcome of an episode of evolutionary change, was a new and improved genetic formula (genotype) which conferred a higher degree of adaptedness on the individuals that possessed it. This improved formula, representing a new and more successful solution of the problems of remaining alive in a hostile environment, was thought to be shared by nearly all members of the newly evolved population, and to be stable except in so far as further evolution might cause it to change again. Moreover, the population would have to be predominantly homozygous in respect of the genetic factors entering into the

[3] See my article "A Biological Retrospect," *Nature* (London, 25 September, 1965) vol. 207, p. 1327.

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new formula, for otherwise the individuals possessing it would not breed true to type, and everything natural selection had won would be squandered in succeeding generations.

Most geneticists think this view mistaken. It is *populations* that evolve, not the lineages and pedigrees of old-fashioned evolutionary "family trees," and the end product of an evolutionary episode is not a new genetic formula enjoyed by a group of similar individuals, but a new spectrum of genotypes, a new pattern of genetic inequality, definable only in terms of the population as a whole. Naturally out-breeding populations are not genetically uniform, even to a first approximation. They are persistently and obstinately diverse in respect of nearly all constitutional characters which have been studied deeply enough to say for certain whether they are uniform or not. It is the *population* that breeds true, not its individual members. The progeny of a given population are themselves a population with the same pattern of genetic make-up as their parents—except in so far as evolutionary or selective forces may have altered it. Nor should we think of uniformity as a desirable state of affairs which *we* can achieve even if nature, unaided, cannot. It is inherently undesirable, for a great many reasons.

THE GOAL of positive eugenics, in its older form, cannot be achieved, and I feel that eugenic policy must be confined (paraphrasing Karl Popper) to *piecemeal genetic engineering*. That is just what Negative Eugenics amounts to; and now, rather than to deal in generalities, I should like to consider a concrete eugenic problem and discuss the morality of one of its possible solutions.

Some "inborn" defects—some defects that are the direct consequence of an individual's genetic make-up as it was fixed at the moment of conception—are said to be of *recessive* determination. By a recessive defect is meant one that is caused by, to put it crudely, a "bad" gene that must be present in both the gametes that unite to form a fertilised egg, *i.e.*, in both spermatozoon and egg cell, not just in one or the other. If the bad gene *is* present in only one of the gametes, the individual that grows out of its fusion with the other is said to be a *carrier* (technically, a heterozygote).

Recessive defects are individually rather rare —their frequency is of the order of one in ten thousand—but collectively they are most important. Among them are, for example, phenyl-

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ketonuria, a congenital inability to handle a certain dietary constituent, the amino acid phenylalanine, a constituent of many proteins; galactosaemia, another inborn biochemical deficiency, the victims of which cannot cope metabolically with galactose, an immediate derivative of milk sugar; and, more common than either, fibrocystic disease of the pancreas, believed to be the symptom of a generalised disorder of mucus-secreting cells. All three are caused by particular single genetic defects; but their secondary consequences are manifold and deep-seated. The phenylketonuric baby is on the way to becoming an imbecile. The victim of galactosaemia may become blind through cataract and be mentally retarded.

Contrary to popular superstition, many congenital ailments can be prevented or, if not prevented, cured. But in this context prevention and cure have very special meanings.

The phenylketonuric or galactosaemic child may be protected from the consequences of his genetic lesion by keeping him on a diet free from phenylalanine in the one case or lactose in the other. This is a most unnatural proceeding, and much easier said than done, but I take it no one would be prepared to argue that it was an unwarrantable interference with the workings of providence. It is not a cure in the usual medical sense because it neither removes nor repairs the underlying congenital deficiency. What it does is to create around the patient a special little world, a microcosm free from phenylalanine or galactose as the case may be, in which the genetic deficiency cannot express itself outwardly.

Now consider the underlying morality of prevention.

We can prevent phenylketonuria by preventing the genetic conjunction responsible for it in the first instance, *i.e.*, by preventing the coming together of an egg cell and a sperm each carrying that same one harmful recessive gene. All but a very small proportion of overt phenylketonurics are the children of parents who are both carriers—carriers, you remember, being the people who inherited the gene from one only of the two gametes that fused at their conception. Carriers greatly outnumber the overtly afflicted. When two carriers of the same gene marry and bear children, one quarter of their children (on the average) will be normal, one quarter will be afflicted, and one half will be carriers like themselves. We shall accomplish our purpose, therefore, if, having identified the carriers—another thing easier said than done, but it *can* be done, and in an increasing number of recessive disorders—we try to discourage them *from marrying each other* by pointing out the likely consequences if they do so. The arithmetic of this is not very alarming. In a typical recessive disease, about one marriage in every five or ten thousand would be discouraged or warned against, and each disappointed party would have between fifty and a hundred other mates to choose from.

If this policy were to be carried out, the overt incidence of disease like phenylketonuria, in which carriers can be identified, would fall almost to zero between one generation and the next.

NEVERTHELESS THE FIRST REACTION to such a proposal may be one of outrage. Here is medical officiousness planning yet another insult to human dignity, yet another deprivation of the rights of man. First it was vaccination and then fluoride; if now people are not to be allowed to marry whom they please, why not make a clean job of it and overthrow the Crown or the U.S. Constitution?

But reflect for a moment. What is being suggested is that a certain small proportion of marriages should be discouraged for genetic reasons, to do our best to avoid bringing into the world children who are biochemically crippled. In all cultures marriages are already prohibited for genetic reasons—the prohibition, for example, of certain degrees of inbreeding (the exact degree varies from one culture or religion to another). It is difficult to see why the prohibition should have arisen to some extent independently in different cultures unless it grew out of the common observation that abnormalities are more common in the children of marriages between close relatives than in children generally. Thus the prohibition of marriage for genetic reasons has an immemorial authority behind it. As to the violation of human dignity entailed by performing tests on engaged couples that are no more complex or offensive than blood tests, let me say only this: if anyone thinks or has ever thought that religion, wealth, or colour are matters that may properly be taken into account when deciding whether or not a certain marriage is a suitable one, then let him not dare to suggest that the genetic welfare of human beings should not be given equal weight.

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I think myself that engaged couples should themselves decide, and I am pretty certain they would be guided by the thought of the welfare of their future children. When it came to be learned about twenty years ago that marriages between Rhesus-positive men and Rhesus-negative women might lead to the birth of children afflicted by haemolytic disease, a number of young couples are said to have ended their engagements—needlessly, in most cases, because the dangers were over-estimated through not being understood. But that is evidence enough that young people marrying today are not likely to take stand upon some hypothetical right to give birth to defective children if, by taking thought, they can do otherwise.

THE PROBLEMS I have been discussing illustrate very clearly the way in which scientific evidence bears upon decisions that are not, of course, in themselves scientific. If the termination of a pregnancy is now in question, scientific evidence may tell us that the chances of a defective birth are 100 per cent, 50 per cent, 25 per cent, or perhaps unascertainable. The evidence is highly relevant to the decision, but the decision itself is not a scientific one, and I see no reason why scientists as such should be specially qualified to make it. The contribution of science is to have enlarged beyond all former bounds the evidence we must take account of before forming our opinions. Today's opinions may not be the same as yesterday's, because they are based on fuller or better evidence. We should quite often have occasion to say "I used to think that once, but now I have come to hold a rather different opinion." People who never say as much are either ineffectual or dangerous.

WE ALL NOWADAYS give too much thought to the material blessings or evils that science has brought with it, and too little to its power to liberate us from the confinements of ignorance and superstition.

It may be that the greatest liberation of thought ever achieved by the scientific revolution was to have given mankind the expectation of a future in this world. The idea that the world has a virtually indeterminate future is comparatively new. Much of the philosophic speculation of three hundred years ago was oppressed by the thought that the world had run its course and was coming shortly to an

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end.[4] "I was borne in the last age of the World," said John Donne, giving it as the "ordinarily received" opinion that the world had thrice two thousand years to run between its creation and the Second Coming. According to Archbishop Ussher's chronology more than five-and-a-half of those six thousand years had gone by already.

No empirical evidence challenged this dark opinion. There were no new worlds to conquer, for the world was known to be spherical and therefore finite; certainly it was not all known, but the full extent of what was *not* known was known. Outer space did not put into people's minds then, as it does into ours now, the idea of a tremendous endeavour just beginning.

Moreover, life itself seemed changeless. The world a man saw about him in adult life was much the same as it had been in his own childhood, and he had no reason to think it would change in his own or his children's lifetime. We need not wonder that the promise of the next world was held out to believers as an inducement to put up with the incompleteness and inner pointlessness of this one: the present world was only a staging post on the way to better things. There was a certain awful topicality about Thomas Burnet's description of the world in flames at the end of its long journey from "a dark chaos to a bright star," for the end of the world might indeed come at any time. And Thomas Browne warned us against the folly and extravagance of raising monuments and tombs intended to last for many centuries. We are living in The Setting Part of Time, he told us: *the Great Mutations of the World are acted: it is too late to be ambitious.*

Science has now made it the ordinarily received opinion that the world has a future reaching beyond the most distant frontiers of the imagination—and that is perhaps why, in spite of all his faults, so many scientists still count Francis Bacon their first and greatest spokesman: we may yet build a New Atlantis. The point is that when Thomas Burnet exhorted us to become Adventurers for Another World, *he* meant the next world—but we mean this one.

[4] See *The Discovery of Time*, by June Goodfield and Stephen Toulmin (Macmillan, 1965).

Lament of a Cathay Handmaiden in Marco Polo's Tent Pavilion

No longer and not yet
He forescents my fate.

So far inscape—
Bonfiring cassia, by char entrailed,
And his mouth salt-fresh
From a sea beyond
My sea.

Between his eyes
No longer and not yet

He foredances my fate.
From a silk straw shoe
Torn by the sound of one
But clapping of one hand
He foreseals my fate.

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Taste of the Old Time

On Anthony Powell—By K. W. Gransden

This is the eighth volume[1] of Mr. Powell's much praised "Music of Time" sequence. As an act of continuous dedication to the art of fiction the achievement continues to be impressive. But how thinly the material is sliced, how carefully arranged on the exquisitely patterned plate. It is interesting that much of the praise has come from fellow-craftsmen: the favourite son of favourite sons, the novelist's novelist —is this the role one would have predicted for the author of those brilliant, Mozartian comic-opera novels of the 'thirties? In books like *Afternoon Men, Agents and Patients, From a View to a Death*—witty, but with undertones of sadness and futility—texture and technique matched the material perfectly. Now the texture and technique seem to have *become* the material, the style is the subject. The comedy of pure style is rare in English fiction and often seems odd (Firbank, for instance); but in the earlier books it was the observation one admired not the reflection, and even death could be perfectly subsumed into the comic structure without jarring its symmetry—the death of Zouch in *From a View to a Death*, for instance, in that superb paragraph beginning "Zouch began to bump about in the saddle," sustains the dominant tone; *rose* and *noir* were harmonised on one canvas. (Contrast the death of John Andrew in Waugh's *A Handful of Dust* which turns a comic novel abruptly into a melodrama.)

Yet perhaps even in those early minor masterpieces Mr. Powell was dogged by his own distinction, his effortless superiority, his fastidious sense of the ironic, which drew him towards the foibles of the less fortunate and found expression in a kind of baffled and oddly unobjectionable *snobisme*. Thus Verelst "hardly looked like a Jew at all," Mr. Scheigan liked parties "like all Irishmen." The comic artist needs this highly formal aristocracy of tone and attitude (compare the treatment of Baron Ochs in *Der Rosenkavalier*). If you create any kind of outsider you start him one down and have to make him work all the harder to win. Nor does he have to be racially "inferior": he can just be ugly or stupid or poor or unattractive like Blore-Smith in *Agents and Patients*, "placed" perfectly as the epitome of dimness, the born victim who yet manages to turn the tables on his "superiors" Maltravers and Chipchase. The surnames, as in Waugh, sustain the Dickensian element in our comic fiction, the flavour of the extravagantly ludicrous: of people so named almost any behaviour can safely be hazarded. Widmerpool takes his name from a suitably obscure and ungay-sounding village near Nottingham, which implies the required centripetal energy and determination. Anyone with such a remote handicap is bound to make a nuisance of himself. (Alas that Widmerpool, the largest of Mr. Powell's post-war creations, is turning into a stock figure, his discomfiture becoming a routine.)

These social placings are important in Powell as in Waugh and correspondences between the two writers suggest themselves, not usually to Mr. Powell's advantage. Thus Jenkins seems to be doubling the roles of Ryder and Crouchback, Atwater might be Symes of *Vile Bodies*, Blore-Smith Pennyfeather and Mrs. Mendoza a water-colour version of Margot Metroland. Waugh's characters are not only more vivid but often have a kind of huge geniality, a relish for experience, which Mr. Powell's are scrupulously refused. There are, though, the same *milieux*, the same kinds of behaviour and attitudes, the same codes and passwords and country houses, people living on their wits, and so on. Only where Waugh's people are larger and more positive than life Powell's are smaller, with relationships diminished rather than asserted, the element of caricature carefully controlled, so that it is like looking through the wrong end of a telescope. The novels are basically games in which the difficult or decent or

[1] *The Soldier's Art*. By Anthony Powell. Heinemann, 21s.

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sensitive are matched against the con-men, innocence against experience. There are many possible variations (in the exploitation of which the comedy largely consists) but the basic pattern is secure. Its immediate ancestor in English fiction is Huxley's *Crome Yellow*, where Dennis foreshadows Pennyfeather and Atwater as the nice chap who doesn't quite make the scene but is fascinated by the risky, glamorous world of experience. This is most relevantly described by Dr. Silenus in *Decline and Fall* in the image of the big wheel which you can either ride or keep off, according to whether you are dynamic or static, agent or patient. And in the triumph of Verelst or Mottram, the return of a sadder and wiser Pennyfeather or Blore-Smith to the safety of dimness after the deflationary excursion into experience, we find the first formulation of a thesis demonstrated with increasing distaste by Waugh and Powell in their army trilogies: "all the shits get to the top." Better to be a gentleman, even if a comparatively ineffectual one, and a second-lieutenant say—Jenkins records that a senior officer, on being told his age, "looked surprised that anyone could be so old"—than a successful cad or hack like Huxley's Mr. Barbecue-Smith.

Or that, at least, was the assumption. But as Ludovic recorded in his diary in Waugh's *Officers and Gentlemen*, "all gentlemen are now very old." The values implied in Waugh's and Powell's comedy are precisely those which writers like John Braine turn upside down. But in Waugh and Powell, artists of the *ancien régime*, the assumptions remain. Gentlemen will cover up for gentlemen (Ivor Claire in Waugh's trilogy); people like Trimmer and Lord Copper represent different aspects of the deplorable; William Boot in *Scoop* is able to demonstrate his gentlemanly superiority (linked with unworldliness, as in Mr. Crouchback *père*) simply by letting Mr. Salter make gaffes like thinking one hunts in the summer. It is all a question of upbringing, of knowing the right things instinctively. Charles Ryder in *Brideshead* orders a meal for Mottram the successful "bounder" who finds the "modest dinner" inadequate and takes us straight back about two thousand years to the satire of Juvenal and Petronius. But this kind of satire depends for its effectiveness not only on style but on getting the assumptions accepted. The question is, how much longer can Mr. Powell persuade us to go on taking this particular lot. Time, if not the music of it, marches on; and Jenkins, the narrator of Mr. Powell's sequence, seems to be becoming an increasingly inadequate figure. He's a decent chap of course, always ready to record his own humiliations, like his badness at French (does it not merely prove the absurdity

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MACMILLAN

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of the rest of the world?). But he has too many connections: as Stringham says, "My dear Nick, you know everybody." Despite the atmosphere of one big happy family of the élite (symbolised in Waugh's trilogy by Bellamy's club), the characters who flit like *leitmotiv* in and out of Powell's score—Moreland, Barnby, Gypsy Jones—remain shadowy; despite, also, the fact that every time they are mentioned we are given a reminder or resumé of the principal funny episode in which they previously figured, they remain eminently forgettable. We care (for example) no more than Bithel that Jenkins' brother-in-law Erridge likes boys' weeklies and feel that the information is dragged in to remind *us* about Erridge. When Jenkins comments that

> Bithel was not at all interested in my own, or anyone else's, brother-in-law's tendency to self-identification while reading fiction. That was reasonable, because he knew nothing of Erridge's existence.

we may overlook the non sequitur behind the characteristically dead-pan mannerism. There *are* no other relevant brothers-in-law here, and the phrase is apparently just put in to amplify a non-communication joke.

This kind of elaboration is becoming a hallmark of the sequence. There are still examples of that fantastic visual precision of language in which Powell has always excelled (the description of the blitz early in this book, for instance), but one finds fewer passages which demonstrate that extraordinary gift he had of describing events very slowly and exactly, so as to produce a kind of meticulous slow-motion effect, of sending his characters off down what he calls in *Afternoon Men* "vistas of triteness." Almost any chapter of that novel illustrates the sort of thing I mean, but here is an example from the brilliant opening of *Agents and Patients*:

> Maltravers took long swinging strides as if he were trying to shake himself free from his overcoat. Chipchase, in a black hat and carrying a rolled umbrella, hurried along beside him, blown about like an autumn leaf. On the whole the fog had lifted in this part of London, but it hung about in wisps here and there like weeks-old poison gas. The bitter wind scraped agonisingly against their faces. The street ended in an open space and in the south-east corner people had collected to watch certain mysteries which were being enacted there. Maltravers and Chipchase joined the crowd and saw that a man in chains was lying on the ground. Nothing about the day could be said to recommend his dress and his position....

Such prose offers simultaneously a cinematically obsessional immediacy and a kind of ceremonial remoteness, as though nothing so absurd as what we are invited to witness could actually be happening. (The element of pointlessness in the pseudo-relationships of the pre-war novels is poignantly brought out in an eloquent passage at the end of *Afternoon Men* in which a baffled Atwater broods over his lost, "absurdly hopeless and impossible love.") But in the latest novel, it seems, there remains only the ceremonial remoteness; the exquisite ambivalences have largely disappeared; the sharpness is muffled; and the syntax has become so involved as virtually *in itself* to constitute the joke:

> Muting the news of the ceremony was no doubt to some extent attributable to controls Sir Magnus found himself in a position to exercise in certain fields.

Mr. Powell seems increasingly to be abstracting from his narrative rather than advancing it; chronicling not so much events as the subtle ironies these might suggest to someone who had studied all the dossiers exhaustively. It is at times as if the style itself had become a kind of enormous secret joke so that one is reminded of a sentence in an early Waugh novel to the effect that "it was not what he said but the way he said it, that made the people laugh who did laugh." Perhaps the complex sentences with their stylistic mannerisms (the omission of "that," the hanging participle, as on page 47) symbolise a characteristic interplay between involvement and detachment—involvement masquerading as detachment, detachment masquerading as involvement. It is, perhaps, also, a mark of Powell's integrity that he has steadily eschewed the grosser generosities and sentimentalities of human relationships in the single-minded pursuit of art. But the result seems to be taking us away from Mozart towards a more contrived pattern, a more derivative and predictable form—operetta perhaps? The dialogue between Eric and Derrick about a pipe of port seems to me bad operetta libretto. We seem to be moving into a world which, while excellent of its kind, yet seems to me remote from anything I for one can care about or laugh at.

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LETTERS

"Tango" & Ideas

I AM GRATEFUL to Mr. Martin Esslin for commenting so thoroughly [ENCOUNTER, November] on my reaction to *Tango*. Perhaps I did nod off for a moment, because I missed the clue at the beginning about dancing the tango being the symbol of liberation.

I still feel, however, that there is something wrong with this symbol. Can a formal and stylised mating dance, which so eloquently expresses the play of instinct within social convention, and is essentially ceremonious, be appropriate to convey the improvised, accidental, non-stylish alliance between Army and Proletariat? It strikes me, at any rate, as a device that, like some of the others, is not properly melted into the action. Also, I continue to think that Eddy, at least as represented in the English version, was too spiv-like and moronic to be a convincing embodiment of naked power. He was certainly no Khrushchev. I wonder if details that are clear in the original have not inevitably been twisted through the attempt to transpose the characters into English social types.

In his last paragraphs, Mr. Esslin seems to be upbraiding me on account of opinions I do not hold. I do not refuse "to regard theatre as a pursuit worthy of serious thought"; if I did, would I bother to try to write about it? I do not see why one should make any distinction in intellectual approach, whether the play under consideration is *Phèdre or Charley's Aunt*. I do not patronisingly admit that I love watching actors and imply "that there can be nothing more in drama." Who am I to patronise anybody, actors or playwrights? In any case, there is no greater pleasure than total admiration. My point was that the discursive development of ideas cannot be carried very far in the theatre (although Shaw certainly tried to do something new in this respect). I absolutely agree with Mr. Esslin that what matters is the imaginative theatrical construction, but this has to be able to stand up to *post factum* rational analysis.

J. G. WEIGHTMAN

London

Rape the Classics!

YOUR quotation from some remarks of mine about "raping the classics" may have misled some readers as to what this theatrical movement is all about. May I clarify?

Cage, that Johnny Appleseed of the arts, first planted the idea of multi-focus and collage theatre in my head last spring. The idea didn't start then; it was everywhere: in Happenings, Events, and Activities, in music and dance, in Op Art—all mixtures of camp and virility, fad and authentic impulse. The "static arts" were beginning to exist actively in time; and as they were becoming theatricalised, theatre was surely to reciprocate. At the same time I spoke to Cage I was doing research about the impact of foundation money on the American theatre. I discovered that an unplanned alliance had been formed between the audience and the money sources. The Theatre—finding it difficult to thrive pressed between disinterested money and spectators—was dull and unrelated, except by sublimation, to the life outside. The theatre building itself seemed to metaphor that art's impasse. When unused the space was drab, dark, static, and silent. Other things crowded into my mind. New stages had been built where the audience could see itself and in which the architecture had fluidity. Outdoor performances proliferated. The Royal Shakespeare Company resorted to shock to get at its audience. Generally, the European theatre was as dead as the American; performers were bored with their work; the perceptual experiments so important and frequent in the other arts had touched theatre only tangentially. Theatre seemed doubly trapped—first, by its predominantly bourgeois audience and, second, by its own classic works which asked only to be done and re-done. And the ways of treating a classic text were so limited that even the wildest experiment was a mere variation.

Thus I was standing in an intersection, and the conflicting traffic was everywhere, and yet my art was going nowhere. And I thought of "radical" in its original, literal, sense: what was the "root" of theatre and how could I (at least theoretically) re-direct it? The roots of theatre are the audience and the play. Everything else—actors, directors, stage—serves these two things. If theatre was to be changed, the audience and the plays would have to be altered. But change meant more than simply getting new audiences and new plays which, after all, would be very much like the old. And since people don't change (light-footed biology is slow-moving), the task was to make people use faculties they don't now use in theatre-going: a perceptual re-education. As for plays, they had to be thought of as something other than they had been. But before that "other" could emerge the theatre literature that was there had to be removed. The great classics no longer refreshed me; instead they were formidable obstacles. (I speak in the past tense because my first thinking is complete. The action which will prove the thinking is still to come.)

ONE CHANGES THE audience's perception by removing that central focus which has had their attention from the beginning. No seats, no single action, no inert building, no attempt to direct their eyes and ears. Leave the work of selection and focus to them. Shock them not by offering cruel, singular images, but by sending such a multiplicity of visual and aural messages that the basic experience-structuring is forced on them. Go beyond medieval and circus theatre. Duplicate the number and approximate the kind of messages sent on Piccadilly at rush-hour. Analyse and disintegrate sight and sound somewhat as the first cubists did to two-dimensional vision. Destroy theatre's melody line

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which is the story; but do it more effectively than Ionesco ever did in his "planned chaos" of *The Bald Prima Donna*. Make it all not a sentimental cry against a complex world, but a celebration of the world's complexity.

For example. Take a large, nearly square room. Examine its architecture and plan whatever follows in relation to it. Choose a room that even when empty is visually interesting. Bring a crowd in. Begin in one corner to play a scene from *Hamlet*. The people press close to see and hear. When their attention is focused, play Beethoven's Seventh Symphony over fifteen or twenty loudspeakers: *Hamlet* becomes pantomime, though the actors are still speaking. Then, somewhere else in the room, do a scene from *The Importance of Being Earnest*. In comes the chorus from *The Oresteia*, usurping space for its chants and dances. Moving among audience and performers are several jugglers. Overhead, projected on large screens, are movies of this very scene as it occurred the night before, or the week before: a canopy which is a mirror. The sounds and sights modulate, increase in tempo, vary in intensity; spatial figurations also change—performances impinge upon each other and the spectators. The spectators impinge back. We make a classic collage—we treat the old texts as material, not as model. And we introduce into the interior of the building some approximation of the busyness that fills the outside.

This classic collage is, of course, only one example. There could be modern collages or mixtures. Performances would be unstructured or structured, but always the individual spectator would be asked to choose his own perspective, assemble his own images. Shows would be rehearsed (for there is a difference between an unstructured performance and happenstance). When we have destroyed the silly awe which a literary culture attaches to its books, we could again begin to make plays.

What they would be like I have no idea. But the destructive process itself—like abstract expressionism in painting—would be a most constructive phase in theatre history.

RICHARD SCHECHNER
Editor, Tulane Drama Review

Tulane University,
New Orleans

Cannibal Feast

THE ACCOUNT in the July ENCOUNTER of a meeting between your columnist *R* and a Congo mercenary puzzled me at first. It is unusual for your generally well-informed magazine to allow even minor misstatements of fact to slip through: as in the account of the cannibal feast.

I can hardly suppose that I am the only one of your readers who has cut up both pigs and human beings, and I hope that you have received and will receive many other letters correcting the hoary and widespread belief that there are close similarities between pork and the flesh of man. Human fat is yellow in colour and rough and locular in texture, where that of the pig is white and smooth; human muscle is deep red and fairly coarse and rarely shows fat-graining, while the pig has paler and finer muscles which are often marbled. There is also a considerable difference in smell. In the context of roasting one must consider, too, the gross anatomical differences; a cannibal joint should be readily distinguishable on sight, and if one believed oneself to be eating pork one would expect better crackling than even the most ingenious mercenary army cook could hope to produce from any but the least obviously edible parts of the human body.

Everybody knows (or perhaps simply believes) that anthropophagous South Sea Islanders referred to their victims as "long pig." One may presume that where only two edible land mammals of any size occur there will be more consciousness of their alikeness than there would be in the presence of a greater variety. If not pigs but cattle had been man's principal companions in the Pacific, the Polynesian might well have prepared his own kind for the table (or the banana leaf) under the name of "little ox."

G. T. NURSE

Fort Mlangeni,
Malawi

Myopia

Mr. Marcus presents pornotopia
As an unfailing, rich cornucopia:
Its connection with letters,
So clear to my betters,
Eludes my peculiar myopia.

RICHARD L. GREENE

Middleton, Conn.

To Traduce or Transfigure

"ROBERT LOWELL's reading of Osip Mandelstam is criticism in the highest sense. It surrounds the original with a zone of unmastered meaning. . . ." Thus George Steiner [ENCOUNTER, August]. Really? Surely this proposition is not illustrated by the example he quotes. The original poem has a haunting beauty, it rhymes, it scans. It is poetry. Lowell's version is not. This may be a necessary price to pay for verbal exactitude, but he does not achieve this either. It is sufficient to inflict two lines on your readers (25 per cent of an 8-line poem):

Line 2:
MANDELSTAM: *Chúyu bez strákha chto búdet i búdet grozá*
LITERALLY: I feel without fear that there will be, will be a storm.
LOWELL: *I'm not afraid. I know what's on the calendar—a storm.*

Line 4:
MANDELSTAM: *Dúshno, i vsyótaki dó smerti khóchetsa zhit'.*
LITERALLY: It is stuffy and yet
1. I long desperately to live

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2. I wish to live until my (natural) death.
LOWELL: *It's stuffy here. It's boring how much I want to live.*

The double sense of this last line is probably untranslatable. The words "*dó smerti*" literally mean that I want something so badly I would be willing to die for it. By colloquial use this sense has become weakened, much as in English the word "dreadfully" no longer inspires dread. But these words have not taken on the meaning of "deadly" in the sense of dull or boring. In fact an accurate rendering, using the same image, would be "I am dying to live." However, in Russian the words "*dó smerti*" can also mean "until death." Lowell's version misses both possible meanings. Since he reproduces neither rhyme nor metre, there is no advantage gained. How can this possibly serve as a model?

ALEC NOVE

University of Glasgow

The Teaching Machine

IT WOULD BE a pity if readers of Professor A. J. Eysenck's otherwise admirable article (ENCOUNTER, May) were to be left with the impression that teaching machines are only good for the cramming home of facts.

Admittedly, in the early days of programmed learning, when there was a glib confusion between memorisation and learning, and all programmers spoke the jargon of conditioning, there was indeed a regrettable tendency to rote-instruction (although, when facts do have to be memorised, a *linear* programme—with its structured practice and repetition—is as good a method as any). In modern *branching* programmes, however, it is easier to see the influence of *Gestalt* psychology than that of the Behaviourists: we are becoming more concerned with *insight* and *understanding* than with mechanical memory work.

In my new book *Basically Branching* I make a strong plea for discovery methods in programming: things we find out for ourselves are more significant and more memorable than those we are merely told of by other people. So why tell the student an idea when he can more profitably be led to develop that same idea for himself? Nowadays, when we give the student facts it is not so that he can remember them but so that he can see the *relationships* between them and discover *principles* from the experience we try to arrange for him. Furthermore, there is no evidence that "enthusiasm," "stimulus," "enlargement of a student's outlook" can only happen in the presence of a human teacher—and certainly not with *all* human teachers *all* the time. But we do know that a programme is no less capable of exciting, inspiring, and delighting than is any other kind of *literary* experience. And a programme is a literary creation: it teaches by means of the written word and, whether on film or paper, it is basically just a well-constructed book that keeps the student's reading under very careful control.

If you can admit that students may be excited and stimulated (as well as instructed) by a book, imagine the possibilities for a book that asks questions and deals differently with different students according to how they answer. What *can* be done by a book—whether instruction or inspiration—*can* be done even better by a teaching machine.

DEREK ROWNTREE

Three Bridges,
Sussex

The British Museum's Private Case

IN YOUR issue for October 1966 (p. 76) it is stated by your contributor that I am the "honorary curator of the British Museum's private case." There is no truth in this assertion and to the best of my knowledge no such official exists or has ever existed.

E. J. DINGWALL

Pine Hill, Crowhurst,
Battle, Sussex

I MUCH regret any inconvenience I may have caused Dr. Dingwall by describing him as "honorary curator" of the private case. He is in fact an honorary assistant keeper of printed books at the British Museum.

PETER FRYER

London

Non-Typo

PUBLISHING Mr. John Betjeman's "Mortality" next to Mr. Norman Macrae's essay on "The Men at the Top" was sheer editorial competence. One, however, wishes in this context that the criterion of what Mr. Macrae calls "full efficiency" could be successfully applied to your reproduction of the poem in facsimile. I am not here alluding to Auden's pronouncement on handwritten verse, which is perhaps a trifle idiosyncratic.

Is it grotesque pedantry, or a miasmal obsession with minutiae, that causes one to lose sight of thought in punctuation? I should, nevertheless, like to whisper that the ill-fated senior civil servant's minute in the poem begins with one inverted comma . . . but ends with two. Or am I being blind to the poet's ingenious metaphor for "All those delicate little re-adjustments"? After all, what can a modern proof-reader do with non-typographical errors?

S. SANTHI

Ministry of Home Affairs,
New Delhi

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Pornography & Crime

CONCERNING the discussion on pornography, the question raised by Mr. George Steiner's reference to "A case at present *sub judice*" (ENCOUNTER, March 1966, p. 46), as by other evidence in support of the possibility of literature initiating action, is not: "Was the criminal inspired by what he read", but rather: "If he had not been motivated by literature, what else would have given him the impetus?" It is as unlikely that a man capable of child murder would have found some creative sublimination if he had *not* read *Justine* as that someone not previously so inclined would, after reading it, not only become so capable but be restrained by none of the sanctions generally operative in societies from translating impulse into action. We do not become Casaubons, Macbeths, or—to cite a more obvious example—Popeyes, after reading Eliot, Shakespeare, Faulkner. Nor, unless the relationship between art and life is conceived of as immediate and direct, is it a case of the hero getting away with it. Whether pornography is to be published because there is a taste for it is another issue: one would not put excreta on the menu to gratify the coprophiles, but one would not accuse a restauranteur who did of creating the perversion he sought to gratify.

N. S. ASBRIDGE

Bingley College of Education, Yorkshire

Past ENCOUNTERS

IT IS POSSIBLE *that only now are we going to have the opportunity to experience those dilemmas which are blanketed under the phrase, "the crisis of our times", in all their fullness, their concreteness, their reality. The place of man and the arts in an industrial civilisation, the reconciliation of equality with liberty, the dominion of national pride in a world where the nation is plainly an anachronism, the intolerableness of hunger and degradation in a world that seems to have the resources to remove them—these problems survive the false solutions they provoked.*

EDITORIAL

THE PEOPLE *of Britain and America and of Western Europe wish the peoples of Asia well in their new independence. It is no grudging spirit that prompts the reflection that there are pitfalls ahead. It is important that the Asian leaders and the Asian intelligentsia should distinguish between real and imaginary friends and foes, examples and bogies, highways and culs-de-sac. One may hope that they will learn that nationalism is not necessarily progressive, that Asians are not necessarily brothers, or Europeans enemies, that workers can be exploited by persons who are not private capitalists, and imperialism can be the work of men not born West of the Elbe. Industrialisation, they will find, not only solves but creates problems, and first among these the problem of power, not only political, but also economic power requires its checks and balances.*

HUGH SETON-WATSON

AT THE PRESENT TIME, *several months after the death of Stalin, one inevitably seeks some signs which might give reason for the hope that this period of narrow-minded censure, of isolation, and of subservience to orthodoxy, may be approaching its end. Admittedly, there are only very faint indications. One would have to have much stronger signs before one could confidently say that a new spirit is alive in Russia. But in the immense refrigerator in which Stalin had confined the life of the Russian people, these barely perceptible signs of life are significant.*

NICHOLAS NABOKOV

MARX ARGUED *that the capitalist countries would be impelled to unload their surplus of investment funds on the poor lands in order to insure their own economic survival. Marx was wrong —as the lack of enthusiasm for Point Four in Washington today demonstrates. If only he had been right!*

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

THE ENGLISH POET *thinks of himself as existing within a cultural tradition. It may be a shallow one (how shallow it got with some of the Georgians!), it may be muddy and trickly, but he cannot get outside it and view it from there. The Americans are—to an extent which, though it may be small, is decisive—outside it. They* use *the tradition instead of being contained within it like flies in amber. That is the great contribution of the American criticism of the young Eliot and the young Pound to English poetry: they could look on the tradition as a thing to be used and not as a stream in which to swim or be drowned.*

STEPHEN SPENDER

ONE LIVES *with a few familiar ideas. Two or three. In one's chance encounters with men and worlds, one polishes these ideas, one transforms them. It takes ten years to have an idea really one's own—about which one can talk. Naturally, it is a little discouraging.*

ALBERT CAMUS

No 1, October 1953

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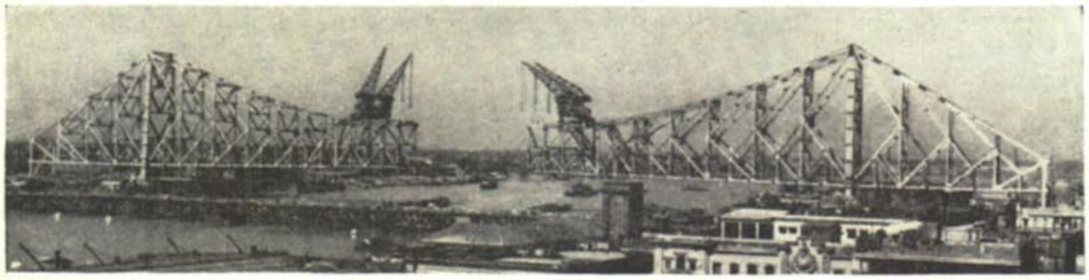

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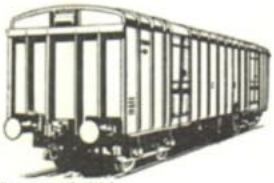

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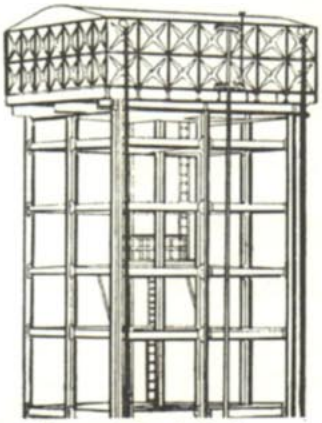

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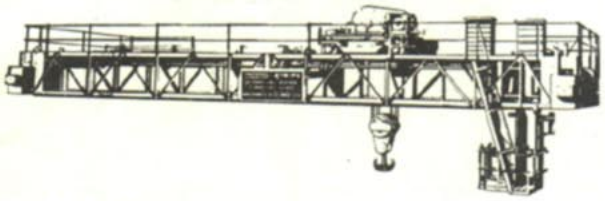

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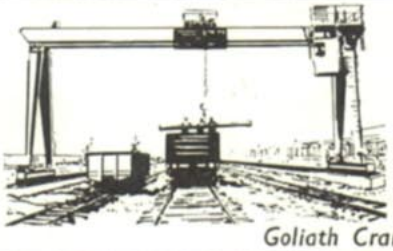

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